

THE *Atlantic*

MAY 1946



THE ATLANTIC REPORT — ON THE WORLD TODAY

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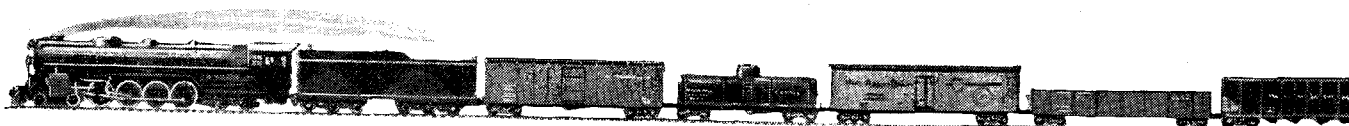
a big part in helping to develop community life and business.

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Of all children of professional men and white collar workers.....34.8%

Of all children of business proprietors and managers...30.7%

Of all children of manual workers.....46.3%

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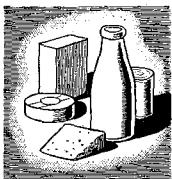
GREEN AND YELLOW VEGETABLES... some raw, some cooked, frozen or canned. At least one serving a day.



ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT... or raw cabbage or salad greens. At least one serving a day.



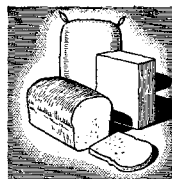
POTATOES AND OTHER VEGETABLE AND FRUITS... raw, dried, cooked, frozen or canned. Two or more servings a day.



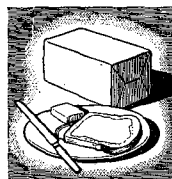
MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS... fluid, evaporated or dried milk. One quart (or its equivalent) a day for children and expectant or nursing mothers; one pint a day for all others.



MEAT, POULTRY, FISH OR EGGS... or dried beans, peas, nuts or peanut butter. One serving of meat, poultry or fish a day, occasionally peas or beans instead. Three or four eggs each week.



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In addition, all growing children and all expectant or nursing mothers should be provided with 400 units a day of Vitamin D in the form of Vitamin D milk (fresh or evaporated), fish liver oil or Vitamin D concentrate

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Middle East

WHEN the British and Russians marched into Iran in August, 1941, to forestall German invasion or a coup by the hundreds of Nazi technicians in government service, they found a nation in rags. Riza Shah Pahlavi, a great builder of roads and railways, had done much to modernize his country, but nothing to rescue his people from serfdom. Absentee landlords owned 99 per cent of the land and grew rich on their four-fifths share of each cropper's produce. The intractable Shah was forced to abdicate in favor of his son, Mohammed Riza Pahlavi, and the presence of Allied troops was regularized by an Anglo-Soviet-Iranian Treaty in January, 1942.

Russia has since indicated that it considers another treaty, the forgotten Soviet-Iranian Treaty of 1921, also applicable to the current situation. In it, the U.S.S.R. renounced special privileges and existing oil concessions in Iran, on condition that these concessions would not be granted to any other power. Russia reserved the right to send troops into Iran should conditions arise there threatening her security; at the London meeting of the United Nations, Vishinsky charged that such conditions had arisen.

The Iranian crisis was the head-on clash between two power groups, each of which considers the other "hostile." Probable aggression by the other group seems to be a guiding consideration of both sides.

In the Middle Eastern and Mediterranean area the Russians see a particularly dangerous gap in their global security system. The British control the Mediterranean, and the courtesy visit of the battleship *Missouri* to Turkey is an oblique but deliberate reminder that American naval interests also reach into Mediterranean waters. Strategic control of the adjacent Arab subcontinent is ensured by British troops and airfields in Iraq, Palestine, and the Suez Canal Zone.

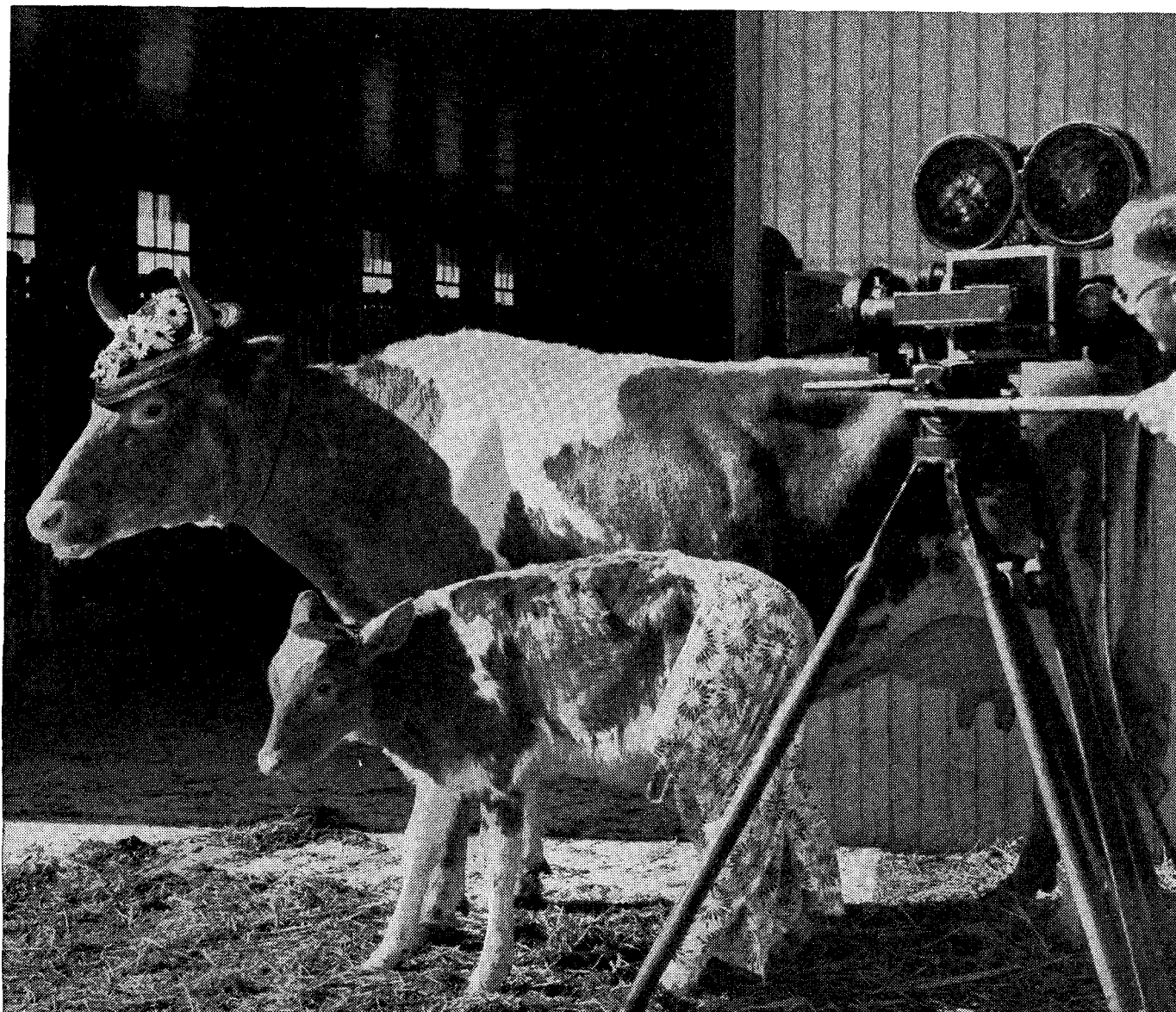
In this strategic picture, the Iranian plateau — situated within 90 minutes' bombing range of the great industrial region north of Baku, and governed by a clique of anti-Soviet politico-racketeers — emerges, in the eyes of the suspicious Russians, as the logical jumping-off ground for an attack on them.

What the Russians really want in Iran, after taking a long, hard look at the unsavory Teheran mob, is a "friendly" government on their border. Hence their encouragement of Azerbaijanian autonomy, which has a genuine basis in popular revolt against the Teheran regime, and their decision to keep troops in northern Iran until the newly established pro-Soviet government of Azerbaijan has been recognized or is well enough armed to defend itself.

After security, oil

Oil concessions are a second consideration. Soviet oil production, tremendously depleted by the ravages of war, is insufficient for the requirements of the Five-Year Plan. Oil from northern Iran is easily transportable to Russia by trans-Caspian tanker and is accessible to Turkistan and, via the trans-Siberian Railway, to Siberia. But in Iran the sole existing concession (which dates back to 1901) is held by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, of which the British government is a majority shareholder.

Concessions were granted, between the two world wars, to American and British interests. They were never exploited and have expired. But the Russians charge that the granting of these concessions constituted a violation of the oil clause in the 1921 treaty. In 1943 and 1944, British and American firms dickered for new concessions. At this point the Russians stepped in and were about to clinch a 150,000-square-mile concession when the Iranian Majlis (Parliament) passed a law that no concessions would be granted until all foreign troops had departed.



Mama's in the "moo-vies"!

Though she may never win an "Oscar," nor sign an autograph, she's the star of a picture that's drawing quite a public!

From its title, you can tell the film is something different in movie fare. It's called "Quality Milk Production" — and it deals, not with make-believe, but with scientific methods of getting *more and better* milk to market.

These methods cover everything from the brushing of a cow to the construction of a barn. They show how to keep equipment sterile; milk scrupulously clean. They bring progressive and practical guidance to the 350,000 dairy farmers who will see them on the screen.

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Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



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AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

The Soviet's highhanded behavior on the diplomatic level has obscured its telling case both for oil concessions and for support of the Azerbaijanian autonomists. Anglo-American endorsement of the Teheran government's plea for freedom to "restore order" puts us in the odious position of seeking to restore the predatory powers of rapacious taxgatherers and absentee landlords. It also makes the Russians stand out as the champions of reform throughout the great Moslem world.

The Anglo-American bloc, holding the geopolitical trumps and the atom-bomb joker, has been playing the game according to the Hoyle of international law. American and British troops in Iceland, Greece, China, and Indonesia are there by legal agreement. To the Soviet this is pure hypocrisy. But distrust of Anglo-Saxon legalism was hardly sufficient justification for Gromyko's walkout on the Security Council.

The knee-in-the-groin bargaining methods with which the Russians are conducting their "search for security" are simply creating a world-wide sense of insecurity. To the British and American public, to whom a war of aggression against the U.S.S.R. is unthinkable, Russia's reluctance to negotiate the desired changes in the Middle East power relationship makes her policy look more like aggressive expansionism than life insurance.

Which is it? That is the real issue dramatized by the Iranian crisis. If it is aggressive expansionism, then strategic concessions that would place the Soviet astride Britain's lifelines and the Middle East oil fields would be suicidal. If it is life insurance based on a sense of insecurity, then sympathetic over-all consideration of these claims — as distinct from piecemeal adjudication — is the only way left to halt the dangerous feuding that has set in.

What Russia fears in Iran

British and Russian political activity in the Middle East during the past three years has been such as to strengthen each power's suspicion of the other. British sponsorship of the Arab League, an essentially artificial grouping of states (Arab unity, except on the Zionist question, is still largely a myth) was not dissimilar in intent to the more recent Russian sponsorship of autonomy movements among the Azerbaijanis and the Kurds.

The Russians have good reason to fear that an anti-Soviet Iranian government might grant the British and the Americans oil concessions in the northern provinces and hence a foothold in Russia's back yard. Anthony Eden's pointed encouragement of Arab unity in a statement to Commons in February, 1943, when the Germans were already on the run in North Africa, can only have had in view a long-range ob-

jective: to draw together the Arab States so that they would act as a bloc against Russian infiltration.

Who woos the Arabs?

Britain's efforts to foster cohesion among the Arab States are in part a defensive rejoinder to the Soviet's exploratory attempts to exploit the smoldering discontents and minority problems of the still feudal Arab world. Soviet Information Bureaus are now active in Syria and Lebanon, and Tass distributes a weekly news review free of charge to the local papers. The newly formed Arab Workers Society in Jaffa, Palestine, has obvious Soviet affiliations; unlike the other Arab parties, it is notably more anti-British than anti-Zionist.

The Iranian crisis is a flare-up of all this jockeying for position between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. Geography, oil, and the rottenness of Iran's internal setup made this crucial in-between country the logical scene of the first showdown. Anglo-American willingness to play along with Teheran's reactionary ruling clique invited the Soviet to assume its favorite role of champion of the oppressed masses, and provided the basis for Moscow's exaggerated charges of collusion between unidentified "warmongers" and the anti-Soviet leaders of Iran.

The United States, meanwhile, has been forcefully pursuing trade, oil, and aviation policies which add up to a large-scale economic penetration of the Middle East. A number of Americans have a direct hand in Iranian affairs. One group, headed by Major General Clarence S. Ridley, has been reorganizing the German-trained, Russophobe Iranian Army. Colonel Norman Schwarzkopf, former head of the New Jersey State Police, has been organizing the Iranian constabulary. Others, employed as private citizens, have been advising the hopelessly incompetent government on finance, agriculture, irrigation, public health — and oil.

These are able men, not warmongers. But their presence has aroused Russian suspicion despite the fact that when A. C. Millspaugh's financial mission, by its attempts at honest administration, incurred the hostility of Iran's political racketeers, Ambassador Wallace Murray withheld official support, even in regard to contract rights.

The factions in Iran

The Allied occupation has proved disastrous for Iran. Food distribution broke down when the railway was taken over to carry supplies to Russia, and famine followed. While Iranian factories closed for lack of materials, Britain and the United States were pouring money into the country for construction work. Prices rose 1000 per cent. Profiteering and corruption in Teheran reached a new high.



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Imagine! A helicopter is "covering" the story of a man marooned on a burning building. Sitting at your home television receiver, you will get the same eye-witness view as though you were riding along in the nose of the plane!

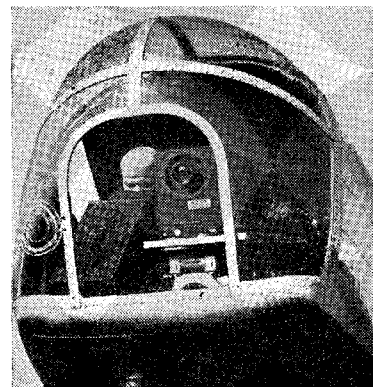
To develop equipment compact enough to fit into a plane was a major problem. But RCA-NBC scientists and engineers in co-operation with the U. S. Navy did it—and airborne television became a wartime reality.

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Such progress-making research goes into each and every RCA product—and is your assurance that anything bearing the RCA or RCA Victor emblem is one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has achieved.

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Disillusioned with Western democracy, the liberal intelligentsia of Iran turned toward the pro-Soviet Tudeh or People's Party, whose leaders claim that it would receive three quarters of the popular vote in an honest election. (Its paper, *Rahbar*, has the second-largest circulation of Iran's 157 insolvent journals, which survive on subsidies and bribes.) In the summer of 1944, when word leaked out that the powers were negotiating for oil, the Tudeh staged a mass demonstration in favor of oil concessions to the Soviet.

Shortly after the Russians had been rebuffed on the oil deal, the first disorders broke out in the Russian-occupied provinces. By September, 1945, the Democratic Party of Azerbaijan, which incorporated the Tudeh Party of that province, had been organized in Tabriz. Its manifesto demanded administrative and cultural autonomy for the region, redistribution of land, and tax reform.

Azerbaijan ("Land of Fire") is a province the size of Virginia, situated between the Turkish border and the Caspian Sea. Its population of two million, which includes Turkomans, Kurds, and 40,000 Armenians (persecuted by the late Shah for their Christianity), speaks a Turkish dialect, Turki, banned in schools by the central government.

Red Army troops in Azerbaijan were put on their best behavior, and the Russians made a point of sending Soviet Armenians to the Armenian districts, and Kurdish-officered units to Kurdish territory. These missionaries impressed upon the Azerbaijanis the liberality of Soviet policy toward its Asiatic minorities, who enjoy autonomy in Soviet Azerbaijan and Soviet Armenia just across the border from Iran.

Revolt in Azerbaijan

In November, 1945, arms were distributed to the members of the Azerbaijanian Democratic Party, who attacked and quickly overpowered the local gendarmerie. Troops sent north by the central government to suppress the separatist movement were stopped by Soviet guards. To Iranian and American representations that Teheran be allowed full freedom to "preserve its authority," the Soviet replied that the dispatch of Iranian troops into the northern provinces would only "increase the disturbances and bloodshed." By mid-December the coup was a *fait accompli*.

Meanwhile a Democratic Party of Kurdistan, organized after the visit of five Kurdish chieftains to Baku, proclaimed an autonomous republic under the leadership of Giza Mohammed in the territory bordering Iraq. The Kurdish separatists have expressed solidarity with the Azerbaijanian autonomous government and their capital, Mehabad, is actually in Azerbaijan.

An old Arab proverb says: "There are only three plagues in the world — the rat, the locust, and the Kurd." Three million Kurds are concentrated in a corridor 600 miles long and 200 miles wide which straddles sections of Turkey, Syria, Iran, and the Iraq oil country. Intellectual leadership of the movement comes from the 20,000 Kurds living in Soviet Armenia, where the Russians have allowed them to teach their language in schools, open a Kurdish college, and publish a weekly Kurdish journal. There have been repeated clashes between Kurdish separatists and units of the Iranian Army.

Keeping the score

This was the general situation referred by the London meeting of the Security Council to direct negotiation between the Soviet and Iran. A new Premier, Achmed Ghavam Es-Sultaneh, somewhat more acceptable than his predecessor to the Russians, was confronted in Moscow with the expected demand for (1) oil concessions, (2) recognition of Azerbaijanian autonomy, and then with the announcement that Red Army troops would remain in Iran.

On Tuesday, March 12, the State Department, whose note protesting violation of the March 2 evacuation deadline had gone unanswered, announced it had received reports that "additional Soviet armed forces" including "heavy artillery combat equipment" were moving toward Karaj, twenty miles northwest of Teheran, and toward the Turkish frontier. American correspondents who flew over Karaj counted fourteen tanks and a score of other vehicles, but saw nothing to indicate that the garrison had been increased. After a week, the allegedly advancing forces had got nowhere except into increasingly large headlines.

This sorry episode showed that the "war of nerves" technique was back in fashion. The State Department was in effect saying to the Russians, "No rough stuff," and at the same time building up the case against them in headline type. The Russians, for their part, probably did do some southward marching to encourage their friends in Teheran, and possibly moved a column or two westward to needle Turkey, standing pat against Soviet claims.

At this point the United States and Britain, both of whom had been somewhat reluctant in January to have the Iranian dispute, with all its anti-Soviet implications, dumped into the lap of the infant Security Council, made it clear to Iran that a second protest to the UN would receive their full support.

The merits of the Soviet case are one thing; its methods of procedure are another. The Soviet search for security is itself intimately bound up with the success of the UN. Anything Russia does to imperil the UN creates insecurity, increases suspicion of her intentions, and hardens resistance to her claims.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



The Far East

BRTAIN'S lifeline, running through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Indian Ocean to Singapore, is a familiar concept to us. Quite as important in the structure of world power, though less familiar to us as a concept, is the Russian lifeline running through the Eurasian continent from Turkey to Manchuria. It is destined to become more important than Russia's more publicized security zone between the Baltic and the Balkans.

At both ends of the Eurasian lifeline — in the "Kurdish triangle" where Iran, Turkey, and Iraq adjoin, and in Manchuria — there is intense political activity. Manchuria is a part of China, an independent state which in some respects is within measurable distance of becoming an American protectorate. Iran is an independent state which in the recent past has been virtually a British protectorate.

In Manchuria the Russians, whatever else they have been up to, have been gradually withdrawing. The clearest reason for their withdrawal seems to be unwillingness either to throw down a gage in direct challenge to America, or to pick up a gage thrown down in direct challenge by America. In Iran the Russians, whatever else they have been doing, have not been evading a similar confrontation with the British.

Consequently Manchuria and Iran, considered together, provide an index to Russian policy. That policy is to avoid, if it can possibly be avoided, a showdown with the kind of Anglo-American "fraternal association" proposed by Mr. Churchill. The way to avoid a showdown, in Russian thinking, is to avoid giving America and Britain equal reason, at the same time, to challenge the Russian lifeline.

If that is the Russian strategy, it has not succeeded and Mr. Churchill has reason to wear his cigar at a

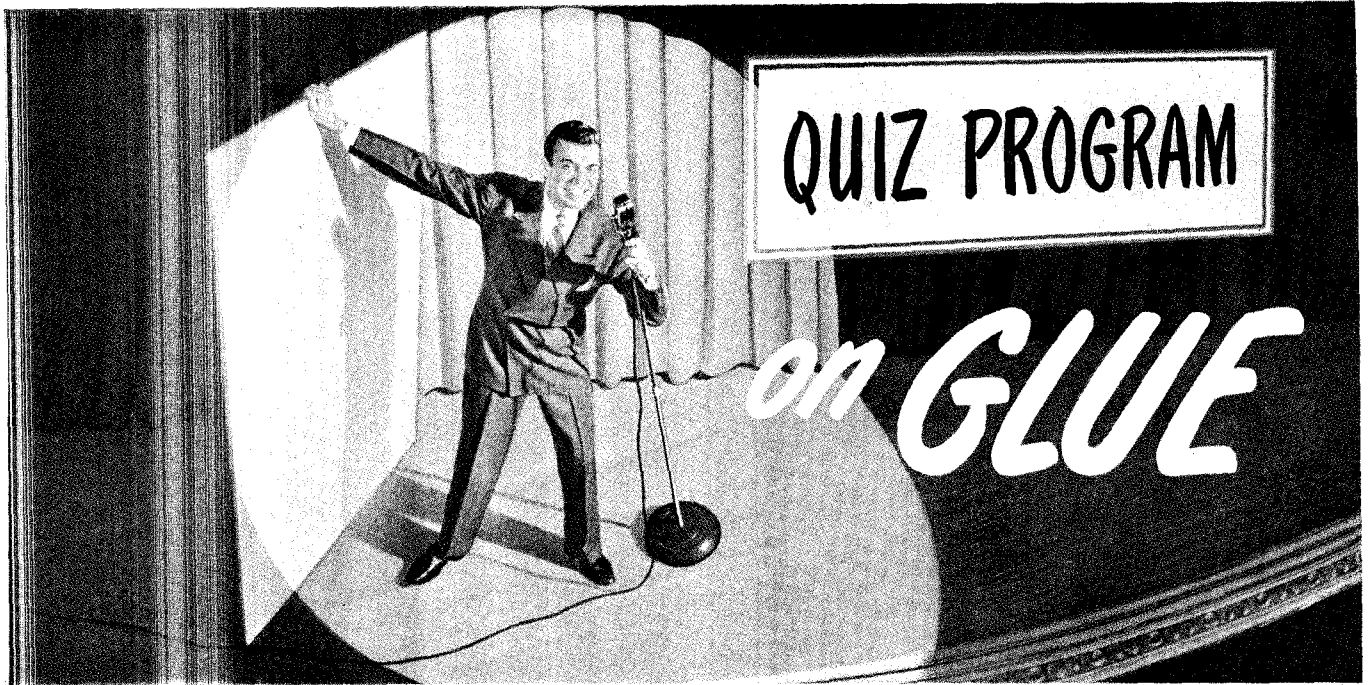
jaunty angle. His fraternal association is working out. Moreover, despite denials that it is the same thing as an alliance, and denials that it is anti-Russian, it is working like an alliance to encircle the Russians. At the Iranian end, America, instead of leaving Britain unsupported, took the initiative in demanding a showdown. At the Manchurian end, the Russian withdrawal was taken as an opportunity for an American follow-up. The clumsiness of Russian policy has precipitated a crisis which it was in Russia's interest to avoid.

High blood pressure in Manchuria

The maneuvers which have been going on in Manchuria touch irritatingly on the Soviet-Chinese Treaty of August 14, 1945. Article IV of the treaty says: "Each of the high contracting parties pledges itself not to conclude any alliance whatsoever and not to take part in any coalition whatsoever directed against the other contracting party."

In this wording the Russians reveal the extent to which they are motivated by fear rather than ambition. There is no country which is likely to enter a coalition with Russia against China; but if Russian withdrawal from Manchuria is followed by American transportation to Manchuria of American-equipped Chinese troops, accompanied by American officers and organizers, this coöperation might look to the Russians like a "coalition."

The real tug of war in Manchuria is not between the National Government and the Communists, but between the National Government and the Manchurian "states' rights" groups. Probably the most important, and certainly the most deep-seated, political characteristic of the Manchurian Chinese is their belief that they have the right to send their own representatives to the National Government and are not bound to submit meekly to political appointees

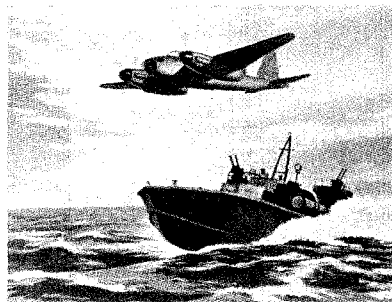


QUIZ PROGRAM

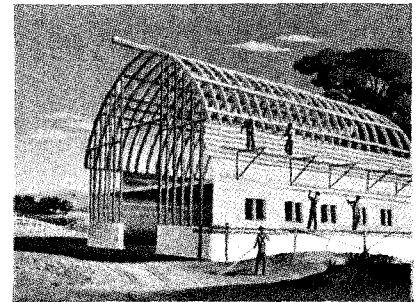
on GLUE

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DO YOU KNOW? Arches for many modern structures are laminated of wood and Monsanto-made glues... retaining the natural beauty of wood, gaining advantages in extra strength, lightness and ease of erection.



DO YOU KNOW? In a year, plywood made with Monsanto glues could form a "ribbon" four feet wide and three-ply thick, circling the globe nearly twice. World's biggest plywood glue producer is Monsanto's subsidiary, I. F. Laucks, Inc., "America's Glue Headquarters."

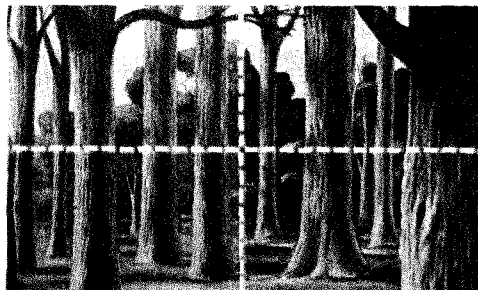


1. Glue gun lays ribbon of glue on upper edge of frame in flat bed jig.

2. Plywood panels are laid on each side of glue-coated framework.

3. The freshly glued units are stacked and glue is allowed to set.

4. Walls are erected. With proper timing of other work, a house can be completely erected in a few hours.



DO YOU KNOW? Modern glues make possible the salvage of one-fourth of our salable forest resources which would otherwise be wasted. Scrap timber which formerly went to the burners now goes to the glue room in modern mills... is edge-glued, patched or jointed into first-grade stock, stronger than the equivalent one-piece material.

DO YOU KNOW? In at least twenty places the modern glue gun can replace the old hammer-and-nails method in building construction, laying a ribbon of glue silently and swiftly. Sketches above show

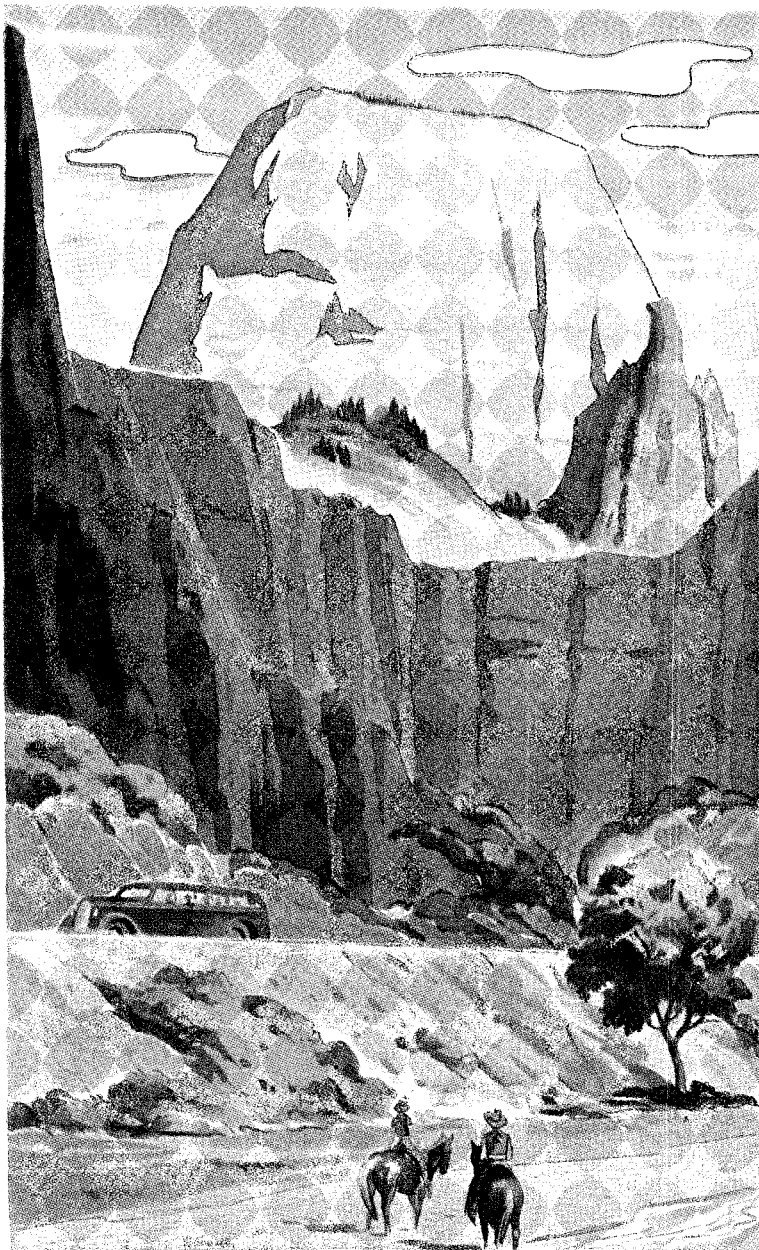
how walls of plywood (glued, not nailed to studs) provide modern prefabricated or plasterless construction with speed and economy—8.6 times stronger than conventional walls.

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1708 Square Miles of Scenic Beauty

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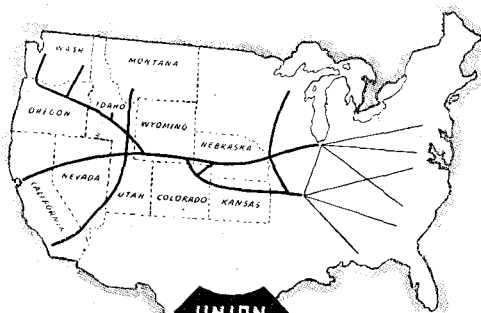
When travel conditions permit, visit Utah's Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks... and the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Together with Cedar Breaks National Monument and Kaibab National Forest they present 1708 square miles of breathtaking scenic beauty.



These wonderlands are so closely grouped that all may be seen in a few days time... can even be visited as a "stop-over" when enroute to or from California, via Union Pacific.

Begin your vacation with relaxation.
Go the restful way—by rail. And for
the finest in train travel...

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ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

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from the National Government, in whose selection they have had no voice.

Japan gropes for representative government

While sensational interest is concentrated on the tight-stretched British and Russian lifelines, long-term trends of change continue to gather headway in the rest of Asia. In Japan, the new Constitution must be regarded as the joint handiwork of General MacArthur and his advisers, and the Emperor and his advisers. The basic American policy is that the eventual form of the government of Japan shall be determined by the will of the Japanese people.

The new Constitution is not an expression of that will; at best, it is no more than a bid for the acquiescence of the Japanese people. The old Diet was the highly undemocratic rump of Japan's wartime Diet, which rubber-stamped the will of the militarists. The newly elected Diet will not prove that the Japanese people have grasped the procedures of democracy. The best that can be expected of them is a groping toward representative government.

Both Americans and Japanese think they see political advantages for their own aims. The Emperor and his advisers think that by sleight of hand they can make the Emperor appear to vanish from politics, thus forestalling any popular demand for his removal but leaving him as a figure of tradition and decorum around which to rally the conservatives, who are afraid of real change. The Americans think that constitutional discussions which raise real and vital issues, even though the issues cannot yet be settled by the people themselves, will prepare men's minds for a political life that is a reality and not a sham.

Food for Japan

Shipments of American grain are now reaching Japan, but more will be heard about food shortages before this year's crop is harvested. The struggle for the control of farming and feeding is of decisive importance for the future political development of the Japanese people. It is unfortunate that the nature of the struggle is so little understood in America that it will have little effect in shaping our public opinion and our national policy.

Japanese agriculture has been as thoroughly controlled by vested and privileged interests as Japanese industry; and the families which control agriculture, like the families which control industry, have been closely associated with militarism and aggression.

Japanese agriculture has depended on an oversupply of rural labor, permanently and deliberately maintained. Farmers bid against each other for the privilege of sharecropping a landlord's land, with the result that the landlord not only gets a high share of the crop but spends practically no money as operating

capital. The sharecropping tenant, who of course has no operating capital, has to do what he can by his own sweat and the labor of his children. The man who grows food eats frugally. The landlord sells his share for cash in the cities.

There was a partial breakdown of the control of landlords over peasants when defeat rocked the prestige of all the old rulers of Japan, including the landlords. Peasants began to hold back some of the grain, partly to hoard it for their own use, partly to sell it in the city markets.

Hoping to regain control, the landlords have lobbied assiduously at General MacArthur's headquarters. They know that military men are afraid of food riots in cities, and they have tried to persuade the Americans to grant authority to the rural police to force peasants to surrender the hoarded grain. The result would be that the Americans would have no check on actual supplies of grain, and that the landlords, who dominate the police, would have a free hand in the black market in food.

Supplying food from outside is a temporary expedient and is likely to bring protests from countries despoiled by Japan which are in greater need of food than Japan itself. A showdown would involve calling the bluff of the landlords by putting ceilings on land rents and land prices. Landlords would then have to sell at least part of their land. Peasants, in order to buy land, would gladly sell their hoarded grain. Since the peasant, with his small stock of grain, cannot manipulate the black market like the landlord who has a big stock, all would be benefited.

A break in land prices is also needed in order to expedite the reabsorption into rural life of the several million Japanese servicemen returning from overseas. Most of them came from farms, and it is inadvisable to dump them in the cities.

Soldiers returning from China are particularly truculent. Many have been used, under their own officers, in the service of the Chinese government against the Chinese Communists, and are still being so used. Consequently they do not feel defeated. If these men are turned loose in the cities of Japan, they will be dangerous toughs. The only hope of reclaiming them is to reabsorb them into farm life by forcing the unproductive absentee landlords to move over and make room.

Inside Korea

There is dynamite for the future in the assumption that Korea can be made competent for full independence after only five years, while colonial peoples that have been under European rule for a century or more are still considered to need indefinite further preparation before they can rule themselves. Com-

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parisons between Russian aims and methods and American aims and methods in Korea will therefore be widely studied throughout Asia.

We do not know a great deal about what the Russians have been doing in their part of Korea. We do know that they have been high-handed in their attitude toward resumption of trade and communication between industrial North Korea and agricultural South Korea. On the other hand we know that the Americans have also been high-handed, though naturally in an American, not a Russian, way.

Correspondents who have been into the American zone have been disturbed by the exaggerated Army fear of popular movements and the tendency to assume that only the wealthier Koreans are good material for political leadership and that the poorer people are potentially a dangerous rabble. The truth is that a prosperous Korean is a man who found ways to get along with the Japanese. Otherwise the Japanese would have taken his money.

Another elementary truth is that in a country like Korea there is a higher percentage of quislings among landlords than among peasants. Because the landlord had land, he had either to come to terms with the Japanese or lose the land. A third elementary truth is that only Koreans can know who was the "collaborator" that merely saved his own neck, and who was the real quisling that actually helped the Japanese to oppress and exploit other Koreans.

The Americans will have to modify their assumption (often highly emotional) that a prosperous man is always more sound politically than a poor man. And the Russians will have to modify their assumption (also frequently emotional) that a landlord is a wily crook, until proved otherwise, while a peasant is a simple, upstanding soul, unless proved otherwise. The balance struck between the friends of the propertied and the friends of the propertyless will be watched with beady-eyed fascination, from Manila to Teheran.

Colonial freedom

The British move in combining withdrawal from Indonesia with the offer of independence to India has been timed with great skill. If the result in Indonesia is a flare-up against the returning Dutch, — many of whom are bitter and almost all of whom are quick on the trigger, — there will be heavy pressure on the Americans to save the situation.

In the meantime the prospect of freedom near at hand is certain to strengthen the conservative wing of Indian Nationalism, weakening the rightist alliance between the industrialists and businessmen, and leftist alliance between the labor unions and peasant unions. The conservatives, who did not

mind Russia as a menace to Britain, will now begin to view Russia with alarm as a neighbor to India.

Prime Minister Attlee's offer of independence to India has been hailed as the clearest offer on record, with the fewest strings attached. At first glance, it seems puzzling that Indians of all political persuasions have been so wary and grudging in their comments on the offer.

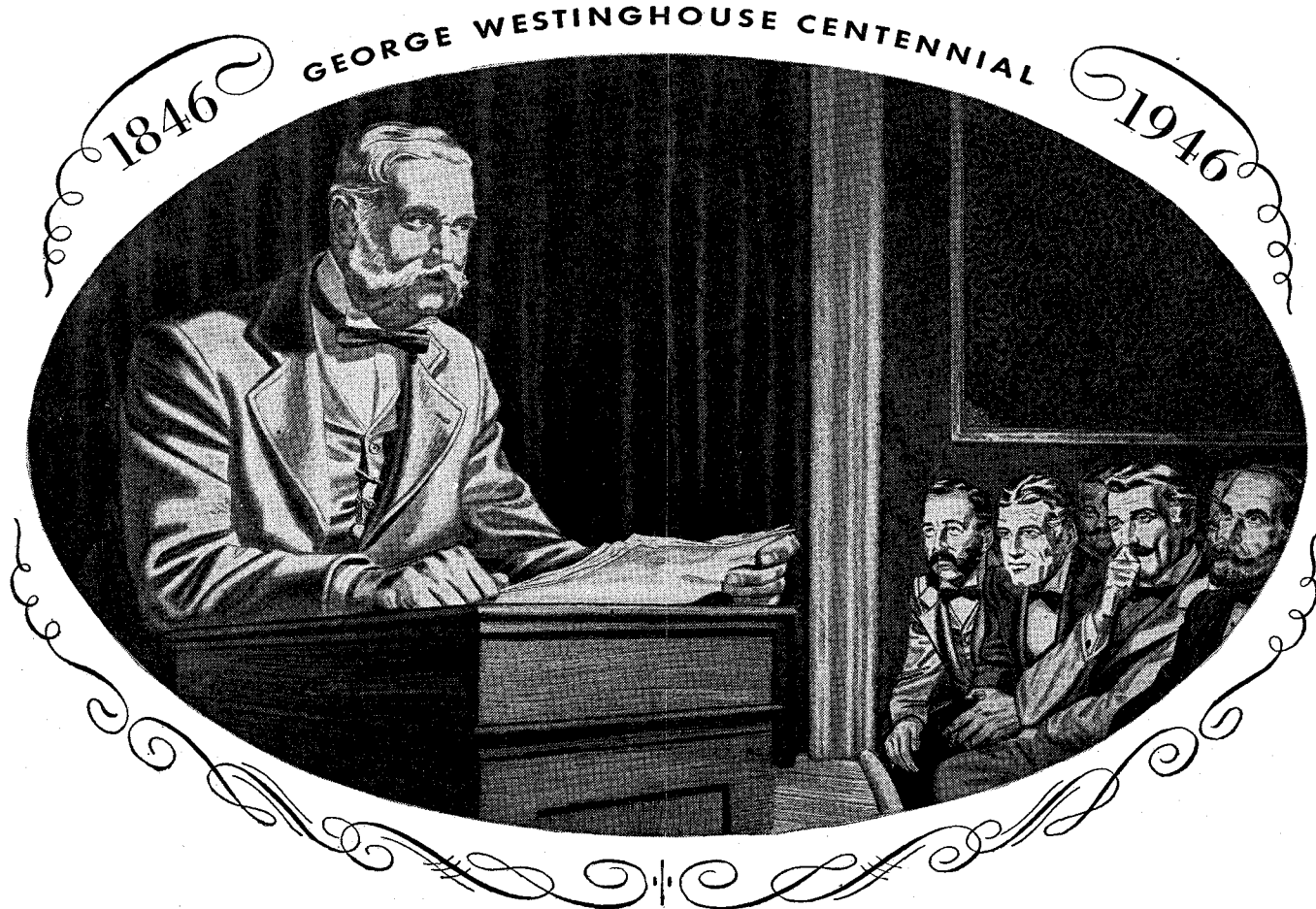
Some old China hands in Washington think that reference to what happened in China in 1927 throws light on what might happen in India in 1946. The Chinese nationalist movement had been deliberately focused against the British, as the most dangerous and powerful imperialists, rather than the Japanese. Some of the British thought that for this reason the use of gunboats to restore prestige was better than negotiation.

Nevertheless the British, under a Conservative Government, were the first of the privileged treaty powers to negotiate with the Chinese nationalists, to whom they surrendered the Hankow Concession. This action led swiftly to the splitting of the nationalist movement, the expulsion of the Communists, the setting up of the Nanking Government, and civil war between it and the Communists.

The Indian nationalist movement, like the early Chinese nationalist movement, is a fusion of widely different groups, some much more radical than others. If the setting up and recognition of an Indian government seems actually within reach, it may be that, as in China twenty years ago, the conservative wing will split with the leftists in order to seize monopoly control of the new government. If, as in China twenty years ago, the result should be civil war and dependence on foreign military aid, the most conservative of the Indians would gain the title of Government, and the most conservative of the British would retain the reality of control.

In China, the end of a phase is approaching. In proportion as the Russians withdraw from Manchuria, the Americans will become conspicuous as the heavy uncles of China's liberated household. While the Russians have been in Manchuria, the right wing in China has made the most of the propaganda that the Communists are the friends of the foreigners. With the Russians gone, complaints against the National Government will be coupled with the accusation that it is the protégé of other foreigners.

There has been a ground swell of such complaints for some months, hidden by the frothier top waves of apprehension that the Russians might have come to stay. From now on, American policy should draw a sharp distinction between helping the Chinese to run their country, and bossing the whole show.



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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



London

IN HIS public speeches, Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin has proclaimed a new policy rooted in the economic needs of the little men of all countries. But if one looks at British policy in Greece, Spain, and in the Middle East, one cannot see that the spirit of Britain's Labor regime is permeating its international relations.

Critics are pointing to the Foreign Office and to British representation abroad as being out of tune with these times. A basic change occurred last July when the people gave a strong parliamentary majority to the Labor Government. This new temper was promptly expressed in industry, education, health, and housing. The little fellow at home is getting a new deal. Has there been a corresponding change in foreign policy or in its instruments?

Labor versus the Foreign Office

British diplomats for generations have been drawn from the landowning families, the sons of officers, the loftier strata of commerce and industry, and the nobler professions. In any list of schools through which Britain's ambassadors and senior Foreign Office officials have passed, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and a few other exclusive institutions recur monotonously. Diplomacy as a career has been the private preserve of the social group that was decisively beaten at the last general election.

Even today one of the tests which candidates for the Foreign Service must undergo is a three-day attendance at a house party. A special country mansion is reserved for this gentlemanly inquisition. The aspirant is questioned by a panel of examiners: "What could be Russia's motives in Bulgaria?" Or, "Do you think Russia should get out of Persia?"

The scattering of progressive young men who survive the regular Foreign Service examinations and the

"week-end party" appear to be soon corrected in the Foreign Office. The net result is the good fellowship atmosphere of a very uppity club. Bevin was aware of this screening process before he became Foreign Secretary, and in the early stage of the war he demanded radical reform of the Foreign Service. "A few weeks after assuming charge of the Foreign Office," wrote the weekly *Economist*, "he was swimming in a seductive sea of Christian names." Sir Alexander Cadogan became just Alex and other titled diplomats became Archie, Reggie, or plain George.

Any British Foreign Secretary trying to carry out a socialist foreign policy would be shackled by the character of his staff. An official who is today one of Bevin's senior assistants greeted the Labor triumph at the national election by sighing, "This is a disaster." This Foreign Office member was perhaps merely more indiscreet than his colleagues.

There is a stock answer to these doubts: policy is made not by ambassadors or other professional diplomats, but by Bevin himself and by his associates in the Cabinet. That is true. But this policy must be derived from information gathered, sifted, and interpreted by career diplomats who, with few exceptions, are out of sympathy with the aims of Britain's socialist government and who view with distaste the leftist regimes to which they may be accredited.

Moreover, once policy has been decided by the Cabinet, it is executed by men who understand the faded diplomacy of Kipling's age better than the modern aspirations of a working-class government. They have been trained in languages, trained to be charming, to dress appropriately, and to cultivate the "right people" — who usually happen to be people of the Right. But are they equipped to report on countries where Socialists or Communists have overthrown the former ruling classes, as in most

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of Europe and much of Asia? For the average British diplomat, assignment to a mission in one of these countries is at worst a turn of duty in "enemy" territory and at best a slumming party.

Time for new blood

For many years, whenever the Foreign Office was accused of being an asylum for snobs, the critic was reminded that the father of Mr. Robert Howe, the present Assistant Under-Secretary of State in charge of Middle Eastern affairs, was an engine driver. In parliamentary debate the other day Anthony Eden once more dragged Mr. Howe's poor father from the locomotive to present him as the democratic window exhibit of the British Foreign Office.

Labor critics of the Foreign Office are demanding nothing so impractical as discarding the six hundred seasoned career diplomats. They are suggesting nothing so violent as the proposal Thomas Carlyle made in 1850, when he wrote: "There is but one reform for the Foreign Office — to set a live coal under it." They are not asking that Foreign Service men shall be socialists or that the Civil Service shall be polluted by spoils politics.

W. N. Warbey, a Labor member, told Parliament lately what sort of men British diplomacy needs: "men capable at least of understanding what is happening in the world today and of appreciating the movement of the common people in this and other countries. I merely ask the Foreign Secretary to infuse into the Foreign Service some new blood. I would not say red blood, but fresh and virile blood."

During the war hundreds of progressive young men and women were enlisted in political warfare and in the intelligence and information services. Some brought to those jobs a knowledge of world affairs; others acquired it in the war. Almost all these fine recruits, so valuable a supply source for a new generation of diplomats, have been allowed to disperse into private employment.

What is Labor's foreign policy?

A few months ago Bevin's stand against Russia would have been extremely unpopular among the Labor Party's followers. Today his policy has the approval of the overwhelming majority of Britons of all parties. It is being said here that the Kremlin is performing the double miracle of making the British anti-Russian and the Americans pro-British.

Some are saying that Winston Churchill, by his speech in Fulton, Missouri, accomplished the further miracle of making Bevin's policy toward Russia appear amiable and conciliatory. By provoking the United States to be firm and by producing Churchill's anti-Soviet outburst, Russia granted the British Labor Government the luxury of a back seat.

The difference between the Churchill policy and the Bevin policy toward the Soviet Union seems to be one of emphasis and tempo rather than of principle. Long before the recent fireworks, Soviet distrust of Britain was vigorously reciprocated by distrust of Russia on the part of British Labor leaders.

Bevin believes, probably with reason, that in Greece, the Middle East, and Spain the overthrow of the reactionaries would start upheavals to Russia's advantage. The effect of British action in Greece has been to assist the monarchists.

After British troops crushed the uprising of the leftist EAM and ELAS, a government of the Center was set up in April, 1945. This regime was bound to be weak because the Greek masses continued to flock to the Right and Left extremes. Rather than create a Center-Left coalition in which Greek Communists would hold a few posts, Britain practiced tolerance toward the Greek monarchists.

Greece, after all, affords Britain her last lingering foothold in Southeastern Europe. The British Labor Government is unwilling to risk Soviet infiltration into this strategic flank of the Eastern Mediterranean. Crypto-Communists (to use Bevin's favorite cussword) would find no place in the Greek administration if Britain could prevent it. Loss of her influence in Greece would further endanger Britain's ability to resist an advance of Soviet power toward the Dardanelles and the Eastern Mediterranean.

British withdrawal from the Middle East is a course which the Labor Government rejects. It would involve strategic and economic sacrifices and would create a vacuum into which Russian influence might seep. Impelled by these understandable considerations, Britain under a Labor Cabinet has been befriending the backward feudal regimes prevailing throughout the Levant.

The velvet glove for Franco

Almost everywhere anxiety over the Soviet challenge puts a conservative stamp on Bevin's policy. In Spain as well as in Greece, British Labor is forswearing a socialist policy. Bevin has been unfairly accused of backing Don Juan's pretensions to the throne. The British Foreign Secretary has in fact ordered his ambassadors in Madrid and Lisbon to refrain from supporting this Bourbon prince. But he has not actively opposed the restoration of the Spanish monarchy. Instead of puncturing this spare tire of the Axis, British Labor has been championing the discredited policy of non-intervention in Spain.

Economic motives account for Britain's greater caution toward Spain than toward Greece. Britain wants Spanish iron ore and other products. Britain's reliance on Argentine meat and wheat explains what

seems to many the velvet glove without the mailed fist, which British Labor has shown both Spain and Argentina. Fear that revolution might yield Communists a part in ruling Spain and thus bring Soviet influence near Gibraltar has caused British Labor to lag behind the enemies of Spanish fascism.

America's junior partner

In another important field the Anglo-Soviet estrangement has deflected the Labor Party from its earlier intentions. Since taking office last July, Labor has wanted to avoid taking sides between East and West and, by maintaining good relations with both, to be the mediator between the United States and the U.S.S.R. Instead, Britain has gravitated more and more into the American camp. This drift is going too far to suit a number of British politicians and progressive journals. Their uneasiness accounts for much of the British opposition to the American loan.

Churchill's speech accentuated the fear that Anglo-Soviet antagonism is tending to make Britain too reliant upon the United States. Will Britain become the junior member in an Anglo-American partnership? Would such a partnership impede Britain's evolution toward socialism? If the world is moving toward ultimate collision between the Soviet Union and Western capitalism, would the British Isles be more than an advance bomber base swiftly blasted out of action by a few atomic bombs? These are among questions prompted by Churchill's speech and Stalin's reply.

British diplomacy has had a taste of being America's poor relation. Time after time in recent months, — for example, in arranging the Moscow Conference of last December, and in matters relating to the Balkans, Japan, and Iran — when the British Foreign Office anticipated joint Anglo-American diplomacy, the State Department first acted and then let London read about it in the newspapers. British officials have been smarting under these humiliations but have muttered only in private.

Full freedom for India

Contrasting with Labor's comparatively standpat foreign policy is the British government's new bold approach to the Commonwealth's greatest problem — India. For the first time in history a British Prime Minister has dared to offer India independence. Freedom for India has for years been an important Labor Party pledge.

Events in India this year imparted an explosive urgency to the fulfillment of this promise. The mutiny in the Indian Navy swiftly followed "strikes" in the Royal Air Force. At least one Indian unit refused to fire on rioters; and once the Indian Army puts nationalist allegiance first, it ceases to be a reliable instrument of the British Crown. Attlee has

had the authority to go much farther than the Cripps proposals of four years ago. The word "independence" was shunned in the Cripps offer. That offer was for Dominion status, and during a transition period the Viceroy was to keep his right to veto decisions of the Provisional Government.

There are no such strings tied to the message which the three-man Cabinet mission has now brought to India. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Secretary of State for India, Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, and A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, have been vested with sweeping powers of decision and are obliged to refer back to London only a limited area of the agreement which they are negotiating on the spot.

There has never been less cause for Indian nationalists to suspect that Dominion status and the Moslem League are being used by Britain as a means to restrict India's advance to full freedom. Nor have the omens ever been so favorable for an understanding between Britain and the Indian National Congress.

The key words in Attlee's historic pronouncement to Parliament were: "I hope that India may elect to remain within the British Commonwealth. If, on the other hand, she elects for independence, in our view she has a right to do so." It is symptomatic of the indifference of the British people towards this great problem that, of 640 members of Parliament, only 30 attended the Commons session at which Attlee made this momentous declaration.

The Cabinet mission now in India hopes to negotiate a British-Indian military alliance and to conclude political and economic agreements. British imperial rule there is on the way out, and what is likely to remain is a voluntary association that will benefit both Britain and an independent India. This is Britain's last chance to quit India peacefully and with heightened prestige. Britain's exit will leave India to cope with appalling social problems. When one remembers that one out of every five inhabitants of our planet dwells in India, the depth of misery and poverty there appears in its true dimensions.

The manifesto of the Indian National Congress at this year's elections of provincial legislatures points the road which India may follow, though only after a struggle between Left and Right: what India fights for at home is described in this proclamation as state control of mineral resources, transport, the principal means of production and distribution in land and industry "so that free India may develop into a coöperative commonwealth." With the removal of British rule, India will require years and probably decades to accomplish her share of the social revolution which is on the march through Asia as well as Europe.

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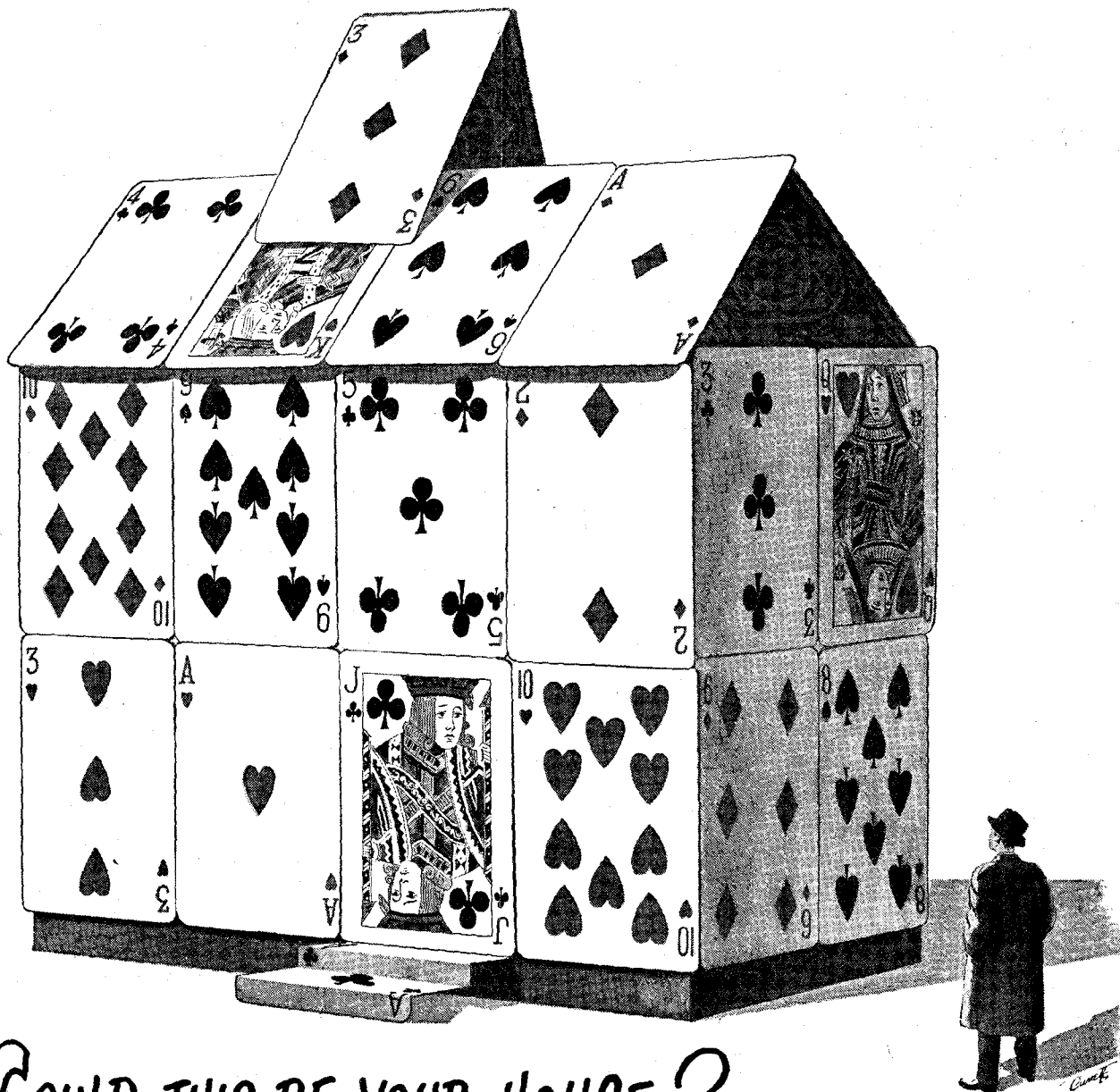
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

By a popular majority of some 267,000 votes, and by an overwhelming majority in the Argentine electoral college, Colonel Juan Perón was elected president of Argentina. Apparently it was a true victory. No protests were filed by Perón's opposition, the Democratic Alliance of the Radical, Socialist, and Communist parties, charging irregularities either in the election itself or in the counting of the votes.

Pre-election fascist brutalities by Peronista mobs and police may have swayed some timid voters. But the real explanation of the victory was that, by promulgating and promising wage raises, bonuses, and land divisions, Perón changed the political orientations of Argentina's underprivileged. Fascist traits in the regimes the Colonel had stage-managed, and in the campaign he conducted, seemed to touch Argentina's "little people" lightly, if at all. Convinced that they would be better off under Perón than under a constitutionally orthodox president like those who preceded him, they voted for him.

For Argentine liberals, the weeks of the count were agonizing. Each day they could see that a little extra organization here, a little stronger political appeal there, might have changed the 134,000 votes they needed to elect their candidate.

On one point these regrets brought Perón and Dr. José Tamborini, standard-bearer of the Democratic Alliance, into curious agreement. Both before and after the election, Perón claimed that the United States Blue Book — the State Department document issued in mid-February charging Peronista leaders and Perón himself with years of collaboration with Nazi Germany — gave him, by offending national pride, a strong "leg up" toward victory.

Early in the count period, Tamborini, in private conversations, began blaming the Blue Book for his

defeat. It made no difference that for months Latin American desks in the State Department at Washington had been piled with letters from Argentine liberals pleading for exposure of the Axis connections of prominent Peronistas. In the Blue Book, Perón found an "issue" he knew how to capitalize, and Tamborini a welcome alibi.

Argentine aftermath

International developments expected as by-products of Perón's election came about according to schedule. In Washington, the Pan American Union voted to postpone "indefinitely" the Rio de Janeiro Conference of American Foreign Ministers which had planned to consider drafting a military mutual-assistance treaty for the defense of the Western Hemisphere. The United States voted reluctantly with the majority for postponement, ostensibly because it did not wish to oppose the will of so many neighbors.

The resolution expressed the pious hope that the conference on the treaty still could take place before the ninth general Pan American conference in Bogotá in December. But it was not certain that even at Bogotá the treaty issue could be disposed of.

Meanwhile, the United States modified its unequivocal refusal to sign a military pact with a Perón government. Secretary Byrnes said that we are ready to participate in such a treaty, provided that Colonel Perón's government will carry out its obligations to eliminate "Axis influences" that have threatened the security of the inter-American system. It remains to be seen how these influences will be eliminated.

The Office of American Republic Affairs must now buckle down to the task of adjusting inter-American policies to the practical certainty that for six years the American republics will have to deal with Perón and with growing fascism in Buenos Aires.

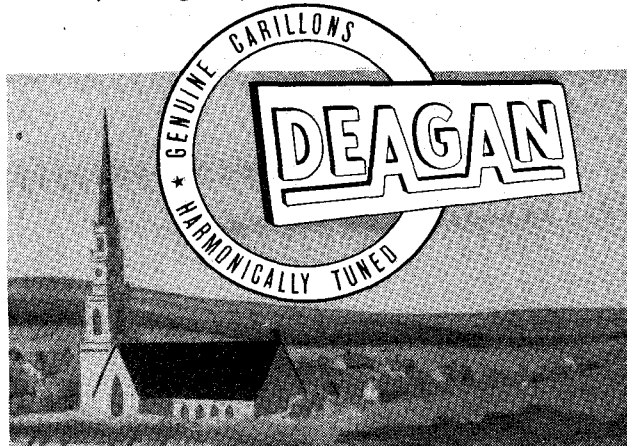
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If the thought appeals, you will wish further details. We shall consider it a privilege to provide them... J. C. Deagan, Inc., 353 Deagan Building, 1770 Berteau Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois.



LATIN AMERICA (continued)

The outlook did not seem wholly unpropitious. Though there were more than the usual political tensions, most of the Latin American republics were attacking their troubles with no obvious tendency to import Argentine prescriptions.

Chile's upset

Chile ranked as perhaps the worst danger spot. Her "war prosperity" expressed itself chiefly in huge price inflations which put even the necessities of food and clothing almost beyond the buying range of common and agricultural labor. Since V-J Day this situation has been complicated by the growing unemployment.

Early in January, Chile's President, Juan Antonio Ríos, began a six months' leave of absence because of a grave illness, leaving the office to a somewhat ineffective second-string congressional politician, Alfredo Duhalde. Since Chile has no vice-president and the death or removal of a chief executive calls automatically for the election of a successor, presidential booms started popping in Santiago.

At the very beginning of his administration Acting President Duhalde ran afoul of the worst kind of labor difficulties. On the eve of a general strike organized by the powerful Chilean Communist Party, the Chilean police fired on a labor mass meeting in Santiago, killing several people and precipitating one of the most serious Left-Right issues in Chilean history.

Since then, Chilean politics has labored under almost ceaseless cabinet tensions and official "investigations" of the shooting. Acting President Duhalde has been disowned by the Radical Party because of his management of the mass-meeting crisis and because of congressional political tensions.

The old "Popular Front" coalition of Radicals, Socialists, Communists, and a few minor parties, which elected Ríos in 1942 and his predecessor, Pedro Aguirre Cerda, in 1938, broke up several years ago. Eventually it was patched together again in a looser organization, known as the Democratic Alliance. Now, under Duhalde, that has fallen apart. With all the "left of center" parties going their separate ways, congressional majorities can seldom be obtained even for the most pressing legislation, except by coincidence. Under these circumstances, the Cabinet has virtually no standing with Congress.

Ríos and Duhalde together have given about half of the portfolios to military officers, and at present the only civilian party acting with the regime is the Socialist. Communists and the strong middle-of-the-road Radicals are making it a point of the party discipline to refuse cabinet posts.

In addition, the Chilean labor movement has been split into feuding Communist and Socialist wings over the general strike issue. The Socialists opposed the strike as ill-timed, and thousands of Socialist

workers refused to go along with it, even when their individual unions, under Communist leadership, had voted for it.

Chile's economic difficulties and political divisions are worse than Argentina's were at any stage of the development of Perón fascism and certain circles of the Army and of big business in close touch with the Peronista leader in Chile are inclined to admire the Argentine "experiment." Rumors of coming Chilean military-fascist coups are a dime a dozen in Santiago and Washington.

A presidential election crisis conceivably could produce a coup or a further labor crisis involving the Communist issue. But hope is growing that, since Chile weathered such drastic economic and political troubles at the point of nearest exposure to the Argentine temptation, she may eventually weather them through to better economic conditions.

Brazil irons out a constitution

In Brazil, too, Argentine examples and pressures carry considerable weight. But since its inauguration on January 31, the freely elected administration of General Eurico Gaspar Dutra has settled down to its job, with the emphasis mainly on domestic problems. Liberal opinion both inside and outside Brazil received a slight shock when the Congress, now functioning as a constituent assembly, voted powers to President Dutra to carry on the government by decree laws until the Constitution is finished.

But Brazil has been used to government exclusively by decree since Getulio Vargas established his dictatorship in November, 1937. A few more months of it do not necessarily mean a backward step if the net effect is that the Congress can give its undivided attention to constitution-making. So far, the Dutra decrees have been largely routine in character; and, although Vargas is a prominent member of the Senate, there have been no open indications of any efforts by his following to restore the dictatorship by a coup.

Democracy in Peru

Peru, under the first democratically elected government she has had in the twentieth century, appears to be making democratic methods work. Early in the year the Aprista Party, the strongest member of the coalition that elected President Bustamante last June, finally entered into full participation in the government — instead of plotting on the outside to control it — to the extent of taking over three cabinet posts.

Tensions have relaxed in party rivalries and in Congress. The smoothness with which the government is now being conducted, for the time being at least, has lessened the chances, dangerously large

until recently, that the democratic regime would be overthrown by a military coup of the old-fashioned type.

Actually there is more Peruvian interest just now in the National Economic Convention, which the government has called to meet late in the spring, than there is in Lima's chronic political jugglings. The convention will take up such problems as the founding of new industries, the linking of coastal Peru by highways with the rich resources of the eastern Andes provinces, and the bringing of four million mountain Indians into closer touch with the coastal economy. The new government recognizes that these are Peru's real problems and is increasing its popular prestige by trying to do something about them.

Colombia's presidential handicap

Colombia faces a curiously complicated presidential election the first week in May. As the campaign entered its last month, there were three candidates: solemn, somewhat uninspiring Dr. Gabriel Turbay, a former Ambassador to Washington, the nominee of the Liberal Party, which has ruled Colombia since 1930; and Jorge Eleacer Gaitán, a mestizo lawyer, running as an independent with the support of a few labor unions which he once led before he married money in Bogotá and became a prosperous corporation counsel; and Mariano Ospina Perez, candidate of the numerically strong and wealthy Colombian Conservative Party.

Consistently during the campaign, Turbay has proved his lack of political appeal, and from the point of view of a republic which usually chooses members of old families for its presidents, he has another liability. The liberal candidate is of Syrian parentage — a "Turko," to use the Latin American street term for all Levantines.

Large and powerful liberal factions, consequently, kept calling upon the Liberal Party through the spring to revoke the Turbay candidacy and name a more authentic Colombian. Taking advantage of the dissatisfaction within the Liberal Party, the Conservatives put a candidate on the ballot for the first time in sixteen years.

In the principal Latin American countries, then, the worst potential effect of the Perón victory in Argentina — an epidemic of political Perón fascism — seems for the present not in the cards. The undoubted major diplomatic defeat which the United States suffered in Perón's election need not involve us in any immediate head-on political clashes with other Latin American governments. By developing the Latin American economy from now on, the United States can do much toward binding the interests of the Hemisphere together, and toward weakening the temptations of Perón's example.



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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

BY FAR the most interesting phenomenon in Washington is the invasion of the atomic scientists. They moved in when the dollar-a-year men moved out. Both did arduous work in winning the war, and one might think that the scientists, like the businessmen, would welcome a little relaxation. But they felt that they could not afford it. They wanted to be sure that the atom was not harnessed to Mars.

The scientists' zeal would put to shame the most professional lobby groups. They are unwearied in their efforts to develop political thinking in terms of the atomic age. They are crusaders. They talk with a compelling urgency.

Theirs is an uphill fight. The object of their propaganda is a bill that will leave scientists free to go on with their work in the common interest. But there has never been an atomic-energy bill they could support. The May-Johnson bill would have put the development of atomic energy in military hands. This bill met with loud and influential protests.

The McMahon bill went to the other extreme and kept the military completely out of the picture. It ran into foul weather when the spy scare in Canada and the difficulties with Russia arose. Again there was a return of emphasis to the military aspects of atomic energy. Senator McMahon, chairman of the eleven-man special committee in the Senate, found himself alone. The other ten members voted to tag onto the bill, which aimed at creating an all-civilian Atomic Energy Commission, a military liaison committee appointed by the President, with jurisdiction over matters pertaining to "common defense and security."

A storm broke loose. The ten Senators were forced on the defensive and had to beat a retreat. The bill as it now stands provides for a military liaison com-

mittee, appointed by the Secretaries of War and Navy, whose function is narrowed to "military applications" of atomic energy. This arrangement satisfies the scientists, who recognize that the military must have a voice in the control of atomic weapons.

The fight, of course, is an old one in American history. Civilian supremacy lies at the root of our free institutions, and the scientists have been able to enlist support from all manner of public organizations. But fears die slowly, and they are fanned by a particularly noxious group in Congress, the Committee on Un-American Activities. Members of this committee — particularly Representative Rankin — seem to be itching for a witch hunt among the scientists. The harm they may do is incalculable. Even General Groves realizes that the Army must have full cooperation from the scientists.

Work on atomic energy may be frustrated by these Paul Prys. Already most of the scientists have quit the government laboratories and gone back to their own. They are loath to work in bondage or to be subject to surveillance whenever a Congressional committee or the military intelligence thinks that they might be spilling secrets to foreigners. If this sort of thing goes on, there will be no atomic age — only an arms race leading to Armageddon.

How the Army feels

The postponement of the atomic tests is puzzling. General Eisenhower had no information the day after the delay was announced. Admiral Blandy, the Navy man in charge of the tests, insisted that he knew only the official justification: that the Congressional delegation could not get away in May. Naturally, with appropriations all-important, the armed services want to see Congress well represented. There is a feeling, however, that the delay had some connec-

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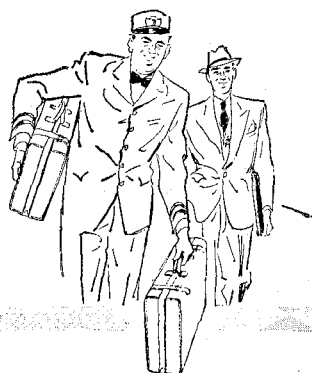
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WASHINGTON (continued)

tion with international politics. Russian newspapers claimed that the test represented intimidation. The Russian comment has renewed the agitation that the test should have an international audience.

General Eisenhower's insistence that during the coming year the Army cannot be allowed to fall below the minimum level of 1,070,000 men is listened to with respect. If it is extended, the draft will be a supplementary source of manpower.

The best guess is that the military training program will not come up before the elections. The problem is how it shall be put into effect. General Marshall insists that there shall be "one year of unbroken service."

Many groups which are otherwise sympathetic take exception to this idea. They do not approve of Army camp life for the nation's youth. They would use the high schools and colleges for training during summer vacations, but General Eisenhower appears to share General Marshall's objections to this type of service.

General Marshall is going back to China, but for how long is uncertain. He has demonstrated a high order of statesmanship. He met the hope that he would bring about a truce between Chungking and the Chinese Communists; and in addition, he has laid the foundation for Chinese unification. Now he wants to improve upon the job of integrating the Chinese armies into a unit by providing equipment for the Communists. For that purpose he has actually won the agreement of Chiang Kai-shek.

President Truman deserves high commendation for the appointment of General Marshall. Relations with Russia over China might have degenerated into crisis but for Marshall's intervention.

Paul Porter and the OPA

Paul Porter is turning out to be a better administrator of the OPA than Chester Bowles. He is speeding up consideration of price increases. He wants to drop relatively unimportant items from control. He will not tolerate procrastination by the profit controllers on the staff of the OPA. Bowles in his new role as Economic Stabilizer and Porter in Bowles's old job make a good team.

One of the major criticisms of the Administration's new wage-price program was based on the refusal of the OPA to agree to price relief as a condition of wage increases. However, to give such assurance in advance would result in the OPA's becoming entangled in wage negotiations. Such a policy would also encourage some employers to grant wage increases irresponsibly, in the confident expectation of being able to shift the cost to consumers in the form of price increases.

The cost-absorption policy of the OPA is also an object of criticism. But there has been a change of emphasis that shows there will be a good many excep-

tions to the rule. One case is the regulation aimed at speeding up production of low-priced clothing. Even Mr. Bowles says that in other lines besides clothing — such as household furniture, most foods, and some reconversion goods — distributors have already absorbed about all the cost increases they can be asked to assume under existing price restrictions and that they are entitled to relief.

The case of the National Association of Manufacturers for the end of all controls by June has been found not proved. It is obvious that production is the answer to inflation. Yet, till reconversion has hit its stride, controls are the only way to prevent a competitive struggle for scarce materials, with skyrocketing prices.

The case for lifting controls is not improved by the anti-OPA propaganda activities of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. A copy of an OPA release entitled "NRDGA Horror Exhibit," which examines the exhibit by the NRDGA, originally called "The Consumer Suffers," is offered by way of proof. In seventeen items, Mr. Bowles charges that the facts were misrepresented, and the official release carries confirmatory evidence to that effect. In the eighteenth case the OPA policy was admittedly at fault.

The hog in the trough

Where there is hunger, there is no peace. There is plenty of hunger in the world today, with India, perhaps, in a worse situation than any other country. Our slackness in meeting our commitments is shameful. It arose out of a post-victory feeling that there would be deflation, with lower consumption of food products, so that foreign commitments could be met without administrative intervention.

Inflation came instead of deflation, and food consumption increased 10 per cent over the year before. Added to increased food consumption was increased consumption of animal feed, with livestock eating the grain promised to Europe's hungry.

This last phenomenon arose out of a meat-wheat price ratio which favored the feeding of grain to livestock. Since V-J Day we have fed 200,000,000 bushels to hogs and cattle. If this had been sent to the famine areas, the situation naturally would have been better than it is. It is impracticable either to raise wheat prices or to lower meat prices. One of two courses could be taken. Either a weight ceiling on hogs could be imposed, say 225 pounds, or subsidies could be rearranged to make it more profitable to send hogs to market at 225 pounds and under.

Bread and rationing

Why there were not set-aside orders at the flour mills instead of a change in the nation's bread loaf

is a mystery. Set-aside orders would have been a simple administrative device. They have been used several times in the past — for instance, in the Russian famine of the early nineties. This would be rationing at the source.

Under the new system, milling formulas and household habits have to be changed. Moreover, it entails a deficit in feed for animals. With the old loaf, 140 pounds of wheat were turned into 100 pounds of flour, leaving 40 pounds of animal feed. With the new loaf, 120 pounds of wheat are turned into 100 pounds of not so good flour, leaving 20 pounds of animal feed.

America's best customer

An improved feeling for the British loan is developing in the Senate, but for the wrong reason. Legislators are more pro-British because they are more anti-Russian. The merits of the loan receive little attention, in spite of the unflagging efforts of Secretary Vinson of the Treasury and Assistant Secretary Clayton of the State Department.

These officials stress the contribution of the loan to the achievement of our One World policy in commerce. If the loan does not go through, then the world will stay split up into rival economic blocs, and that is the way to war. The dollars-and-cents argument for the loan may get more attention now that Britain is reducing her purchases from us. The cotton, tobacco, and oil Senators will understand what this means.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is one of restiveness over the necessity of extending some controls and recapturing others. It is likewise dawning on Congress that the executive branch of the government can be only as strong as Congress makes it.

Secretary Byrnes has rubbed home the lesson that he cannot be tough if Congress lets him have only a cap pistol. This is a reference both to the hasty demobilization that Congress itself precipitated and to Congressional unwillingness either to extend the draft or to do anything about compulsory military training.

There may be a speed-up in the legislative program. It is even suggested that Congress may seek to streamline its own machinery in deference to these quick-moving times. The method is at hand in the La Follette-Monroney Committee report, which shows Congress the way to reorganization. More than a scare is needed, however, to persuade the legislators to squeeze out the vested interests which have grown up around their present unwieldy system of operation.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Open Heart"

Sir:

I seldom yield to the impulse to write a fan letter — but "The Open Heart" (in "The Peripatetic Reviewer," March *Atlantic*) expresses admirably the emotions I have experienced during the past four years as I have traveled about the country alone under the same conditions that Edward Weeks describes.

It was a thrilling experience to feel that one was a part of this great country of ours, and I wanted to share it with someone who appreciated it. Now that I know Mr. Weeks feels the same way, I am satisfied and want to thank him. Pray God the heart may stay open!

MRS. GUTZON BORGLUM
Stamford, Conn.

Sir:

I have read and reread "The Open Heart," and feel it is one of the finest things I have read in a long time.

This letter, coming from the editor of a small-town weekly, will hardly increase the size of Mr. Weeks's hatband. But I have only recently been released after five years in the Navy, and I have noticed the change he describes — not in the country towns, for in them the guards are never raised very high, but in the cities.

I should appreciate your permission to publish this editorial in the *Darlington Democrat*.

W. M. RILEY
Darlington Democrat
Darlington, Wis.

Sir:

"The Open Heart" was greatly enjoyed by our staff. If there are no objections, I should very much like to reproduce it in the next issue of the *Illinois Central Magazine*.

CLIFF G. MASSOTH
Illinois Central System
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

Please advise me by return mail whether I have your permission to reprint in the *Lutheran Standard* "The Open Heart" by Edward Weeks.

E. W. SCHRAMM
Editor, Lutheran Standard
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Am wondering if you would give me permission to reprint Edward Weeks's short article "The Open Heart."

EUGENE BAKER
Gorman Progress
Gorman, Tex.

Sir:

Would like permission to reprint in the *Columbus Dispatch* "The Open Heart" by Edward Weeks.

Columbus Dispatch
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

I always turn to "The Peripatetic Reviewer" first when I open the new *Atlantic*. It never fails to give me a feeling of comradeship as I acknowledge with delight that "I feel exactly like that, only he has expressed it infinitely better than I could."

I agree with Mr. Weeks about those unforgettable, poignant wartime railway stations. Once, in Philadelphia, I was putting a young daughter on her way to Boston after spring vacation and noticed a colored sergeant and his wife beside us. They were standing face to face, looking long at each other. As we heard the train approach, he just gently buttoned the collar of her coat. It was a warm spring day and I'm sure she wasn't cold, but it was the last kind and careful thing he could do for her before they parted. I don't think I've ever seen anything more heart-breaking.

MRS. SAMUEL MASON, JR.
Darlington, Md.

Is One War Enough?

Sir:

From my comfortable position of bystander, untouched by the sorrows and miseries of war, I want to say that Edgar L. Jones's article "One War Is Enough," in the February *Atlantic*, is the most remarkable report I have read of World War II. It is not merely a description of Army life, but a powerful and complete judgment of the whole affair, which clears definitely many wrong ideas and brings forth the fundamental problems of today and tomorrow in a straightforward and naked way.

RINA DE SANDOVAL
Cerro, Havana, Cuba

Sir:

Of the two articles against peacetime military training in your February issue, I can see reason for printing Henry Steele Commager's arguments but wonder why you also published those of Edgar L. Jones. While I disagree with Mr. Commager, he is thoughtful and representative of those who oppose peacetime military training. Mr. Jones seems representative only of a tragic war-shocked group, on the verge of hysteria, for whom we have much sympathy but whose emotionalism does not produce sound reasoning.

Mr. Jones is convinced that all those who favor some measure of preparedness favor war. I hope he does not sleep or eat or rest until he has the pledge of every nation for immediate and total disarmament. My committee will see he gets a medal for doing it, and we will all rise and call him blessed. But while he is about his work, I trust that the U.S. will pay a few insurance premiums in the way of giving our young men the minimum of military training and essential skills needed to convince anyone that it wouldn't pay to take a poke at us.

ERNESTA BARLOW
Women's National Chairman, Citizens Committee for
Military Training of Young Men, Inc.
New York City

Sir:

I read Henry Steele Commager's article before and after Mr. Winston Churchill's disturbing speech at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, March 5, 1946. Possibly most of us need disturbing, but do we not still more need the hope which this article so discerningly pleads for? And to uphold this hope is decidedly the harder side of the debate. So a group of your subscribers and readers here at Saskatoon very much wish that your host of readers might have a follow-up piece by the same author, dealing broadly with the above Churchill address.

E. WEBER
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

Sir:

Your publication of "One War Is Enough" has astounded me. I did not know the *Atlantic* had what it takes to publish such an article, and I rejoice!

It is secular confirmation — with a vengeance — of Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell's recent book, *God Is Not Dead* — especially his chapters on "The Judgment of the Peace." Moreover, "One War Is Enough" is a

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Atlantic Repartee

severe and timely indictment of all those psychopathic civilians who so nonchalantly stimulate, then start and encourage, wars which they themselves don't have to fight and know nothing about — except from comfortable armchairs.

GUY N. MOUNT
London, England

Sir:

Edgar Jones seems to be arguing with himself when he says that none of us want war again. I doubt very much whether anyone except a very greedy few ever wanted World War II or will ever want another. As a veteran who has seen four years' service in the Army and been overseas not only in Europe but also in the Pacific, I speak from experience.

It is true that the GI "was not a deep-thinking man"; there was one predominating thought in the mind of the GI and it wasn't the lofty sentiment of saving the world for democracy. It was the persistent and intense desire to get home, and this was the driving factor that made him fight. But you'll find that the average GI, unlike the average German and Jap soldier, saw that he had a job to do and he did it. His gripes were about little things such as chow, minor military irks and not the big stinking mass ahead of him. It may be true that some of the boys "shot prisoners in cold blood," but it was not until they were driven into a furious rage by some of the dirty tricks of the Germans and the Japs.

If Mr. Jones is as familiar with warfare as he says he is, then he knows that killing is the business of soldiers and I think that our soldiers killed the enemy more humanely than those of any other nation. Our B-29 crews spared the Emperor's palace in Tokyo (and this was deliberate). I wonder what would have happened if a Zero had had a chance to get a crack at the White House; I don't think the Japs would have worried about the psychological effect.

We're being decent to a people who really don't deserve it. The Japanese are masters of deceit. I sat in on some of the trials in the Yokohama court, and the foulest of guards who tortured American prisoners looked completely innocent of harming even a baby.

HAROLD GEIST
New York City

"On the Recorder"

Sir:

With great surprise we read the numerous false statements in the March *Atlantic* concerning the recorder. The article "On the Recorder," by Carl Anthon, implies, for instance, that American manufacturers are not able to make recorders which can compete with those made in Germany, and says that "there are very few recorder teachers anyway, and those that do teach it are themselves self-taught." Only a person who, though he may have considera-

ble academic knowledge, has not the slightest idea what is going on in the recorder field, can make such misstatements, which may damage the recorder movement but cannot prevent it from growing. We shall come back to this assault on the recorder movement in our next edition.

We think, however, we have a right to demand the correction of one misstatement concerning recorder publications. The only magazine especially devoted to the recorder that ever appeared in letterpress is the *American Recorder Review*, published by the Center for Recorder Music, the leading organization for the promotion of the block-flute, which has not even been mentioned in your article. It is furthermore the only publication existing today.

DR. CHARLES CARLE
Editor, *American Recorder Review*
New York City

Sir:

Far from wishing to launch an assault on the recorder movement in this country, I wrote "On the Recorder" to point out the weaknesses as well as the achievements of recorder enthusiasts at present.

The chief characteristic of the recorder movement, as of the New Music movement in general, seems to me its quality of amateurism, that wholesome, unpretentious participation of the layman in music.

The recorder or block-flute (a foreignism that has not yet entered the dictionaries) is essentially an amateur's instrument; and since the revived recorder has barely existed twenty years, it goes without saying that the few recorder teachers in our big cities are largely self-taught — a fact which does not necessarily detract from the quality of the teacher.

As for recorders manufactured in America, it is still unfortunately a fact that they do not measure up in quality to European instruments, both English (Dolmetsch) and German. I have recently tried out all American recorder makes, and I can only renew my warning that the recorder purchaser should not buy an instrument without carefully testing each semitone with an accurate ear.

Dr. Carle's point about the *American Recorder Review* is well taken, for I learn to my dismay that the American Recorder Society was one of our corporate war casualties, although its affiliate, the Hargail Music Press, is still functioning.

CARL ANTHON
Colby College
Waterville, Maine

I Personally —

Sir:

Sumner Welles is profoundly disappointing in his response to Dr. Einstein under the title "The Atomic Bomb and World Government" in the January *Atlantic*. Of all American experts on international relations, I anticipated that he would be the most likely to appreciate the urgency of Dr. Einstein's appeal. Instead, he avoids the issue by throwing up

a dust cloud of proof that Dr. Einstein is politically naive — which we will cheerfully admit.

New realities measurable only by the dimensions of modern physical science are demanding social adjustments that seem impossible to our political flat-landers. But that is just the point: we must do the “impossible” or perish. If the comments of Sumner Welles are the best that political science has to offer, I shall apply for an apartment in Carlsbad Caverns, lower floor preferred.

HAROLD H. STORY
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sir:

It takes some time for your magazine to go through “Information Education” channels over here in Korea and therefore I have just been able to secure your January issue.

I read Sumner Welles’s article with interest. It runs in the vein typical of the old-line diplomat who has become obsolete with recent political, economic, social, and *military* developments. Saying that nothing new will work is typical of a form of diplomacy that has involved the nations of the world in intermittent warfare since the beginning of history.

I enjoy the *Atlantic Monthly* very much because of its policy of presenting both sides of a question and allowing the reader to judge for himself.

T/5 STEPHEN R. BEST
Chongju, Korea

Sir:

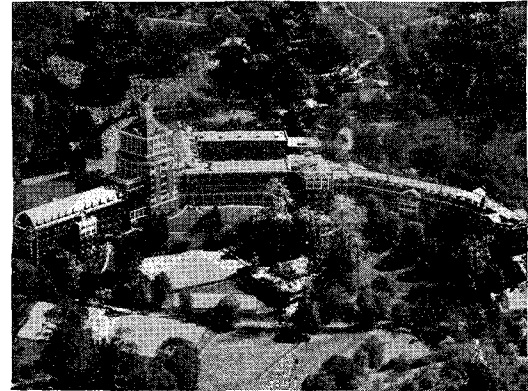
It is fervently to be hoped that all American makers of cheese are readers of the *Atlantic*, and that they will take to heart Crosby Gaige’s pertinent remarks in the February “Accent on Living,” on cheese nomenclature and on processed cheese.

If the love of good cheese is not approaching extinction, with new generations knowing only the petroleum jelly consistency (and flavor, I had nearly said) of processed cheese, Mr. Gaige is hereby nominated for the presidency of the Down-with-Processed-Cheese Association. And it may not be inappropriate to suggest that a second function of a DWPC Association might be the education of American cheese-makers in the proper naming of their products.

I remember well a famous Detroit eating and drinking establishment known for at least two generations as Moesta’s. More than forty years ago I knew Moesta’s chiefly as a bar where genuine Pilsener and Muenchener were on draught; but with the insatiable appetite of youth, I also recognized the lavishness and superior flavor of Moesta lunchcons and sandwiches. Notable among the latter were masterpieces made from loaf-size slabs of rye bread baked on hot bricks from which the fire had been raked, richly buttered, and with fillings (never less than three eighths of an inch thick) of either American, real Swiss, genuine Limburger, or, for those whose olfactory sense dominated that of their taste buds, what was known as Domestic Limburger.

The senior Moesta of that time was very reticent as to the source of this delectable cheese. After perhaps a dozen years of habitually eating and drinking in his place, I still could not learn where I might purchase the whole cheese. He had relaxed his vigi-

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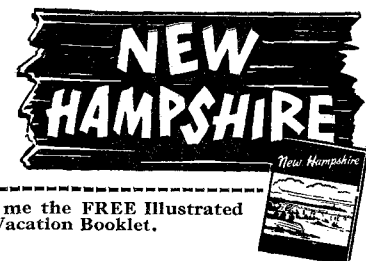
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lance only so far as to allow me to take home a pound or two from time to time.

By the time the senior Moesta died, his sons were interested in the automobile business. The famous old saloon was succeeded by an Italian restaurant, and during Prohibition became a speak-easy.

A quarter century after I first knew the Moesta establishment, my wife was recovering from a protracted illness. In June she went for a drive along the shores of Lake St. Clair with a friend. On the return trip, they turned off the shore highway upon a gravel road which ran back of the city of Mount Clemens. On this road, remote from the busy traffic lanes, on the shore of the Clinton River, they passed an old water-powered mill on which was a sign, "Cheese."

My wife came home with a sizable cheese of the Cheddar type, rich and rather too powerful for some tastes; and a rectangular white, soft cheese which the maker called simply Light Cream; and a circular cheese about four inches thick which was known as Full Cream.

The last named was the long-sought Domestic Limburger of the old Moesta's.

L. A.

Nantucket, Mass.

Sir:

Vera M. Dean's article, "Russia and Her Neighbors in Europe," in your March issue, was mighty fine. The American public certainly needs more such constructive writing.

While I'm about it, I should like to add that I regard the *Atlantic* as one of the few honestly progressive American magazines. Who writes the "Atlantic Report on the World Today"? I like it.

GERALD F. POMEROY, RM 2/C

Submarine Base

New London, Conn.

Sir:

I want to thank you for former Governor Harold E. Stassen's presentment of his views on "Jobs and Freedom" in your March issue. In view of his present return from overseas duty and foreign service, I had thought he might say a few words about our post-war foreign trade — tariffs in particular. I have noted that many otherwise sound supporters of free enterprise and capitalism confine this support to our domestic economy. Their opinion indicates that America cannot compete with foreign industry or agriculture and still maintain our relatively high wage standards.

Economists today agree that we must accept some imports because of the very nature of our position in the world, as a creditor nation. How is capitalism to meet this challenge if its supporters confine the laws of supply and demand to a national economy by "artificial" protective tariffs in international commerce and trade? I am not accusing Mr. Stassen of dualism in his support of capitalism, — in fact he seems to remain eloquently silent on the point, — but I should like a clarification of his views on tariffs and foreign trade.

CARL F. SIMPSON

Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. C. W. Kellogg's letter in the March *Atlantic* Repartee cites Chattanooga's January flood as proof of his previous contention that TVA has neglected flood control. This is so at variance with the facts that it should be corrected.

The fact is that the TVA dams above Chattanooga saved it from a disastrous flood. I should like to quote from a long editorial in the *Chattanooga Times* of January 19, 1946, entitled "A Flood Was Controlled":—

"Not only did the TVA dams prevent disastrous property damage in Chattanooga, but the great network of dams was being managed by TVA in a manner to protect us from what could have been the greatest flood on record had the abnormal rains continued.

"We should not think of the TVA flood-control system as something which benefits Chattanooga alone. In the pre-reservoir days a flood on the Tennessee usually flooded the whole valley. The recent experience of the TVA with its reservoirs prevented a flood disaster at Knoxville and at all intermediate points between Knoxville and Chattanooga and at points below Chattanooga.

"The TVA flood-protection system has gloriously justified itself, and Chattanooga should express its gratitude."

This was the prevailing attitude in Chattanooga.

The recurring criticism directed at TVA, that it neglects flood control, navigation, and conservation and is interested only in electric power, is always surprising and is beginning to irritate valley residents. Here we see the benefits and the effectiveness of TVA's vast system of flood control, its extensive program of agricultural developments, the growing river traffic, since the completion of the 640-mile, nine-foot channel from Paducah to Knoxville, which makes the Tennessee the finest inland river for navigation in the United States.

TOM RAGLAND
President Mountain City Mill Co. Inc.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sir:

I want to tell you that I think your news article in the front of each issue is the finest thing being done today. I find, as the times grow more and more critical, that the leading news purveyors increasingly disqualify themselves because of bias. The *Atlantic*, which antedates them all, is the only one which has avoided the hardening of mental arteries and narrowing of outlook which seems to set in so early in middle life.

The only hope for us all is the enlightened awareness of what is happening in and to our world — the awareness and point of view so well represented in the *Atlantic* but so seldom encountered and of so little avail elsewhere. The trouble is, of course, that man has built up a civilization too complex for common understanding. Only a trained and industrious mind perceives the issues and influences of today — and, unfortunately, our mass-production system is not mass-producing good minds.

J. P.
San Diego, Cal.

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WHAT DO THE STRIKES TEACH US?

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

MORE people were on strike late in January than at any other time in the history of the country. Likewise, the *proportion* of the work force on strike was greater than ever — higher than during the great post-war strikes of 1919 or the great eight-hour strike of 1886. In fact almost as much time was lost from strikes during January and February as during the preceding two years. Despite the settlement of several important strikes, the period of great labor difficulties is far from over. The upsurge of strikes which followed the First World War lasted three years in Britain and over a year in the United States. When many of the agreements negotiated this winter in the steel, automobile, rubber, and electrical industries expire next year, the country is likely to be confronted with another great labor crisis. Paradoxically, the stiff wage advances (far greater than have ever been made before in the history of the country) will make for even bigger demands by the unions next winter because these increases will force advances in the cost of living.

Have the strikes been worth their cost? Have they been a valuable experience for employers, unions, and the government? Do they provide useful guidance for handling future disputes? Will they help avert another large series of shutdowns next winter? Or have they widened the gulf between unions and

managements and thus prepared the way for bigger and harder-fought battles? What have government, unions, and employers to learn from them?

Let us begin with the government. Soon after V-J Day the President relaxed the wartime wage controls and announced that the basic labor policy of the government would be the restoration of collective bargaining. Price controls, however, were to be continued, and the general rule was that no wage increases might be used as the basis of price relief. Only a few exceptions to this general rule were recognized.

About four thousand wage increases were negotiated without strikes or lockouts and without disturbing the government's price policy. The government, however, did not long adhere to its twofold policy of relying on collective bargaining to settle disputes and of refusing to permit wage increases to be used as the basis for price relief. The first break in the government's policy came with the appointment of a so-called fact-finding board to recommend a settlement of the wage dispute in the oil industry. A second break came with the appointment of a fact-finding board in the General Motors dispute. Each case meant that government wage-fixing was being substituted for collective bargaining.

Although the government had seized the oil plants and was later to seize the meat-packing plants, the reports of the "fact-finding" boards were recommendations only. The real sanction forcing reluctant employers to pay the recommended wages was the willingness of unions to strike rather than accept less — plus, as I shall show, the willingness of the government to raise price ceilings. Likewise the sanction against reluctant unions was only the un-

SUMNER H. SLICHTER has earned a reputation as an impartial arbitrator in labor disputes, partly in his writing and more directly in his arbitration of disputes in the textile, printing, telegraph, and food industries. A son of Wisconsin, he has taught at Princeton and at Cornell. He is now Lamont University Professor at Harvard. One of his most interesting assignments at Cambridge is that of adviser to the Trade Union Fellows who come to Harvard for a year of graduate study.

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willingness of employers to pay more than the recommended rates.

Soon after the oil and motors disputes came the steel and meat-packing cases, in which the government's price policy, as well as its labor policy, was involved. In each dispute employers were willing to make only limited wage concessions without price relief. As a result, the government was confronted with a difficult dilemma. It might refuse to modify its price policy, thereby imposing a special disadvantage upon employers and workers in industries where labor costs were high relative to prices. Or it might modify its price policy in response to strikes or threats of strikes, thereby rewarding both unions and employers for using economic pressure to force changes in public policy, and encouraging them to use the same method to force future changes in public policies.

The government suggested specific wage increases in both the meat and steel cases — again substituting government wage-fixing for collective bargaining. In addition, the government decided to modify its price policy and gave the steelmakers and meat packers sufficient price relief to induce them to concede the wages suggested by the government. The wage settlement of $18\frac{1}{2}$ cents an hour in the steel case was suggested by the President himself. This suggestion was a major blunder and a body blow to collective bargaining. Thousands of union leaders had settled for less (indeed, four out of five settlements had been for less), and the employers had received no price relief. The President's recommendation made the leaders who had accepted less than $18\frac{1}{2}$ cents seem like "easy marks."

Furthermore, since the President had said that the well-paid steelworkers were entitled to $18\frac{1}{2}$ cents, even at the expense of consumers, union leaders have henceforth found it difficult to accept much less. Many contracts calling for less than $18\frac{1}{2}$ cents are being made, but the chief settlements in Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, the rubber industry, General Electric, and others call for 18 cents or $18\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Although these settlements were *formally* made by collective bargaining, in reality they meant government wage-fixing.

2

Two major questions obviously confront the government. One is whether it should continue to bargain with unions and employers over its price policy. The other is whether it intends to continue to fix wages, or whether it will revert to its original policy of relying upon collective bargaining to settle disputes. To be specific, if the Office of Price Administration is still in operation next winter and if another great wage crisis occurs, should the government again bargain over the terms of its price policy and should it again name the wage increases for which it will give price relief?

If industrial efficiency rises rapidly during the next nine months, even stiff wage demands by the unions

next winter may not raise questions of price relief. A quick rise in efficiency, however, will not be easily accomplished, because supplies of new equipment are extremely scarce. The Office of Price Administration can help industry increase efficiency by allowing liberal price ceilings on equipment and parts. Here is one of the many cases where increases in a few prices will help keep down many prices.

The chances are, however, that next winter's wage demands will again raise price issues. In this event, there can be no doubt concerning the proper course for the government to pursue. The issue is broader and more basic than the specific question of whether price policy should be made by bargaining between the government on the one hand and employers and trade unions on the other. In a democracy all groups have an opportunity to influence public policy through the elected officials of government. The use of economic coercion to force changes in public policies is incompatible with democratic institutions. Indeed, strikes to coerce the government are specifically outlawed in Britain — as they should be in this country. Painful as the decision may be, the government has only one choice: to make clear that it will not bargain over its price policy.

The government will not find it easy to cease bargaining with employers and unions over the terms of its price policy. The government has already engaged in so much bargaining of this sort that a declaration that it has turned over a new leaf and that it will no longer bargain over price relief would not be convincing either to employers or to unions and might have to be tested by strikes before the government's word was accepted. These strikes might be large and long. The alternative policy, however, would also mean interruptions to production — as recent experience has shown. The more successfully the government convinces both employers and unions that it will no longer submit to economic coercion, the less is the likelihood of strikes against the government.

The policy which the government adopts toward prices will determine the policy which it pursues toward the adjustment of wages. If the government refuses to bargain over price policy, it will be able to rely upon collective bargaining to settle wage disputes. In fact, it will be virtually impossible for the government to avoid bargaining over price policy unless it refrains from fixing wages. On the other hand, if the government bargains over price relief, it will be forced to fix wages, because it will have to name the wage increases for which it is prepared to grant price relief. This procedure, of course, would be incompatible with collective bargaining between employers and unions. Trade-union officials, having been caught once negotiating smaller wage increases than the President and his "fact-finders" later recommended, will be careful to make no binding commitments.

If the cost of living goes up appreciably between now and next winter, the government will be under

great pressure to fix additional wage increases which will be approvable in case price relief is sought. The government should refuse, because raising wages would not cure the situation. A rising cost of living means that the demand for goods exceeds the supply of goods. Raising wages would simply make the situation worse, because it would make demand outrun supply more than ever. In other words, it would help bring about inflation by making higher prices produce higher wages, which in turn would produce higher prices. The only way to halt rising costs of living is to increase the output per man-hour.

3

WHY not let the government fix wages? What interest does the community have in whether the government fixes wages itself or relies upon collective bargaining to adjust differences over wages?

Collective bargaining has the drawback that the wages set depend upon the relative bargaining power of the parties and hence may not be "fair." In some cases the interests of the community may suffer because collective bargaining sets wage rates which seriously limit the expansion of certain industries which need to grow in order to make possible a high level of employment. Building construction might be a case in point. For these reasons, one can make a strong case for the view that collective bargaining should be conducted within the framework of a national wage policy.

The drawbacks to government wage-fixing, however, are formidable and far outweigh any advantages which it may have. One of the most important disadvantages of government wage-fixing is that the resulting wage structure is not likely to reflect accurately conditions in different industries and in different parts of industry. The recent steel case illustrates the point. The recommended 18½ cents has not been limited in its application to the companies engaged in *producing* steel. It has been extended to a large number of fabricators of steel scattered among more than sixty industries in which there is wide variation in competitive conditions. Some plants have been compelled to make far higher wage advances than their competitors. Some of these competitors had already made settlements with other unions, and some are not organized at all.

So long as demand for goods greatly exceeds supply, the effects of government wage-fixing upon the competitive position of the various steel fabricators may not be serious. After the most urgent "catching-up" demand has been met and when success in obtaining business depends upon production costs, many firms which gave the increase will have trouble in meeting competition.

Another serious drawback to government wage-fixing is that it prevents the terms of employment from being a matter of agreement between employers and unions. An agreement is important simply be-

cause it *is* an agreement — a creation of two sides which must live with it, not something imposed on them from the outside. Since it is theirs, they must take the responsibility for making it work. The recommendations of a fact-finding board or of the President may coincide precisely with the terms which the union and the employer might negotiate. Nevertheless, the fact that this settlement is imposed alters the attitude of the parties toward it and makes it less workable than a negotiated settlement.

Fully as important as the nature of the settlement is the nature of the process which produces the settlement. Government wage-fixing tends to divide the parties and to keep them apart. In hearings before a fact-finding board, management and the unions stage a fight. They present opposing cases and make the minimum of admissions. Their effort is to persuade outsiders, not to persuade each other. The very process encourages bluffing, threatening, and playing to the galleries, and is likely to leave the parties farther apart rather than closer together.

Very different are the possibilities of negotiation. Bargaining can, of course, also be a matter of bluffing and threatening. Indeed, an able union representative has called collective bargaining "a war of nerves" in which victory goes to the side which keeps its nerve right up to the end when the other side breaks. Or the bargaining conference may simply be an occasion for one side to dictate terms to the other. None of these situations, however, represents collective bargaining at its best. At its best, negotiation becomes a mutual exploration of problems. It is a way by which each side learns more about the problems of the other, by which each side endeavors to persuade the other to accept at least part of its views, and by which the two sides work out acceptable compromises. Hence, it is informative and persuasive and tends to bring the parties closer together rather than to fortify prejudices and to perpetuate misunderstandings.

The foundation for good industrial relations is mutual interest in each other's problems and the will to cooperate in solving those problems. Such an interest and such a will cannot be imposed from without by government fact-finders, or by anyone else. They must be built from within by the parties themselves. They are created in large measure by negotiation — the very process which shrivels and withers when the government fixes wages.

Finally, government wage-fixing would have disastrous effects upon the political life of the community. Certainly government wage-fixing would adversely affect the kind of men nominated for the Presidency. If the President were to be directly or indirectly the principal wage-setter of the country, many people would determine their preferences among the several candidates by the views of the candidates on wages. Other qualifications, such as views on foreign policy or fiscal policy or the capacity of the candidates as administrators, would become less important in determining the choices of

many voters. Inevitably the difficulties of getting well-balanced and capable men nominated would be enormously increased. Government wage-fixing would need to have impressive economic superiorities to compensate for its bad effect upon the Presidency and upon the political life of the community.

4

WHAT questions do the recent strikes present for trade unions? Three stand out above others:—

1. Were the strikes necessary?
2. Were the results worth the costs?
3. Should unions rely in the future on collective bargaining or government wage-fixing?

The thousands of settlements made without strikes suggest that more skillful negotiating might have averted the strikes in General Motors, steel, meat packing, and electrical goods. Perhaps more skillful negotiation would have led both unions and employers to make further concessions — though in view of the rivalry among unions and union leaders for prestige, further union concessions would have been unlikely. Given the demands of the unions and the necessity of forcing the government in some instances to change its price-control policy if the union demands were to be granted, strikes were inevitable. Most of the settlements made without strikes had been for rates substantially below the 19½ cents recommended by the “fact-finding” board in the General Motors case and the 18½ cents recommended by the President in the steel case. The U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics has tabulated 149 increases which occurred between August 18 and January 10. Out of 87 increases which took the form of cents per hour only 6 were above 15 cents, and out of 62 percentage increases only 8 were above 15 per cent.

Were the strikes worth while from the union standpoint? They were hardly justified by the wage increases won. Not until early in 1948, for example, will the workers in General Motors be as well off as they would have been had they not struck and had they worked steadily *without any wage increase whatsoever*. Not until 1953 will the employees of General Motors be as well off as they would have been had they accepted the company's offer of 13½ cents. Two and a half years will be required before the employees of General Electric are as well off as they would have been had they accepted the company's compromise offer of 10 cents and 10 per cent. The employees of the U. S. Steel Corporation will require more than two years before they will have made up for their refusal of the company's compromise offer of 15 cents.

Certainly when the union members in the several organizations voted on whether to authorize a strike, few of them could have contemplated strikes as long as those in General Motors, Westinghouse, or even

General Electric, and many of them did not expect to strike at all. The prediction by a CIO official early in December that the General Motors strike would last until the middle of January was vigorously denounced by the strike leaders as unduly pessimistic — although it turned out to be far too optimistic. Some people argue that the time needed for wage increases to compensate for time lost will be diminished by overtime work which will be caused by the strikes. On balance, however, the higher wages forced by strikes will diminish the amount of overtime.

The strikes must not be judged, however, too much in terms of wage increases. Some of their unintended results are among the most important and the most useful. Successful collective bargaining presupposes a fairly accurate estimate by each side of the other side's strength and willingness to fight. In steel, automobiles, electrical goods, and a few other industries, the employers and the new unions have now each tested the other. Most of the tests were perhaps not long enough to be conclusive. Furthermore, the fact that the President had recommended a definite wage increase prevented the tests from being entirely satisfactory. Nevertheless, each side knows much more about the other than before and has more respect for the other's fighting qualities. This knowledge should help them negotiate compromises in the future.

Some of the new unions have been handicapped by interunion rivalries and also by competition among officers for position and power. These rivalries have made one union demand as much as another demanded, regardless of differences that may exist between the industries, and have made union officials reluctant to recommend compromises to the rank and file. The recent strikes may do a little to correct these conditions. Members now know by actual experience what a strike costs, and so do their wives. Many a steelworker, electrical worker, or automobile worker will have to postpone buying a new car for a year, and many wives of workers in these industries will not buy spring outfits this year. Members have also learned that a strike vote may mean an actual strike, that they had better not authorize a strike unless they are willing to engage in one, and that they can avoid strikes by permitting their officers to negotiate compromises.

Recent strike experiences may cause union members to be less tolerant of officers who precipitate long strikes for the sake of personal prestige — in order to avoid accepting less than some other union or in order to get a bigger increase than some other union. If the strikes reduce the influence of union politics upon negotiations, they will make disputes next winter easier to settle. The influence of recent strikes, however, must not be overestimated. Perhaps these strikes have not been large enough or long enough to make union officers willing to go very far in accepting responsibility for compromises. Furthermore, rivalries between unions appear to be

on the increase. Consequently longer and bigger strikes may be unavoidable.

Is the recent experience of unions with government wage-fixing likely to cause them to prefer government wage-fixing to collective bargaining? This is a question of great importance, because after the government relinquishes price controls, disputes will be much easier to settle by collective bargaining *provided both parties wish to use this method*. Union leaders are virtually unanimous in saying that they prefer collective bargaining to government wage-fixing, and yet no one can predict what they will do in a crisis. Government wage-fixing has not prevented strikes (perhaps it has increased their number), but it has given the unions larger wage increases than they could have won by bargaining. Furthermore, government wage-fixing has strong attractions for leaders who do not have a secure political position within the union. A "fact-finding" board relieves the leaders of the necessity of recommending compromises, because the recommended settlement comes from the government.

At this point one sees why government wage-fixing is incompatible with collective bargaining and why it increases the likelihood of strikes. The very prospect that the government will intervene tends to make each side inflexible and unwilling to compromise. Once the government has made a recommendation, the situation becomes more rigid than ever. It becomes doubly hard for a union leader to ask the rank and file to accept less than the recommendation. Thus government intervention, by interfering with the process of negotiation and by reducing the willingness to compromise, makes strikes more likely and also harder to settle.

Although government wage-fixing has helped new unions gain larger wage advances than they could have obtained by collective bargaining, it may not in the long run produce as high real wages as collective bargaining. Unions which learn to be dependent upon the government will be retarded in becoming strong bargaining agencies. Their leaders will be less likely to acquire skill as negotiators, and the members, knowing their gains came from government pressure, will be less strongly attached to the organization. Unions should recognize that government wage-fixing alters their role in industry. It handicaps them in developing effective day-to-day relationships with employers, and thus limits their capacity to contribute to plant efficiency. Since wages in the long run must come out of production, anything that makes unions less effective as industrial organizations limits their capacity to raise the wage level.

5

WHAT issues does the recent strike experience present to employers? The strikes have cost employers far less than employees because payments to wage earners are considerably more than overhead costs

and profits together. Consequently, the loss of wages attributable to recent strikes will be from five times to ten times as large as loss of profits. Experience with recent strikes does make plain, however, that the choice between government wage-fixing and collective bargaining depends in large measure upon management. Since some unions and many government officials are not averse to government wage-fixing, collective bargaining must find its champions largely from employers and the older unions. Establishment of this fact is probably the most significant result of recent strikes from the standpoint of management.

Most employers are not yet prepared to become champions of collective bargaining — to attempt to make it work so well that there is no demand for government wage-fixing. Most employers have been opposed to dealing with unions and wish to have as little to do with them as possible. Furthermore, they find many of the new unions difficult and, in some cases, unreliable. Frequently, the most responsible employees do not participate actively in the union. Sometimes they hold aloof from the union in order to win favor with management.

Good industrial relations must be based on the foundation of good relations between foremen and shop stewards. In many plants shop stewards and foremen are not working together effectively. Too often neither has proper understanding of the other's job and duties, and in some cases plant management and union business agents have not joined to see that foremen and stewards get on satisfactorily. If managements wish collective bargaining rather than government wage-fixing to settle wage disputes next winter, they must immediately adopt two policies. In the first place, they must start at once to develop better day-to-day relations with unions. In the second place, they must plan to do everything possible to make negotiation an effective process in which each side has confidence.

Good day-to-day relationships are important because, as each side develops confidence in its ability to get on with the other, each becomes more reluctant to bring outsiders into their affairs. The initiative in developing better relations in the shop must usually come from the employer, because management makes most of the decisions around the shop. Indeed unions can prosper on hate and misunderstanding as well as on understanding and coöperation — though most members are undoubtedly happier when the union and the boss are on friendly terms. Furthermore, union representatives dare not risk being very friendly with management unless the employer has won a strong reputation for fairness among the rank and file.

The success of collective bargaining in averting government wage-fixing will depend in large part upon the quality of negotiations. There is as much difference in the quality of negotiators as there is in the quality of salesmen. At the beginning of negotiations one expects the two sides to be fairly far apart.

Able conducted negotiations bring them closer together. Complete agreement is unnecessary. If the compromises invented reduce disagreement to issues of secondary importance, strikes and lockouts will be prevented.

The opportunity for negotiators to invent acceptable compromises is improved when each side makes proposals. Many employers have assumed that demands should come from the union and have contented themselves by simply saying no. This is not a fruitful process. The members of the union measure the outcome of the negotiations by the disposition of certain demands. The more demands employers make, the greater is the opportunity to grant crucial demands of the union on terms which are acceptable to employers.

Even if collective bargaining fails to produce successful compromises, the next step is not inevitably government wage-fixing. Arbitration has been sadly neglected in recent discussions, but it has important advantages over "fact-finding." One is that the parties themselves have a chance to name the board, and thus to get the dispute into the hands of men who command their confidence. A second is that the parties define the issues to be considered. A third is that the parties bind themselves in advance to accept the award of the arbitrators.

Some progress in the use of arbitration as a device to avert government wage-fixing has been made. Little noticed, but highly important, has been the agreement made in January, 1946, by the railroads and all but two of the railroad unions to submit their important disputes to arbitration. In a nation which prides itself on the capacity of citizens to manage their own affairs, should not the National Chamber of Commerce and the national federations of labor be able to establish a panel of experienced arbitrators from which the parties might select boards to decide the unsettled parts of their disputes?

6

It is too early to judge how useful the strikes of the last winter have been to government, trade unions, and employers. Perhaps the government has learned to place more reliance upon collective bargaining to settle disputes; perhaps the strikes have made the members of unions more realistic and more willing to permit their leaders to compromise; perhaps employers have been impressed with the need for better day-to-day relations with unions and with the importance of improving methods of negotiation. These questions will be answered next winter when existing agreements come up for renewal. The manner in which negotiations are conducted will be one test of the usefulness of this year's strikes.

One should not expect the course of industrial

relations in the United States to run smoothly for some time to come. The growing rivalry between unions and between union leaders will tend to keep union leaders from becoming interested in the problems of their industries, and will therefore hinder the development of better industrial relations. A multitude of difficult problems remain to be solved. Consider, for example, the complicated collective-bargaining pattern which exists in some industries (particularly in the metal trades but in others as well), where certain competitors deal with one union, say the United Steel Workers, some with the United Electrical Workers, others with the International Association of Machinists, others with federal A. F. of L. locals, others with no union at all. Conducting bargaining under those conditions and working out a rational wage structure is difficult in the extreme.

Another tough question is the right of unions to employ strikes, boycotts, pickets, or other forms of economic pressure to force men to join — even men who already belong to other unions. The Wagner Act purports to protect the right of workers to bargain through representatives of their choosing, but it gives little protection to the principle of voluntary choice when two unions are rivals for the men's affiliation. There is danger that within the next several years raiding of some unions by others will be carried on more vigorously than ever. The government will not be able to let strikes and boycotts be used to force men to join one union instead of another.

Most important of all the unsettled labor problems is the right of employees to interrupt essential public services, such as hospital service, electric power, subway, telephone, garbage collection, railway, and other services that must be supplied continuously. No one seriously contends that the people would tolerate the shutting down of all railway services or the cutting off of all light or power in New York, Chicago, or any other large city. Thus far, however, the country has no public policy for dealing with this type of strike.

Furthermore, the public does not seem to be impressed with the need for protecting its interests. A few short strikes have caused grave inconvenience — the New York elevator operators' strike, the tugboatmen's strike, the telephone strikes and threats of strikes, the Philadelphia transit strike, the Pittsburgh power strike, and others — but none of these stoppages or near-strikes aroused the public.

A carefully planned policy for assuring continuity of essential services is urgently needed, but it would be foolish to develop a policy to deal with this problem so long as the public is too indifferent to give strong support to whatever policy is developed. Hence the country must apparently learn the hard way by sooner or later going through a disastrous interruption of essential services.

AMERICA REMAKES THE UNIVERSITY

by JAMES BRYANT CONANT

I

THE University of North Carolina was the first of the educational institutions chartered by one of the thirteen states to open its doors. It started as a state university; it has remained such to this day. The history of the colleges or universities which were already in existence at the time of the American Revolution took another course. Even those incorporated into the framework of the new sovereign states harked back to the independence of a chartered seventeenth-century corporation and gradually ceased to be formal agencies of the state.

For example, the college in Cambridge was ambitiously designated as The University in Chapter V of the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780; and a century and a half ago I doubt if the President of Harvard would have thought of his institution as being of a different type from the university just opening in the State of North Carolina. In those days Harvard was as much a state university as any that were planned. Only toward the middle of the nineteenth century did the distinction now current between state universities and privately controlled or privately endowed universities come to have significance in educational thinking. Perhaps a century hence this distinction will again have disappeared. Universities are among the most persistent of human organizations—they outlive many political and social changes.

I mention this bit of history not in order to enter my own horse in competition for the priority prize, but to emphasize my belief that in interpreting the past record of American universities and forecasting their future, the less said about the differences between state universities and others the better. A hundred and fifty years ago, or even one hundred years ago, no one could have foreseen that the university tradition as imported to this continent in Colonial times was to undergo a significant mutation.

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No one then could have predicted that exposure to the social and political climate of the United States, to alternate blasts of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy in particular, was to bring about an academic revolution and that the state universities were to play a leading role in the transformation; but such was in fact the case.

Only in the last fifty years has the reality of the change in species become apparent to all observers, and only in the last twenty-five years has the true significance of the alteration been widely understood. Even today there are those who regard the change as a mere temporary and extremely regrettable aberration to be attacked by drastic surgery—pruned or cut back, as it were, to conform to the older European model of a perfect university.

But what is this university tradition which has undergone a revolution in American hands—a revolution equivalent to a biological mutation? Indeed, what is a university? How shall we define the *genus*? For well on a thousand years there have been universities in the Western world; to understand the present institutions, we must therefore comprehend something of their history. For while there have been several clear and distinct changes in the pattern, the essence of the university tradition has through all these years remained constant. We can describe a university, it seems to me, as a community of scholars with a considerable degree of independence and self-government, which is concerned with professional education, the advancement of knowledge, and the general education of the leading citizens. To accomplish these three ends, it has been found desirable often—but not always—to incorporate into the community of scholars a community of students. Thus arose what has been termed the “collegiate way of living.” Thus came about the emphasis on what we now call the “extracurricular” educational values.

As the university tradition came to America, it was based on four ultimate sources of strength: the cultivation of learning for its own sake, the educational stream that makes possible the professions, the general educational stream of the liberal arts, and lastly, the never failing river of student life carrying all the power that comes from the gregarious impulses of human beings. According to my view, universities

have flourished when these four elements have been properly in balance; on the other hand, when one or more of these same elements have diminished or dried up, the academies of advanced instruction have failed signally in performing a relevant social function.

The cultivation of learning alone produces not a university but a research institute; sole concern with student life produces in these days either an academic country club or a football team maneuvering under a collegiate banner; professional education by itself results in nothing but a trade school; an institution concerned with general education, even in the best liberal arts tradition, divorced from research and education for the professions is admittedly not a university but a college. Therefore, to my mind, the future of the American university depends primarily on keeping a proper balance between these four traditional elements of strength. These four elements were the basis of the properly balanced plan in a time when universities were flourishing; they must continue to be in balance if institutions of advanced instruction are to fulfill their proper functions in the times that are to come.

2

BUT what is there new, one may ask, about the American university, and how does the novelty (if any) affect the prospects for its future? The mutation, I believe, occurred in two of the four historic elements of which I speak: namely, professional education, and general education of the leading citizens. The first was a change in content, an enormous growth; the second, a change in type of student. Both represent a vast broadening of the educational goals; both present us with problems still unsolved. The changes have been to a large degree unconscious responses to social forces, and often the rationalization of the transformations has been in other terms than I shall use.

As public secondary education expanded in the last decades of the nineteenth century and in the first half of the twentieth, the colleges and universities likewise expanded. Not only were the applicants more numerous: they were much more heterogeneous as to backgrounds and ambitions. Furthermore, the political, social, and economic development of the United States vastly altered the way in which the public regarded education. As the years went by, it became more and more evident that in our complex industrialized society mere ability to read and write, added to native wit, was not enough. With the passing of the frontier, the pioneer spirit was turned away from new lands toward new industries. And to manage modern industry requires more than a high school education — at least for all but the very exceptional man.

With increasing industrialization went increasing urbanization, a higher standard of living and a vast number of services available for city and town dwellers, more and more new mechanical and elec-

trical devices distributed widely among the population — automobiles, electric refrigerators, and radios, to mention the most obvious examples. All this industrial expansion required more and more men and women with a larger and different educational experience than would have been necessary fifty years earlier to run a farm, a store, or even a bank.

The pressure on the universities, therefore, to educate men and women for specific vocations both increased and diversified. Beginning with the Morrill Acts, the public had recognized the need for education in agriculture and the mechanical and industrial arts. Many a state in the Union made the significant step of combining the new agricultural and industrial arts colleges with an older state college of arts and letters. Perhaps one could say that from this union came the new American university. But, if so, the transformation rapidly spread elsewhere. Even before the great influx in numbers, the pattern had been set in publicly controlled and privately controlled universities alike; the mechanical and industrial arts (later to be known as engineering) and agriculture were recognized as being on a par (at least in theory) with divinity, medicine, and law.

As the twentieth century grew older, both the enrollments in our universities and the diversity of the training increased with each decade. The word "profession," in danger of being stretched beyond the elastic limit, was supplemented by the phrase "semi-profession." But soon the voice of the critic was heard in the land. Able and distinguished citizens became alarmed at this transformation of the idea of a university in American hands. When you once abandon the concept of a university as a home of learning, a place where the life of the mind is to be cultivated at all costs, you have destroyed our centers of higher education, they declared.

But in spite of those outcries and lamentations, the development proceeded on its way. One of our oldest universities strengthened its school of business administration, another continued to give degrees in forestry and nursing, while privately controlled universities in urban areas were as catholic in their offerings as any financed by the state. One element of the ancient four — professional education — had received nourishment from the combination of democracy and industrialization. It was forced to proliferate in a way to shock the admirers of the ancient stem. All manner of new vocations were assimilated within the sacred walls of a university, and graduates armed with special training in a variety of skills stood on the commencement platform as proudly as the future members of the clergy or the bar.

In short, in the course of seventy-five years or so the forces of democracy had taken the European idea of a university and transformed it. The American university today is as different from the nineteenth-century British or Continental universities as the Renaissance universities of Italy and the Netherlands were different from those of the Middle Ages. Personally, I think the basic philosophy which almost

unconsciously has shaped the growth of the modern American university is sound, for it is none other than a philosophy hostile to the supremacy of a few vocations; it is a philosophy moving toward the social equality of all useful labor. But the implications of this philosophy are revolutionary and those who react against it have, if anything, understated the extent and radical nature of the change.

3

AS AN offset to this increased emphasis on professional training (for I regard all university vocational education as a derivative of the ancient professions), there came about a strong movement to make American universities centers of scholarly work and scientific investigation. This movement was not only to some degree a counterbalance to the educational forces associated with the agricultural and mechanical colleges, but also a response to a challenge to make of some of the older institutions something more than advanced boarding schools for a special group.

In the middle of the last century the head of one of the Oxford colleges, an eminent scholar and educational reformer, saw no evidence that the university tradition had ever taken root in the United States. "America has no universities, as we understand the term," he wrote, "the institutions so-called being merely places for granting titular degrees." Taken literally this harsh judgment is undoubtedly false; yet it probably is not a gross exaggeration of the situation which then existed. The new spirit moving within the educational institutions of the country had not become evident to those outside our academic walls.

It was not until the Johns Hopkins University was opened at Baltimore that the idea of a university as a center of advanced learning came to have a prominent place in the public mind. It was not until Gilman had boldly proclaimed that "all departments of learning should be promoted" and that "the glory of the university should rest upon the character of the teachers and scholars . . . and not upon their number nor upon the buildings constructed for their use"—it was not until then that scholarship came into its own again as part of the university tradition of this land.

From this development, as we all know, came the growth of the graduate schools of arts and sciences, the introduction of new standards of excellence in regard to original work by scientists and scholars, and the growth of what is now sometimes referred to as the Ph.D. octopus. All this was slow at first but, like the other changes in the universities of America, gained speed during the period just before and just after the First World War. As a consequence, the American university has been in recent years something of a mental patient suffering from a schizophrenic disorder: on one day, or during one administration, the disciplines grouped under the banner of the arts, letters, and sciences represent the dominant

personality; another day, or during another administration, it is the vocational procession led by law and medicine that sweeps all before it. As a reminder of this split personality, we have the Association of American Universities, which has been for years in reality an association of graduate schools of arts and sciences; even the most distinguished and ancient professions are scarcely mentioned. As another example, we see a wealthy foundation supporting a history of American universities which is in fact a history of the departments which award a Ph.D. degree.

But, as so often happens in the delightful chaos of American democracy, the various pressure groups to a large degree canceled out. Looking back over the history of this century, we can see that the American universities drew strength from many different sources. The fact that the forces making for the new developments were often not only totally unrelated but at times seemed to be working one against another made little difference; the expansion and strengthening of the entire institution continued almost without interruption. The nature of the typical American university had emerged; whether any given institution was state-controlled or privately supported made little difference in the pattern. In some states there was a comprehensive system comprised of several constituent members, as in North Carolina; in others all work was included in one academic institution.

As to the variety of the vocational training, one university or one university system might show considerable divergence from another; as to the strength of their faculties, there were, of course, wide differences; but as to their ideas of undergraduate education and their devotion to the welfare of the students, there was remarkable uniformity among them all. The significant fact was that no university which gave degrees in the ancient professions of medicine or law remained aloof from also giving degrees in such modern subjects as business administration, engineering, journalism, forestry, architecture, nursing, or education. And many were awarding the bachelor's degree for courses of study in vocational fields very distant, indeed, from the traditional disciplines of the arts and sciences.

To complete this brief and inadequate account of the Americanization of the university idea, it remains only to discuss general education as apart from vocational education. I have earlier referred to the "general education of the leading citizens" as one of those traditional elements in the university pattern which have remained constant through the centuries. A volume would be required to do justice to this aspect of the work of universities in different countries and in different periods of history. In a sense, this phase of university education is a by-product of the two main preoccupations of the scholars: the advancement of learning, and education for the professions—which includes, of course, the training of new scholars. In a sense, it is a by-product—yet a by-product

which in the public eye (including the eye of future students) has often loomed as large as all the other functions of the university put together. And the larger it loomed the more emphasis we find put on student life, which has manifested itself in ways as different as the Oxford colleges, the German dueling clubs, and the American zest for intercollegiate athletics.

If we examine the role of the universities in the English-speaking countries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find a fair proportion of the students preparing not for the church or the bar, but for public service or a career in letters. In England only slowly, in the Colonies more rapidly, the merchant families came to send their boys to a college or university in order to obtain the sort of general education required by the business positions they would later occupy. In terms of the total population, the number of young men who pursued this road, however, was small indeed. For the most part, only a special set of relatively wealthy families patronized the colleges and universities for this purpose; the poor boy entered only if he desired to become a scholar or a member of a learned profession.

The numbers were small in the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth, because, except to those in the professions I have mentioned, the education thus acquired was of but little significance in later life. The fact that Harvard College was not available in the eighteenth century for boys of Benjamin Franklin's social and financial status made little or no difference to either this genius or many of his much less gifted contemporaries who grew up in equal poverty. The same may be said of the situation throughout America as late as the middle of the last century. But then matters began to change. As part of the educational expansion of which I have already spoken, more and more boys began to enter colleges and universities not to study for the professions, but for a general education as a preparation for later life in the business world.

4

AN ACUTE observer reared in another culture might have seen at the turn of the century that American educational policy was steering American educational philosophy toward an ugly dilemma — a dilemma only now apparent and still often dodged. As long as education beyond the high school was a matter for a very small fraction of the population and, except for learned and literary men, of no great moment in terms of subsequent success, it mattered little who went to college. But as more and more doors of opportunity in an increasingly industrialized society became closed to the non-college man, the question of who went to college raised new social and political problems. Today we see — out of the corner of our eyes, at least — such awkward queries as: Have we real equality of educational opportunity at the college level? If not, what is the proper remedy? Is

everyone to go to college? If so, what kind of college? If not, on what basis are some to be denied "the privileges of a higher education"?

Here we run into some of the thorniest problems in modern education. If we are to continue the expansion of public education so that the opportunity of formal instruction beyond high school is given to still greater numbers irrespective of financial status, what sorts of colleges and universities must we provide? To my mind, such phrases as "the privileges of a higher education" confuse the issue greatly. If we could eliminate the words "higher education" we could at least make a start toward thinking more clearly about the relation of our colleges to the structure of American society. For the adjective "higher" implies at once that those who do not go to a four-year college are forever on a lower plane. And any discerning teacher in our secondary schools will testify that the social implications of "going to college" weigh quite as heavily with parents and children as does proved aptitude for college work. Furthermore, any placement officer of a college knows full well that it is a rare holder of a bachelor's degree who wants to take up as his lifework a trade or vocation for which he might have been trained in a technical high school.

If we substitute the word "advanced" for "higher" we get squared away for a discussion of high school and college in terms of the basic premise of American society, equality of educational opportunity. Instead of raising the question, Who should be educated? we would then pose the problem, How long should be the education of the members of each vocation? Instead of asking who should go to college, we inquire, What types of education beyond the high school are needed by the members of each vocation? Considered in these terms, the answers can be given within fairly narrow limits. It is beyond argument that certain callings require longer periods of formal education than do others. Public health, being postgraduate to the study of medicine, now tops the list; medicine and the academic careers requiring a Ph.D. in arts or letters are next, with research in science not far behind; then come law and engineering, to name only a few of the well-recognized professions.

Since the major cost of advanced education, if the student is away from home, is board and lodging, one can argue that as far as possible the expansion of public education beyond high school should be provided locally. Otherwise we should have to envisage using public funds to provide two to four years of free board and room for a considerable fraction of our high school graduates.

But there are various types of professional and vocational education which can be given at only a few centers in even a very populous state. To tap the reservoir of national talent for these professions, we need a vastly expanded scholarship policy, because these students must for the most part live away from home. It is literally impossible, for example, to give adequate instruction in clinical medicine except in cities of sufficient size to support large hospitals.

How are boys with little financial backing who come from other cities and towns to be financed if they are to study medicine? Similarly, advanced work in the arts, sciences, and letters can be done only where adequate libraries and laboratories are at hand. Is it not in the national interest to get all the latent talent available for the lengthy training that research careers demand? To establish research centers at every point in the United States where general education beyond the high school is desired would be not merely uneconomical, but impossible. The alternative, to strengthen our present universities and establish a national system of scholarships, seems the only answer.

The logic of events in this country and this century, therefore, leads to the conclusion that the undergraduate college in a typical American university must be closely integrated in its work with the other functions of the institution: advancing knowledge, and professional or vocational education. The pattern of such education may therefore have little relevance for the two-year colleges which provide locally for those who need no university training for the vocations they will enter. Those local colleges have the opportunity of providing a general education beyond high school, coupled with specialized types of vocational instruction.

I am not suggesting that the university divorce itself from the two-year colleges any more than from the high schools; quite the contrary. The university, because of its interest in professional education, in the advancement of learning in all fields, in the training of teachers, and because of its concern with basic educational problems, is in a position in every state to exert leadership in the whole field. But the methods by which a university provides general and professional education to its students may in detail be very different from what is desired in other institutions with shorter courses and different educational goals.

At the risk of being redundant, I return to my original proposition: the health of our universities depends on keeping a balance between the advancement of knowledge, professional education, general education, and the demands of student life. From time to time, every institution will be threatened by the overgrowth of one of these four elements or the atrophy of one or more. But by and large it seems clear that in the next few years it is the advancement of knowledge which will be in need of the greatest encouragement and support.

I say this in spite of the present public concern with supporting research in the physical and biologi-

cal sciences. I say it in part because of this concern. I am afraid that there will be so many research institutes founded by industry and philanthropy for very specific purposes that the university faculties will be drained dry of their productive men. Few laymen seem to realize the simple fact that it is men that count, and that first-rate investigators and original scholars are relatively rare phenomena, and require long and careful training. That is why, to me, the spending of state and Federal money on a scholarship policy is fully as important as the establishment of a suitable Federal agency to support basic research in our universities.

Thus far I have spoken of the future of American universities largely in terms of their importance as measured by the subsequent performance of their graduates. Let me, in conclusion, emphasize another role of great significance for the nation. I refer to intellectual, educational, and moral leadership — leadership not only of a state but of an entire section. This leadership of a community of scholars, like the leadership of an individual, requires, first, capacity based on expert knowledge; second, broad vision; third, courage. And of these the last is by no means the least significant. More and more I believe that the nation and different groups within the nation (geographic, social, or economic groups) must look to the university scholars for guidance in handling basic social and economic problems. To this end the professors of these subjects must explore vigorously not only the fundamental aspects of man's behavior but the applications of our present knowledge.

One condition is essential: absolute freedom of discussion, absolutely unmolested inquiry. We must have a spirit of tolerance which allows the expression of all opinions, however heretical they may appear. On this point there can be no compromise. We are either afraid of heresy within our universities, or we are not. If we are afraid, there will be no adequate discussion of the great questions of the day, no fearless exploration of the basic problems forced on us by the age in which we live. The door will be shut to the development of a culture which will satisfy our needs.

But we have no reason to be unduly apprehensive. The public has come to understand both the function of the universities and the necessary conditions for their health. Therefore I view the future of our institutions with the greatest confidence. I see the American universities as leading the way in the development of a unified, coherent culture, the expression of a true democracy in a scientific age.



THE CAPTAIN'S PALMS

by THOMAS HEGGEN

LIEUTENANT ROBERTS was the only one on the Navy cargo ship who gave a damn about the war in Europe, and he cared profoundly. Scarcely anybody else even listened to the news, much less absorbed it. And it was a time of great news. Now, in the last days of April and the first days of May, 1945, the Third Reich lay in its death throes. Peace for much of the world was only days away, perhaps hours. It had already been rumored and denied, rumored and denied again. It was a time as exciting and, in the best sense, as great as the world had ever known; and in a minute displacement of the Pacific Ocean, the U.S.S. *Reluctant* went about its business and didn't even look up. Its talk was of worn and familiar things: the States, the chow in the mess hall, the movies, and, long and always, the Captain. Once in a while a man would ask another: "They still fighting over there in Europe?" but didn't really care.

Germany writhed in the awful constriction of Allied and Russian armies, vomited agony. The last-ditch defenders fought from the sewers of Berlin. Lieutenant Roberts sat for hours at a time in the radio shack with a headset on his ears, listening to the fading, crackling voices of the short-wave broadcasts. It was seldom that the ship was at an island owning a radio station, and much of the time short wave was the only means of getting the news. The phonograph in the wardroom, endlessly tended by Carney or Margrave or Langston, endlessly whining the sick, scratchy, distorted love songs of some years ago —

THOMAS HEGGEN, now in his twenty-seventh year, graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1941. He emerged from four years' service in the Navy with the rank of Lieutenant. While aboard an assault transport, he participated in the Guam, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa campaigns. His terminal leave he spent revising his first book, *Mister Roberts*, of which the *Atlantic* will publish three episodes. This is the second.

"I'll Never Smile Again," "You'll Never Know," "It Can't Be Wrong" — drove Roberts to the headset in the radio shack. It was virtually impossible to silence the monotone nostalgia of the turntable long enough for a news broadcast. Once Roberts had persuaded Margrave, the communicator, to put out every morning a sheet of mimeographed press news. The experiment lasted only a week and even Roberts had to admit that it was a failure. The copies were being tossed unread into the trash baskets.

Roberts had just had a run-in with the Captain when the news came of the final surrender of Germany. The *Reluctant* lay at anchor in the bay of one of the islands. It was early evening when the word came, the four-to-eight watch; and Roberts had the watch. Because there was no gangway down, he stood it on the bridge. There were several difficulties with the Captain. First the quartermaster dropped a megaphone on the deck of the wheelhouse, and the Captain was heard from on that. His cabin was directly below, and he couldn't stand noise overhead of any sort. At night, awakening him from sleep, an object dropped on the deck overhead would send him nearly out of his mind with rage.

Then, after that first incident, it wasn't ten minutes until the Captain came on the bridge again. He was obviously looking for trouble, and he found it. He saw a group of men on the foredeck leaning on the rail. Leaning on the rail was his currently favorite prohibition. He stormed over to Lieutenant Roberts on the wing.

"Do you see those men down there?" he demanded.

Roberts looked up with the minor annoyance of a man brushing away a fly. He nodded complacently.

"Well!" shouted the Captain. "What're you going to do about it?"

Roberts looked around indifferently and summoned

the messenger. "Go down and tell those men to get off the rail," he said casually.

The Captain's moustache bristled. His face and neck got red. "Get off the rail nothing!" he shouted. "You get their names and by God you put them on report! You get those men on report in a quick hurry or by God I'll take care of you!" He started to walk agitatedly about. He never was a match for Roberts and he knew it.

Roberts turned wearily to the messenger. "Go down and get their names," he said. The way he said it, it was understood that they were humoring a foolish child. Then he turned and walked away to the other wing, leaving the Captain muttering a familiar monologue: "By God what do you think I make these orders for — just to be doing something? By God when I say something's going to be done it's going to be done or by God I'll take care of you officers! You bet I will." A few minutes later, when Thompson, the radioman, came out and told Roberts that Germany had just surrendered unconditionally, he forgot all about the Captain.

As soon as he was relieved, Roberts went into the radio shack and put on the headset. The air was full of the great news. Roberts heard a transcription of the rolling eloquence of Churchill. He heard the text of the President's proclamation from Washington. He heard the quiet, controlled exultation of General Eisenhower. He heard the news announcers. They talked from Reims, from "Somewhere in Germany," from Paris, from Rome, from Lisbon, from London. The universal joy was only feebly relieved by cognizance of the still un-won Pacific war.

Roberts sat for a long time at the headset. When one station went off the air he switched to another. Almost frantically he would seek out a new station. Finally the news programs were all off the air or repeating themselves. There were only the sad iterations of American dance music on the radio bands. Roberts got up then.

The movie was just letting out. There were sudden shouts in the passageways, and the loud, happy voices of the crew as they swarmed forward to the fo'c'sle. It must have been a good movie. Hearing them, Roberts felt a sudden loneliness. He felt a vague sorrow, and pressing just behind it, an awful sick despair that he had lived with for a long, familiar time. He needed suddenly to talk to someone. He went down to the wardroom.

Carney and Margrave were alone in there. They pored over their acey-deucey game. The phonograph played "Paper Doll." There was a crack in the record that clicked at every turn. The big fan droned in the corner.

Roberts stood over them for a moment. "The war's over in Europe," he said. "Germany has surrendered." He stood waiting.

Carney looked up politely. "Yeah?" he said. Then, evidently feeling that some amplifying comment was indicated, he added: "Well, that ought to speed things up out here a good bit."

"Yeah," said Margrave, "it should." He picked up the dice. "What's the game?" he asked.

"Acey-deucey," said Carney.

"Acey-deucey," said Margrave. He rolled the dice. "There it is."

Roberts smiled a little and went out. He should have known better than to expect anything else. No one could help him because no one gave a hoot in hell what went on beyond the confines of this ship. It was to the rest of the officers a matter of indifference that a war of supreme horror had ended. Just to establish this, Roberts went around and told his friends the news. Lying in bed reading a year-old Street and Smith detective magazine, Lieutenant Pauley agreed substantially with Carney: "Well, maybe they'll get on the ball out here now." Ensign Pulver was languidly militant: "I guess we took care of the bastards good this time!" Ensign Moulton was cynical: "That'll hold them for another twenty years." Ensign Kieth asked, "Did they catch Hitler?" Finally Roberts went to the Doc's room. If anyone could help, it would be the Doc.

2

THE Doctor sat reading at his desk. The desk light shone on his forehead and on the bald part of his head. Without seeming to shift his eyes, he shot a quick, sharp glance at the doorway. "Come in!" he called to Roberts. He put the book aside. "Sit down. Take a load off."

"Hi, Doc," said Roberts. He sat down in the chair beside the desk, locked his hands behind his head, and leaned back against the bulkhead. "The war is over in Europe. Germany surrendered unconditionally at Reims."

The Doctor stroked his mustache thoughtfully. "That's fine," he said. "That's really splendid news. Has it been announced from Washington?"

Roberts nodded.

"That's very wonderful news," said the Doc softly. "Very wonderful."

Roberts kept his hands locked behind his head. "Doc, here's something for you," he said slowly. "The most horrible war in history has just ended. A terrible war, Doc, a truly terrible one. You would expect this then to be a time of the wildest general rejoicing. And what do I feel? Doc, I feel depressed as all hell. What do you make of that?"

The Doctor squinted his eyes and leaned back in his chair. "Well," he said, "I shouldn't think that so remarkable. With anything as consummately absorbing as a great war there's always a great deal of transference. You know: the great general conflict swallows the little individual conflicts. Also there's the matter of war considered as a spectacle. War is a hell of a hypnotic and buoyant thing — viewed from a distance, a considerable distance — and it's quite reasonable to expect a letdown when it ends."

Roberts shook his head and smiled. "No," he said,

"it's not like that at all. I know what it is. So do you. It's just that I feel left out. I wanted in that war, Doc. I wanted in it like hell. Does that sound stupid?"

"No," said the Doc, "but it is rare." He lighted a cigarette. "You never did satisfactorily explain to me how come you're so all-fired anxious to fight this war."

"I don't know that I could," said Roberts. "I don't know how you go about explaining a compulsion. That's what it is, of course." Roberts had a crooked smile. "Did I ever tell you," he went on, "what a long and consistent record I have as a frustrated anti-fascist?"

The Doctor shook his head and exhaled smoke. "I think you omitted that."

"Well, I have," said Roberts. "A truly distinguished record of frustration. When I was eighteen I quit high school and went to New York and got signed up as an ambulance driver in the Lincoln Brigade. That time, the war was over before they could ship me out." He scratched his ear. "But I don't guess there was much anti-fascism to that. It was just a hell of a gaudy thing to do. I was quite a hero when I left."

"Then," he went on, "in 1940, in my last year of pre-med, I quit school again. This time I went up to Montreal and tried to get in the RAF. I think that by then I honestly had an idea of what was involved. It was strictly nothing doing, though." He tapped his teeth. "They threw me out on this foolish malocclusion. Same thing in 1941 when I tried to get in the air corps — all three of them. They wouldn't have anything to do with me. This is the only outfit that would have me."

The Doc was quiet a moment; then he said, "I could kick you for ever leaving med school."

"So could I," said Roberts. "Now. Particularly now. Particularly today. I chase the hell out of this war and it quits on me."

"I would remind you that there is still a war out here which you may very well see plenty of."

Roberts shook his head. "Not a chance. I've sat on this bucket this long. I'll sit here now till it's over."

"And I would further remind you," said the Doc, "that it's through no fault of yours that you're on this bucket instead of in a grave in Germany."

Roberts grinned. "What an enchanting thought," he said.

The Doctor pushed back from the desk. "And I would still further remind you," he said briskly, "that what we need is a drink. How about getting the orange juice."

"You're right," said Roberts. He went for the orange juice and the Doc broke out the alcohol and they sat together with their drinks for over an hour. The Doc was at his best. He told about the patient of his who had tried to change his sex with a self-amputation. He told a couple of fine stories about alcoholics. When Roberts left an hour later, he felt

some better. He thought now that perhaps he could sleep: it was after eleven. He went up and turned in.

3

BUT he couldn't sleep. Langston snored lustily in the top bunk and Roberts lay and studied the lights of the island circled in the porthole. At first he tried to keep his thoughts centered on neutral, tranquil things; but soon, like a car with a locked steering gear, they ran helplessly out of control and he was back again with his own conflict and thinking again of the war and the victory. He was thinking now of the celebrating cities, of the celebrating cities that had known the war. There were snake dances through the streets of Rome, they said. He tried to see Rome but he couldn't make it convincing.

London he could see very well; the parading regiments and the intimately cheering crowds and the grinning soldiers and the officers weaving just a little as they marched. The pubs would be absolute mad-houses and the beer would be passed back over the heads of the mob to be spilled or drunk before it ever got beyond the third row, and everybody would laugh and nobody would give a damn and 'way at the back someone would shout despairingly for his beer. And naked girls would appear at the balcony windows of hotel rooms and call happy things down to the streets, and then arms would appear and drag them laughing and squealing back into the rooms. It would be like that in all the cities that had a stake in this day; pushing, shouting, fighting, drinking, love-making; all personal identities frenziedly submerged in the shining common identity of a fabulous victory.

Roberts saw all these things in separate scenes, as though they were changing slides of a stereoscope. And now, suddenly, the series of the tumultuous cities clicked out and in its place came a very different scene. Roberts recognized its origin as a picture in *Life* magazine. (My knowledge of the war comes straight from *Life*, he thought ironically.) There was a field in France and a farmer was harrowing this field, walking behind the harrow. The furrowed rows were very straight, except in the middle of the field, where they broke and gave way for the mounded grave of a British Tommy. It looked like lovely country, green with trees, with the soft haze of distant hills in the background. The rows of the harrow detoured for just the area of the grave and then they ran on straight and unswerving. It was that way the war had moved off and left the Tommy, too. The grave looked lonely in the bright sunshine.

The dead, Roberts mused — what could you say for the dead of this war? What could you *really* say? Well, there were a lot of things you could say automatically and without thought, but they were all the wrong things; and just this once, just this one war anyhow, let us try to say true things about the dead. Begin by canceling the phrase "our hon-

ored dead," for that is not true: we forget them; we do not honor them except in rhetoric, and the phrase is the badge of those who want something of the dead. If the dead of this war must have a mutual encomium, then let it be "poor dead bastards." There is at least a little humanity in that.

Sleep was out of the question. Roberts sat up suddenly, rubbed his eyes. Langston snored above him in a perfect monotone. He got up and in the dark put on his clothes. He bumped against the coaster chair and made a noise, but there was no hitch in Langston's breathing. Roberts went out and down the ladder to the quarterdeck. It was a cool night with a little breeze blowing, and overhead there were patches of clouds. Over on the island the lights burned their night vigil. Tonight, perhaps because it was a cool night for sleeping, there were no late-talking groups sitting about on deck. Roberts couldn't see another soul on deck. He started walking up and down on the quarterdeck.

V-E Day aboard the *Reluctant*, he composed, was observed quietly, without ostentatious display, and with a grim awareness of the still unfinished Pacific war. Appropriately, the ship's company marked the great day in restrained but distinctive fashion. Lieutenant Carney and Lt. (jg) Margrave, swept up in the spirit of the moment, played a game of acey-deucey in the wardroom. Lt. (jg) Langston observed the day by retiring at nine instead of ten, and by sleeping a little more soundly than usual. Ensign Pulver was moved to the extent of rigging a portable fan at the foot of his bunk. The gruff but lovable old Captain couldn't quite conceal an unusual generosity of spirit, placing only twelve men on report during a fifteen-minute period. But in these small though significant ways it was, for the *Reluctant*, just another work day on the road to Tokyo.

And all of a sudden Roberts had to do something. And it had to be against the Captain: it had to be. This thing was suddenly just as obligatory and inevitable as his next breath; and just the thought of it was like a door opening out of prison. And he knew right away what to do. The Captain's palm tree. The Captain kept a small palm tree in a painted five-gallon can on the wing of his bridge, and it was the joy of his life. With slow, deadly certainty Roberts walked up to the boat deck and out on the Captain's wing. There, in the corner, was the palm tree. It was very dark and he couldn't hear anyone moving about on the bridge overhead. He jerked the palm out by the roots and threw it over the side. Then he took the can and scattered the loose earth about on the deck. Then he put the can down and went around aft of the house. Already he felt worlds better, but still there was something undone. And immediately that thing was revealed to him too.

Automatically he recalled the Captain's obsessional hatred of noise, particularly noise at night, particularly noise in the area of his cabin. He went down to the cabin deck and found what he wanted. It was a gangway stanchion, about the size of a base-

ball bat, and solid metal. He went up to the port wing of the Captain's bridge and calculated. The Captain's bedroom was just inside, and the Captain slept athwartships. The head of his bunk was right against this bulkhead. Roberts figured: it was about three feet off the deck; it was right about here. He swung the stanchion with all his strength against the bulkhead. Then he swung a second time and a third. The blows shook the house like an explosion.

Roberts placed the stanchion carefully at the Captain's door, walked calmly down the ladder and around the house, and returned to his own room by the starboard ladder. He undressed carefully and got into bed.

Langston was awake and sitting up dazedly. "What the hell was that noise?" he mumbled.

Roberts pulled the sheet up to his chin. "I didn't hear any noise," he said. And then he added, "But I do now." He could hear the screaming voice of the Captain, and the opening of doors, and the scurrying of many feet, as of quartermasters and messengers running down from the bridge. They were wonderfully pleasant noises. Roberts listened to them for several minutes, until he fell asleep.

4

THE Captain's palm tree must have held for him a symbolism or complex sentimental value far exceeding that of its mere eye appeal, which was negligible. It must have, else how could you account for his reaction to its sabotage? The Captain's reaction was violent. It was roughly ten minutes past eight in the morning when he stepped out on the wing of his boat deck and discovered the loss. Immediately he let out a bellow for poor little Cornwall, his steward's mate. He pointed fiercely at the loose earth strewn about the empty and overturned five-gallon can. "Don't touch that!" he shouted at the bewildered Cornwall. "Don't let anybody near that!" It is hard to say just what his purpose might have been: perhaps in the first minutes of his grief and righteous wrath the Captain thought to make a shrine of the scene of vandalism. At any rate, later in the day he made Cornwall sweep up the mess.

Then the Captain bounded up the ladder to the bridge. His face was stained deep purple as he lurched toward the microphone of the public address system. He had a moment of furious trouble with the switches and buttons, and then his amplified and unmistakable voice startled the morning peace.

Awakening was for the crew of the *Reluctant* an unusually gradual process. It began feebly at six o'clock when Chief Johnson held reveille. It continued at seven when a majority of the crew actually got up and began to move dazedly about. Usually it was ten o'clock or thereabouts when the process was completed. The Captain materially speeded things up this morning. His voice came to the crew like a douse of ice water: —

"All right now, goddamit, listen to this. Some smart bastard has been up here and thrown my palm tree over the side, and last night he was getting smart and pounding on my bulkhead. Now I'm telling you by God right here and now I'm going to find out who done that if I have to tear this ship upside down doing it. There's going to be a general court-martial for the fellow who did that! Now if you know anyone who had anything to do with it, you better get up here and tell me. That's your duty by God — that's your duty. I can tell you right here and now that there won't be any liberty on board of this here ship until I find the bastard who's been getting so goddam smart!"

This was substantially the text of the Captain's address. The delivered version was actually longer, but then it tended toward repetition and, in the end, incoherence. The crew listened at first with shock, then with wonder, and finally with conspicuous joy. "Hay, did ya hear that?" they shouted at one another. "Somebody threw the old man's tree over the side!" All of a sudden it was a wonderful day, and every man on the ship was instantaneously wide awake. Down in the compartment men guffawed and slapped each other on the back. There was less evident rejoicing out on deck, under the Captain's eye, but it was there just the same. The threat of restriction depressed no one, for this was a crew of realists, all of whom knew that the ship wasn't going anywhere near another liberty port. It would have been hard to give them anything nicer than the Captain's news.

After addressing the crew, the Captain summoned Mr. LeSueur, the executive officer, and addressed him for fifteen minutes. The pitch and volume of the Captain's voice were high. It was reported he told Mr. LeSueur that if he didn't find who threw his tree over the side and pounded on his bulkhead, by God he'd put him, Mr. LeSueur, in hack for ten days! He ordered Mr. LeSueur to send a boat ashore to dig up *two* small palm trees and return with them. He further ordered Mr. LeSueur to set a watch on the starboard wing of the boat deck from sunset until 8:00 A.M. The sole duty of the watch would be to guard the two palm trees, and God help them if they went to sleep!

The Captain had a busy morning. After Mr. LeSueur he summoned and received a series of visitors. It was shrewdly noted that they were crew members who had been consistently civil to him. Undoubtedly the Captain reasoned that civility constituted loyalty, and that these were his friends. All these visitors reported the same thing: that he had tried to pump them for information. All of them told that the old man had cocked his head and coyly assured them that he had a damn good idea who it was and that by God he'd fix him. And all of them agreed that the Captain hadn't the foggiest idea which one of his 180-odd enemies had struck.

The Captain wasn't the only one who was curious. The entire ship's company was excited over this un-

revealed hero in its midst. It was avid to locate him and do him honor. Little thoughtful groups gathered throughout the day and among them every name on the ship's roster was carefully considered for motive and potentiality. The only man entirely free of suspicion was Whipple, the storekeeper, who lay in sick bay with his broken leg hanging by weights and pulleys from the overhead. There was no agreement among the investigating groups, although certain names were mentioned more often than others. Schlemmer, the signalman, was one active candidate and Dolan, the quartermaster, was another. But the crew was frankly baffled.

The really smart boys in the crew figured it must have been an officer. An officer, they reasoned, had both greater opportunity and larger motive. These speculators were of course getting warm, but they never really got hot. They mentioned Lieutenant Roberts as a possibility, but they deferred him to Ensign Pulver and Lt. (jg) Pauley. This was done because both Pulver and Pauley had a history of fierce and vocal threats against the Captain. Roberts never wasted his time that way. The smart boys finally settled on Pulver as their man, chiefly because he was so disarmingly unconvincing in denying his guilt. Ensign Pulver was flattered pink at the charge, and until the real one stepped forward he was entirely willing to be the interim culprit. He went around all day being disgustingly coy.

5

Dowdy, the boatswain's mate, and Olson, the first-class gunner's mate, and Stefanowski, the machinist's mate, met as usual that evening in the armory. They spent a very quiet, happy, and domestic time. For a long while they sat and digested the rich news of the Captain's misfortune. Then Dowdy and Olson settled down to an acey-deucey game; Stefanowski went over to the phonograph and played Gene Autry records. At midnight Dolan, the quartermaster, came in. He had just come off watch and he had thoughtfully acquired some eggs from the galley on his way down. He got out the hot plate, got out the frying pan, and put the eggs on.

Stefanowski looked up from his records. "I hear you threw the old man's tree over the side," he greeted.

"No, I didn't," said Dolan. He had a thoughtful look as he watched the eggs. "But I know who did," he added quietly.

Both Dowdy and Olson looked up from their game. "Yeah?" said Olson.

Dolan nodded slowly. "Roberts did it," he said. "Mister Roberts. I was on watch on the bridge and I heard this splash and I saw him. He was just taking his time."

Dowdy and Olson and Stefanowski looked at each other. "Well I'll be damned," said Dowdy. "Are you kidding?"

Dolan was dead serious. "No, I ain't kidding. I saw him." He added fiercely, "Now goddamit that's just between the four of us. I ain't told nobody. You go spreading that around and you'll get him in trouble."

"Yeah," agreed Dowdy, "we'll have to keep it quiet." He grinned suddenly and pushed back from the acey-deucey board. "Old Roberts," he said admiringly. "That's all right! By God you might of known he done it!"

Stefanowski smacked the workbench. "You goddam right! He must be the guy that pounded hell out of the old man's bulkhead, too. Man, he done a good day's work!"

Dolan said: "That is one damned good officer! That really is." He looked at the others for agreement.

Dowdy nodded with heavy authority. "I know I ain't never seen a better one." He turned to Olson. "How about you, Tom?" Dowdy and Olson were the two old-time Navy men on the ship and the final authorities on naval matters.

"No, I ain't," said Olson.

Stefanowski was quiet for a decent moment. Then he said, "Well, all I say is, Roberts ought to have a medal for what he did. That was sure a hell of a fine job!"

"Hell, yes," agreed Dolan. "Any guy that would fix the old man up like that ought to have a medal."

There was a little quiet moment while Dowdy eyed the other three strangely. Then he said with an air of great decision, "All right, let's give him a medal."

"What?" said Stefanowski.

"Let's give him a medal."

"Where you going to get it?" Stefanowski asked doubtfully.

Dowdy said scathingly, "You got a lathe down there in the machine shop, haven't you?"

"Yeah," said Stefanowski, and there was the dawn of excitement in his voice.

"And you got plenty of sheet brass, haven't you?"

Stefanowski got it now. "Yeah," he said excitedly. "Hell, yes!"

"Well, all right!" Dowdy said triumphantly. "What more do you want?"

At four o'clock next afternoon Lieutenant Roberts sat in his room talking with Lt. (jg) Langston, his roommate. It had been a busy day, unloading dry stores onto barges, and Roberts had been out on deck since six o'clock. He was very tired and he sat in the coaster chair and contemplated a shower while he half listened to Langston describing a Texas snake hunt. There was a knock on the casing of the opened door and Dowdy and Olson and Dolan and Stefanowski stood in the passageway.

"Come in," Roberts called. The four filed inside. Stefanowski was holding a small green box.

Dowdy spoke: "Could we see you a minute, Mr. Roberts?" He looked significantly over at Langston.

Roberts smiled. "Sure," he said. And, in answer to Dowdy's look, "That's all right."

Stefanowski passed the box to Dowdy. Dowdy shuffled a moment and looked again doubtfully at Langston. Then he went ahead. "Well, Mr. Roberts, we just wanted to give you this." He handed the box to Roberts.

Roberts looked puzzledly at the box. He looked at the four awkward, embarrassed men. Then, smiling quizzically, he opened the box.

It was a nice box and it had been floored with cotton. On the cotton, very bright, lay a strange device. It was a medal cut of shining brass in the shape of a full-grown palm tree with overhanging fronds. Secured at the back of the medal was a piece of gorgeous silk, blue and red and yellow, with a safety-pin clasp. The palm tree was embedded in a rectangular base, and words had been painstakingly cut with a drill press into this base. Lieutenant Roberts read the words:—

ORDER OF THE PALM

TO LIEUT. D. A. ROBERTS, FOR ACTION AGAINST
THE ENEMY, ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY,
ON THE NIGHT OF 9 MAY 1945

Roberts looked at the medal a long time. Then he smiled and passed the medal over to Langston.

"That's very nice," he said to Dowdy, "but I'm afraid you've got the wrong man."

He and Dowdy looked deeply at each other, and Dowdy grinned. "Yessir," Dowdy said. "We know that, Mr. Roberts, but we'd kind of like you to have it anyhow, sir."

The smile on Roberts's face was funny and tight. He pinched the bridge of his nose. "All right," he said, "I'll keep it. Thanks very much, all of you."

All four were grinning proudly. "Oh, that's nothing," Dowdy said. "Stefanowski here made it down in the shop."

"It's a fine job," Roberts complimented.

"Yessir, we think it is," Dowdy said. The four stood awkwardly in the door. "Well—" said Dowdy. The four started out and then Dolan turned in the doorway and blurted: "There ain't nobody that knows anything about this but us, Mr. Roberts. About the medal, I mean. Stefanowski, he didn't let anybody see it while he was cutting it."

"That's fine," Roberts said, "but it doesn't matter." He wanted to say something else, something of appreciation, but before he could form the words the group was gone from the doorway.

"Now I've got a medal to show my grandchildren," he said pensively to Langston.

Langston passed the medal to him. "Did you take care of the palm tree?" he asked curiously.

"I must have," Roberts said softly; and he smiled that funny twisted smile again. He took the box in his hands and looked at the medal and at the absurd ribbon, read again the words so painstakingly cut; and for the first time in perhaps fifteen years he felt like crying.

THE AUSSIE AND THE YANK

by DIXON WECTER

1

BEFORE the invasion of Australia by nearly a million GI's, the average American seldom thought of that land save as a large blank continent with a zoological sense of humor. Concerning us, the Australian had a knowledge of sorts. Thanks to his press—which maintains a battery of New York and Hollywood columnists, with an eye to the more lurid and lunatic aspects of life in America—and to our movies, magazines, and canned music, the Australian reacts constantly to the vibrations of American life.

While our ignorance of our cousins down under is often tinged with smugness, theirs of us is accompanied by keen interest and some anxiety. No officious Congressman need remind them—these few English-speaking settlers of a big continent lying upon the perimeter of a restless Asia—that in their darkest hour the armed forces of America did for them what the Royal Navy was helpless to do.

The White Australia policy, which for half a century has kept out undesirables by the quaint device of a reading test in any language (such as Gaelic) set by the examiner, would not long have barred the Japanese in 1942—without the battles of the Coral Sea and Guadalcanal.

During the century and a half of Australia's relations with Britain, America has remained somewhere in the background as a *tertium quid*. American enterprise built the first telegraph lines and cable cars, broke records with clipper ships, and set up a famous stagecoach service from Melbourne to the gold diggings. Later, when the Australian states came to federate, they turned frankly to the United States for their political and judicial model.

Australian-American relations fell to their lowest ebb in the days of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, which, joined to the onset of depression, toppled Australia's American imports from thirty-five million pounds

sterling in 1928–1929 to seven in 1931–1932. She has always bought our manufactures more eagerly than we have bought her wool; even though we use twice the wool we raise, a vast deal of this custom goes to Argentina and other producers nearer home. In consequence, in the last year before the war, while Australia's trade with Britain showed by far the most favorable balance with any nation,—namely, a credit of about thirteen million pounds,—her trade with us showed the least favorable, a debit of nearly twelve million.

In the twenties and early thirties, before the threat of fascism closed ranks everywhere, Australia did not wholly escape a wave of anti-Americanism then passing around the globe. Australian labor suspected us as the great capitalist power, committed to exploitation and “payment by results,” and there was talk about Yankee intentions to “flood” Australia with goods.

Nevertheless, a solid friendliness has always existed between Australians and Americans. The repute of superciliousness which always, and often most unfairly, dogs the steps of the visiting Englishman, in America and Australia alike, does not operate on either side in Australian-American relations, nor does the American share a widespread British dislike of “Australian bumptiousness.” The homespun Aussie in turn has an old word for the pomegranate-cheeked emigrant from Britain—the pejorative “Pommy.” Back in 1941, in making a survey of opinion about the war, the anthropologist A. P. Elkin quoted some workingmen who asked, “Why should we fight the Pommies' wars? I think it would be all right if America took us over, don't you? More like us, the Americans are; we ain't much like the Pommies.”

Yet Australia wears the yoke of the British Commonwealth more willingly than most Americans realize. Britain has learned, at least among colonists of her own blood, that it is a far shrewder policy to offer too much freedom than too little. Australia has shown nothing but apathy toward the Statute of Westminster, which in 1931 proffered them almost total independence—a measure, as they like to say jokingly down under, designed “to give Britain dominion status.” Australians, I found, were keenly

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interested in American history (as the largest American oil company in the Antipodes also discovered when it distributed free to its customers thousands of copies of Nevins and Commager's pocket history of the United States). Our War of Independence they readily recognize as the pivotal event in British colonial relations. Former Prime Minister Menzies told me that in his boyhood most schoolbooks were pretty strongly pro-American. Australia has never deprecated our Independence. Neither has she shown much disposition to follow suit. Her contentment has its positive side, in old habits of sentiment and commerce, and its negative, an indifference to the non-English-speaking world.

Australia was settled by homesick men, the majority being younger sons, remittance men, the poor, the uprooted. Separated from their point of origin by the greatest distance possible on this globe, they clung to the continent's rim as if sight of the open sea were a tie with the land they had left. They brought along not only the apple and hawthorn, the sheep and the cow, but also weeds like broom and gorse, and less useful fauna like the rabbit and fox and English hedgehog, to surround themselves with a loved milieu. While putting up with "near enough" standards of comfort and education and culture, — which leave their traces even now upon Australia, — they hoped some day to make their pile and return to Kent or Yorkshire.

However puzzling colonialism may be to the American mind, however strong the suspicion that Australia has given Britain — in resources, war manpower, and export of her best brains — more than Britain has given Australia, the fact remains for one's admiration that a mother country and race can inspire such tenacious loyalty. No nation save England has ever been able to gain it.

2

AUSTRALIA's long-rooted program of social planning is still a major concern, of keener real interest than matters of foreign policy. It is not doctrinaire socialism in the Marxist sense. It stems from another basic difference between our history and theirs. Australia, with an area as big as continental United States, even in her pioneering days had no real frontier. The landless and discontented, in the wake of the gold rush and pre-emption of the limited good land, eddied back to the few big coastal cities and sublimated their disappointment by starting a great trade-union movement which antedated the rise of big business, and by political action has kept its advantage.

A "fair average wage" means more to the unhurried Australian than sporadic big money. His unions have a "go slow" policy that requires a "wharfie" to load only so many bales of wool per hour, a mason to lay just so many bricks. This ceiling upon effort has raised production costs out of line with world parity prices. It is one reason why

Australia will never become a highly industrialized nation, but must continue to count upon the world's buying her raw wool and unprocessed steel.

As compensation, Australia's mid-Victorian liberalism — the greatest good for the greatest number — has saved her our worst slum developments and areas of abject rural poverty, the shock of our heaviest depressions, and our record of industrial violence. Only one man has been killed in labor disputes in this century. Such domestic affairs, — a living wage, social security, industrial arbitration, protection of home industry, and the White Australia policy, — these ways by which she has long sought to insulate her demi-paradise against poverty, competition, and external pressure, are still the concerns nearest her heart.

Australia wants to live and let live. Before the Washington Conference of 1922, she worked against Canada and the United States in trying to persuade Britain to keep her old treaties with Japan, but was overruled from Home. Ten years later she looked upon the Stimson policies in Manchuria as too provocative; the hornet's nest was well left alone. In 1940, with her best soldiers embarking for the European theater, she agreed to, and indeed may have forced, the closing of the Burma Road. Up to Pearl Harbor, all her loyalties and warlike attitudes were oriented toward Europe. Australia in fact used to think that "the sure shield" of the British Navy saved her from having any foreign policy of her own. Too much free will or initiative she dreaded.

Now, like our own country, Australia is convinced of the fallacy of isolationism, but gives a lingering backward look toward the good old days — the wish, as someone has said, that things should be again as they never quite were. Whenever immediate security is in danger, she has the reflexes of independent action. But at bottom, Australian foreign policy is none too sure of itself, looking anxiously to both the United States and Britain.

It is no fault of Dr. H. V. Evatt that the spirit of his government is not more bullish. In October, 1943, he announced that the joint power of Australia and New Zealand "is very great." He had a main hand in the Australia-New Zealand Agreement of January, 1944, which grandly demanded Australasian consent in all changes of sovereignty or control "in any of the islands in the Pacific." He complained bitterly that his country had no voice at Potsdam, in decisions to retain the Mikado or in plans to set up the Far Eastern Commission under veto power by the Big Four.

Dr. Evatt, however, is probably the most unpopular man in Australia. During seven months of living in his home town and lecturing at his alma mater, Sydney University, I never heard a single hearty endorsement of him. His past, his present, and his future are all subject to the most scathing rumor, conjecture, and disparagement. What one Australian described as "Evatt's demand that he be consulted on everything that's happening anywhere" goes

down less successfully than did the homely nationalism of "Billy" Hughes at Versailles in 1919.

Certainly the type of politician most favored by the Australian people is the plodding, homely man with neither arrogance nor eloquence, like the late John Curtin, who left school at twelve to become a printer's devil, or his successor, Joseph Chifley, the former locomotive engineer. On the stump, the electorate prefers a politician whose grasp of the obvious amounts to a stranglehold. For the average Aussie, given to belittlement and sardonic humor, is a born debunker, blunt in speech, allergic to high-brows as well as quacks, sentimentalists, and loud-speakers. Of poets and romancers and heroes his race has produced a negligible quantity, but of realistic novelists, satiric painters, and caricaturists a notable crop. In a man like Evatt he suspects insincerity and delusions of grandeur. Evatt has also impinged upon the mores of Empire loyalty by demanding a foreign policy quite independent of Whitehall.

Among conservatives, isolationism in Australia often assumes the shape of passing the buck to Britain; with Labor, of threatening to sit out "all foreign wars" in favor of home defense. The average man oscillates between these ideas, but is likely to be repelled by the extreme statement of either position. The Labor Party, with a better political sense than its opponents, has been flexible enough to bend under the pressure of circumstances, reversing itself in respect to the Second World War when theory yielded to fact. For, in December, 1938, Mr. Curtin had told the world "we have no resources left which would warrant us undertaking commitments in the defense of other countries far away." Three years later found him strongly pro-American; six years later, increasingly pro-British.

Despite moments of irritation with "the Pom-mies," the average Australian longs neither for independence nor for annexation as the Forty-Ninth State — as slyly proposed from time to time by the *Chicago Tribune*, in payment for this or that British debt. In the desperate days after Pearl Harbor, the search for powerful allies stirred the South Pacific from its old dependence upon Britain. Prime Minister Curtin in his famous speech of December 27, 1941, invoked not only the United States but also Russia; Dr. Evatt asserted that Russia "cannot and will not tolerate any attempt by Japan to destroy the southern democracies." It was a shade ironic that the Labor Government in this crisis found its only effectual friend in the capitalist power that it had sometimes eyed distrustfully.

For, as Mr. Curtin's words were spoken, the first American troops — diverted from the Philippines by news of the Japanese attack — were landing at Brisbane and the ports of tropical Australia, hastily setting up ack-ack batteries and laying out airstrips. In early 1942, with the Japanese offensive rolling irresistibly south and Australia's British hope gone with Singapore, more American divisions landed at Melbourne and Adelaide; Perth became a great

submarine base; and March 17 witnessed the dramatic arrival of General MacArthur, by Australia's special request.

3

THE "American invasion" of Australia was matter for awe, curiosity, and delight — with combined aspects of the crusades, the circus, and the gold rush. It also meant salvation to a brave but wholly unprepared people. "Your soldiers were the answer to prayer," the roving American is still told. After the Battle of the Coral Sea, the landings in the Solomons, and the offensive over the Kokoda Trail — spearheaded by Aussies recalled from the Middle East — the Commonwealth breathed more easily. Today a visiting American is loaded with thanks, personally undeserved, "for what your country did to save Australia."

It is probably better for no one to bask contentedly in the sun of this good will. If we saved Australia, it was done primarily in saving ourselves. In Australia we found the only base able to provision a growing army and mount an offensive into the jungles of New Guinea and ultimately the Philippines. The need and the help alike were mutual.

Isolation and hospitality frequently go together; in Australia the only limit set to hospitality is the visitor's stamina. In a wartime Australia, at home to the servicemen, this hospitality flowered.

The American Center in Sydney always had more dinner invitations and week-end plans than there were GI's to fill them. In Adelaide the Thirty-Second Division, recruited mainly from Michigan and Wisconsin, arrived still smarting from the Southern brush-off they had received during the Louisiana maneuvers, — when reportedly not a single "Yankee" was asked out to Thanksgiving dinner, — and the wining and dining of South Australia was balm to their souls. Most Americans in turn wasted no grumbling as winter came on over the lack of central heating, but shivered cheerfully about the flickering hearth; food was usually plain but abundant, since Australia is a basic producer.

In general, relations between the GI's and Australian civilians ranged from good to excellent. In time the honeymoon waned a little, as suggested by later coinage of the word "Yank-happy"; irritable civilians blamed the Americans for every rape in the park as well as the dearth of taxis and apartments, while equally peevish GI's tended to magnify the discomforts of life in a new land. Eager to spend their folding green, they invited the overcharge of waiters, landlords, florists, and cab drivers, who called their profits "Yankee cream."

High pay and free spending of our men yielded no more than the usual toll of inflation in civilian circles, envy in local military ones. GI's with a grudge against overcharging, in the Pacific or European theater, will readily endorse these sentiments of an expeditionary force member long ago: "They fleece

us pitilessly; the price of everything is exorbitant; in all dealings that we have with them they treat us more like enemies than friends." These words were written in 1782 by Count Fersen, staff officer to Lafayette, after a winter among the Yankees. Curiously enough, the GI's reputation in Australia — that of a stalwart and efficient soldier, with too much money and a devastating way with the girls, is almost exactly that gained in 1915-1919 by the Anzacs in England.

The Yank's instincts were often those of the predatory male. The lobby of Sydney's best hotel — haunt of American officers and their peroxided, "perm-waved" companions who seemed to blossom miraculously on demand — came to be known as the Pit of Passion. On a Sydney streetcar last winter I observed a temperance poster, "The World's Greatest Home-Wrecker — Drink," whose last word had been altered in pencil to "Yanks." Certain civilians tended to believe the worst about GI morals. Sounds of laughter and singing in any house or hotel taken over by the Army in provincial communities always led to the assumption that orgies were in progress.

In Townsville — a semi-tropical town swamped by military traffic until tempers grew raw on both sides — a characteristic rumor whispered that a whole railway coach full of pregnant WAAF's had been shipped south, the carriage bearing the chalked label, "Return When Empty." The Deputy Mayor of that town went so far as to state in public that "soldiers were now pushing the girls whom they had impregnated under Army trucks to save themselves the expense of an illegal operation."

In 1943 these myths were scrupulously sifted by the Prime Minister's Committee on National Morale, which found, in the former instance, only one pregnant WAAF in this area during the six months in question, and in the latter a sole accident involving a U. S. Army truck in Townsville, where a local citizen was injured when the truck against which he was leaning started up without giving him notice. Concerning the home-wrecking repute of the GI, this report noted: "The woman is, for the most part, absolved nevertheless, blame being attributed to either the subtlety or the crudity of the Americans, according to the observer's inclination."

The total number of Australian war brides runs to about 15,000. A few have been admittedly unfortunate — most publicized being the case of a Negro soldier's Australian wife, who, without much notion of the regional feelings involved, went alone to his home in the South and has now returned embittered to Australia. The tensions of war have already begun to produce their crop of divorces, although the temperamental affinity between Australians and Americans ought to keep the percentage lower than in most international matings of this war. According to a news dispatch in January, 1946, about three hundred American soldiers with Australian wives plan to settle in the Commonwealth, an underpopulated land that challenges a sense of enterprise.

Australia's Ninth Division, long absent in North Africa, came back in the middle of the war believing German propaganda leaflets that said the Yanks had stolen their wives and sweethearts. When they touched at Fremantle, the Diggers were breathing fire and brimstone. American soldiers in Sydney were instructed to keep to their quarters when the Aussies arrived, and the windows of the American Center were boarded up.

Not a single incident followed their arrival. Beyond the tidemark of a joke — "Say, Dig, we've stolen your girls." "Not at all, buddy; you only sorted them out for us" — the rumor quickly ebbed. Within a few days soldiers from the two camps were visiting each other and inventing a service-team sport called "Austus" football, with a miscellany of Australian and United States rules. Despite occasional street brawls in Brisbane and the northern ports — often no more sanguine than a street fight in Cairns which was broken up by an old lady with her umbrella — relations were good. Friendliness always varied inversely with the distance from the front.

One clear impression left by the GI served as a good corrective to the pulp magazines, boogie-woogie, and cheap Western movies which have long filtered into Australia and led some old-fashioned alarmists to deprecate "American vulgarity." This corrective came from the alertness, personality, and good education of the average GI — whether he was asking his way at the street corner or sharing Sunday dinner with an Australian family. Robert G. Menzies told me that since the American influx, he has been able to state publicly, "without being offered violence," that the average American is better educated than the average Australian.

4

AFTER most of the GI's had gone forward, late in 1944, the Royal Navy moved into Sydney and Melbourne. Political considerations probably had as much to do with this disposition of Britain's proudest service arm as did docking facilities — in making up to Australia for her understandable neglect before the invasion of Europe. Comparison with the Americans was interesting. By general opinion, the British ratings were much inferior in physique and education, the officers perhaps on a parity. The sailors had little money, which did not endear them to the shopkeepers, but awoke sympathy in other circles, with published warnings to the local girls not to snub servicemen unable to produce taxis and orchids.

On the whole, however, if skirts were the weakness of the GI, the bottle was that of the British sailor. Last October I saw an altercation in Sydney's Kings Cross between two tipsy ratings and a shabby, middle-aged civilian who reproved them for throwing banana peel upon the pavement; after they had treated him to billingsgate and a few physical threats, and reminded him how far they had come to save

him from the Japs, they lurched off, while he told a gathering audience, "The Yanks never abused us like that — and it was them, not the limeys, that saved Australia." In justice to the British Navy it should be remembered that its sailors arrived at a time less dramatic, when civilian morale was already growing a little jaded.

A mild Anglophilia is again noticeable in Australian life, particularly among the prosperous. Last December, the headmaster of the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, on the annual speech day, reminded parents that English schools are the best in the world for "moral and spiritual qualities," and that "we should do well to look to them rather than to America, as some of our educational theorists are inclined to do." From the same cloisters — where obviously the influence of the GI had scarcely penetrated — a young sportsmaster was testifying at the same time, before a Parliamentary Committee on Broadcasting, that "Australia's radio life is flooded with cheap skate American stuff, especially in communities which have been designed to suit the mental age of the U.S.A., which psychological experiments have shown to be six years." (Australia's, he added, was twelve.)

Whatever their I.Q., masses of Australians continue so to welcome certain products from the United States — Hollywood films, Tin-Pan-Alley music, the slang and plays of yesterday — that agitation is in the air for a cultural protective tariff, proposing to bolster British movies by block-booking methods, to require that 75 per cent of the cast of any play shall be home talent, and to demand that a certain quota of Australian books be found in every bookseller's stock. The majority want to take their pleasures where they find them; the most intelligent know that if a cultural vacuum is created, masses of local writers and actors will not necessarily rush in to fill it.

5

LIKE the abrupt ending of Lend-Lease, the loan to Britain is generally seen by the press down under from a rather plaintive point of view. Some Australian newspapers have been offering Britain "the wholehearted sympathy of Australia and the other Dominions," in the presence of the Yankee moneylender. Such views are not unanimous. In late December the influential *Sydney Sun* rebuked "those critics who seem inclined to revive the 'Uncle Shylock' of the stormy and bitter controversies that followed the First World War."

At times, faith in American bounty is a little naïve. An Australian engineer solemnly assured me that it would pay the United States to give Australia outright a hundred million dollars, and say, "For God's sake, buy something from us with this money" — by which means, American factories would hum and unemployment would be kept at bay. The role of Santa Claus is admittedly jollier

than that of Uncle Shylock, but such innocence overlooks the fact that the distribution of commodities depends on some exchange basis of goods and services.

More reasonable is Australia's hope that we may lower our tariffs, buy more of her basic products, and make available more dollar credits for her need of our manufactures. "If America is prosperous the whole world is likely to be prosperous," says a recent current affairs bulletin for discussion groups in the Australian Army. The empty display rooms of British motorcar dealers in Sydney have lately begun to blossom with the hopeful legend, "Britain Delivers the Goods"; unless further steps are taken at our initiative to supplant Empire preference with free trade, the corollary will soon follow: "Buy British — and like it!" Ultimately, and properly, Australian commerce will tend to pursue its own best interests, without slavish submission either to Britain or to the United States.

Australia knows clearly that she has more to fear from American isolation than from American intervention. Her worry is not our aggression, but our indifference, the reputation of our foreign policy for irresponsibility. Australia wonders whether she can put the same trust in us that she reposes in the steadier foreign policy of Britain.

The average Australian fears withdrawal of American interest from the Far Pacific, knowing well that in war seven million people cannot hold three million square miles; and so he has returned to thinking about the greatest navy in the world, which will always hold the key to the welfare of that region which mapmakers call Oceania. Once this navy flew the Union Jack, and had a political reason for defending him. Now it flies the Stars and Stripes, but its reasons for keeping peace in the Pacific are to his mind no less cogent. He hopes we shall lay permanent claim to the Marianas, the Marshalls, the Carolines; if we want Manus, in his own Admiralty group, almost certainly he will hand it over cheerfully.

But he expects to assume the prime responsibility for guarding those islands which lie like a shield to his immediate north and east, beginning with New Guinea. And, being a sensitive fellow, he hopes we will not throw our weight around too blatantly in the Far Pacific, or forget — as some Congressmen, war movie makers, and Hanson Baldwin seemed to do — that his soldiers, the Diggers, also fought.

"There is no jealousy anywhere in the British Commonwealth of America's emergence as the greatest air and naval Power," says a recent editorial in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. "Far from it. The stronger her forces are, the safer we shall feel; the more active her interest in foreign affairs, the less danger there will be of a repetition of the tragedy that followed her retreat into isolation after World War I." At all hazards, America's leadership in the future, whether for progress or regression, peace or war, is recognized down under as decisive.

 Sonnet

I WILL put Chaos into fourteen lines
And keep him there; and let him thence escape
If he be lucky; let him twist, and ape
Flood, fire, and demon — his adroit designs
Will strain to nothing in the strict confines
Of this sweet Order, where, in pious rape,
I hold his essence and amorphous shape,
Till he with Order mingles and combines.
Past are the hours, the years, of our duress,
His arrogance, our awful servitude:
I have him. He is nothing more nor less
Than something simple not yet understood;
I shall not even force him to confess;
Or answer. I will only make him good.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE SCHOOLS AND THE WAR

by CLAUDE M. FUESS

ALMOST without exception the independent secondary schools of the United States came through the war with increased efficiency and prestige. Some of them had apprehensive hours, being not quite sure of their capacity for adjustment to unprecedented conditions; and it is to their credit that, while maintaining their established standards, they were able so rapidly to modify their procedures in order to meet current needs or governmental directives.

Indeed, their contribution to victory was out of proportion to their size and resources. They are proud that their alumni, trained in the liberal arts,

A graduate of Amherst who took his Ph.D. at Columbia, CLAUDE M. FRESS became an instructor at Phillips Academy, Andover, in 1908 and its Headmaster in 1933. With his friends Lewis Perry of Exeter and Frank L. Boyden of Deerfield, he has unquestionably raised the standards of the independent schools in New England.

were more highly valued as officer material than the graduates of schools which had gone over completely to "military training"; for what the Army wanted most was a body of young Americans with initiative, self-reliance, and a gift for leadership. Thus the independent schools like Lawrenceville, Hotchkiss, and Groton have not introduced radical changes in either curriculum or broad philosophy. Their conservatism is not due to inertia or indifference or even to obstinacy, but is the logical consequence of an eager and open-minded measuring of values and results. Most independent schools are not averse to a little gentlemanly pioneering; but they have emerged from the adventure of war with a reasoned conviction that their methods and aims have been basically sound. Some important lessons, of course, have been learned. Weaknesses have had to be remedied, and shifts of emphasis have been inevitable. But no serious revolution has taken place.

Acceleration. — During the crisis, the independent schools experimented with various forms of acceleration under different names. The most common practice was, by means of a summer session, to enable Seniors to be graduated in February instead of in June and thus to advance earlier to college or the armed forces. Some of these programs, although hastily improvised, were amazingly successful in accomplishing their purpose, and hundreds of young men are grateful for what was done for them. For various reasons, however, schoolmasters do not favor the continuation of such accelerated programs.

Personally, I have always regretted the idleness of our vast educational plants during the summer months when climatic conditions are good and sickness is at a minimum. But many of my colleagues feel, with some justification, that study under pressure did encourage superficiality and produce intellectual weariness among its victims, and that, without an impelling motive, acceleration would be less profitable. It may be plausibly argued, moreover, that both teachers and pupils, if they are to do their best work, should lie fallow at intervals or at least diversify their pursuits. Summer sessions have in some instances proved so desirable that they will be continued indefinitely, but not primarily for those who wish to speed up their education. The desire to shorten the time for college preparation or to cut months off the four-year high school program is not widespread and will be resisted by many of the more conservative headmasters. The Andover Summer Session, for example, will offer this year opportunities for boys to make up deficiencies or to secure one or two additional credits, but will not qualify them to earn their diplomas ahead of their classes.

Curriculum. — The war has had no sensational effect on the independent school curriculum. The excessive emphasis on Mathematics and Science created by temporary demands is even now being quietly corrected. Experiments with military drill were of dubious value, and most of the specialized instruction in Communications, Navigation, and Aeronautics was abandoned after the surrender of Japan.

In two fields, however, the impact of war has led to important developments. The increased interest in American History brought about after Pearl Harbor by an insistent and commendable patriotism is not likely to diminish, and it will never lose its place as a key subject in every well-organized school. Most good schools had offered courses in American History long before the war began, but now it is everywhere compulsory, like English and Mathematics. This movement has been accompanied by more attention to current affairs, political, social, and economic, based on the assumption that every future American citizen should become acquainted early with his community and the life around him.

Fully as significant, although related more to method than to substance, is the prevailing trend in the teaching of the modern foreign languages. The

success of the Army system has hastened a tendency towards more use of the spoken word in the French, German, and Spanish classrooms, and we may expect that in the future the traditional visual approach will be supplemented, perhaps even superseded, by instruction in aural understanding.

The curriculums of our independent schools will, I suppose, continue to be built around English, History, one or two foreign languages, Mathematics, Science, the Fine Arts, and Religion, with constant attention to their moral by-products: thoroughness, accuracy, and honest thinking. No evident fervor for vocational training as such can be discovered. The reports recently put out by Harvard, Amherst, and other colleges have suggested that what is called General Education is largely the business of the secondary schools, and these are willing to accept the obligation thus thrust upon them. However, the goal of General Education is less the accumulation of facts than the acquirement of power; and in the schools which I am discussing, knowledge is not so highly regarded as character. It is still true that the aim of such institutions is — to quote the words of Andover's Act of Incorporation — "the promotion of true Piety and Virtue."

Physical Training. — Early in the war the independent schools, aware of the many rejections for military service because of physical disability, took steps for ensuring sound bodies for their students. Virtually every school already had a comprehensive program of athletic sports, both within its own walls and with outside rivals. What was needed most was a system of body exercises for all boys, whether athletically inclined or not. The work in this field at the Army centers was so significant that it invited, even commanded, imitation. At Andover, the installation of the "step test" as a means of estimating physical fatigue was accompanied by novel forms of "body building," designed to develop the special muscles required in basic military training. So instantly beneficial did these exercises become that they will be retained without opposition in most schools after the war motivation has disappeared.

An obvious corollary to this "body building" is a more careful attention to the correction of physical weakness, such as defective vision and poor teeth, together with an insistence on periodic medical examinations. The schools have learned much from the Army and Navy about eliminating bodily inefficiency.

Work Program. — The unavoidable scarcity of labor in wartime made it necessary for most boarding schools to seek aid from their students, not only in janitorial service but also in lawn mowing, snow shoveling, and other work on the grounds. Certain schools like Deerfield, Kent, and Loomis have for years asked their undergraduates to wait on table by turns in the dining halls; and in many such institutions the boys have long made their beds and tidied their rooms. During the war, however, this became almost standardized practice in every boarding school. After some heavy snowstorms blocked the

New England roads, the boys in many famous schools volunteered to dig the teachers out and even helped to keep freight trains running. The desirability of continuing after the war with these and similar work projects is seldom questioned nowadays by headmasters who have watched them in operation.

Student Government. — For very practical reasons, during a period when many of the more vigorous and influential teachers had gone to war, schools conceded to their students a larger degree of responsibility and freedom than ever before, encouraging deliberately any inclination on their part to face and solve their own problems. Dormitories were frequently placed under the supervision of student proctors, usually upperclassmen who were trustworthy and willing to earn some extra money. Opinions vary among headmasters as to the success of this innovation, but it will undoubtedly be given a further and fairer trial in this post-war era. It has many advantages, and few of the disadvantages, of the English prefect system. A considerable number of the privileges granted to students under war conditions will probably never be withdrawn. Placed on their own, boys have revealed qualities of self-control and resourcefulness which could never, under more rigid discipline, have found expression.

Guidance. — The importance of what is rather vaguely called "guidance" became apparent soon after Pearl Harbor. The evolution which prospective fighting men were to follow had to be mapped out sympathetically and intelligently in accordance with their ages, aptitudes, and preferences, and to this end the use of tests was widely extended. "Diagnosis" and "analysis," "potentiality" and "predictability," became familiar terms on the campus. Doubtless we have relied too much on some of these tests, but the trend was a salutary one, resulting frequently in wise judgments and fairly accurate prognostications. What was at first a very amateurish psychiatry blossomed into professionalism. Good schoolmasters have learned how to reconcile what a boy wants to do with what he ought to do. We teachers are sure to do better work with our students because of our experience with psychologists.

Democracy. — Even among schools generally regarded as "exclusive," the war has established the

validity of the democratic principle. In institutions like Deerfield and Mount Hermon there has always been less real snobbery than in city public schools, where class distinctions and social gradations are resumed when the day's tasks are over. Nowadays, however, all independent schools have learned that for their own good they cannot cater to only the rich and the well-born. Accordingly they all have scholarships, particularly for the sons of salaried professional men who could not ordinarily pay the high tuition fees. Nor can good schools afford to make any discriminations on the excuse of race or color or creed.

The ambitions aroused by war have made schoolmasters seek for a similar driving force in times of peace. Confronted with the necessity of preparing themselves for service to their country, boys were led to make unprecedented sacrifices of time and energy. If only some such aspiration could be aroused or created in a normal world, we could expect amazing accomplishments from our pupils. Just how this can be done is one of the many perplexities which today confront the leaders of our independent boarding schools. In the fact that this is discussed at all their gatherings lies the real hope for the future of their type of education.

War Prevention. — Above all, these headmasters feel their responsibility for averting future wars by inculcating, in their classrooms and chapel services, a sound working philosophy, by showing their students not what to think but how to think. Upon this younger generation must be impressed early the wastefulness, the weariness, and the absolute futility of war. They must be reminded over and over again how the human race has so often been on the verge of self-destruction and how frequently through the centuries the best stock, biologically speaking, has had no chance to reproduce itself.

Furthermore, I personally feel that in our schools the Christian principle of the Golden Rule can be presented without reference to creed or theological doctrine, so that its importance as a guide to right living can be made apparent. The schools have learned much, often in painful and tragic ways, from 1941 to 1945. Let them now devote their chief endeavors to making it impossible for a world war to break out again.





AN ATLANTIC STORY

FIRST LOVE

by MONICA STIRLING

THE period during which Renée and Dominique fell in love with each other was the best period of the Second World War: the period just before the end, when everyone on the winning side felt the excitement that precedes a climax — and knew that there would be an anticlimax only as children know that they will one day die. It was fashionable to laugh at the hopefulness of 1918, but there was a great deal of hope in circulation.

They had met twice before, in London; but it was at a dinner party in Paris that they fell in love. They had been put next to each other at table; and as they sat down, a mutual friend commented on the extraordinary likeness between them. Neither had been aware of this, but each now observed with interest that the other had fair hair, a sunburned complexion, and dark hazel eyes. The similarity was accentuated by their both being in khaki — and able to address each other, with teasing exactitude, as Lieutenant. And their smiles, which were beautiful, were not unlike. Dominique was the taller of the two and had been in love before, more than once; he was twenty-eight and Renée was nineteen.

When they awoke next morning each was anxious to see the other again, but neither willing to take the initiative. Renée was afraid she might be attributing too much importance to the events of the previous evening, and Dominique's appetite for pleasure was curbed by his disinclination to take responsibility.

But at midday Renée had to go to the War Office to make a report, and in the corridor there she encountered Dominique. The War Office is a comparatively small place and Dominique was working in the section Renée had to visit, neither of which

facts prevented the intelligent couple from exclaiming at length on the strangeness of the coincidence. After which Dominique so far forgot himself as to ask Renée to lunch. During the rest of her leave they met every day.

The fact that Renée was working near the front, while Dominique was in Paris, made their feeling for each other slightly different from those that usually obtain between men and women in wartime. But as Dominique had previously served with the Commandos, and Renée was neither feminist nor pert, they found in their respective situations material for teasing rather than genuine irritation.

Having done his duty as a male and a Latin by murmuring his disapproval of women in uniform, Dominique allowed himself to be as interested in Renée's work among the liberated deportees as if she had been his younger brother; and the fact that he knew precisely what she was talking about led Renée to confide in him as in no one else. They became friends while falling in love.

But within three days Renée's front-line position ceased to arouse in Dominique only a desire to tease. For he found himself worrying about her, considering her as distinct from his relations with her. It was the first time he had thought in this manner of a woman to whom he was not related, and he did not like the sensation. His full-grown desire, his nascent tenderness, were suffused with irritation at the new feeling which he tried, a dozen times a day, to vanquish with a shake of the head, a shrug of the shoulders, a little grunt, like those of a dog trying to free himself from an unaccustomed chain.

He had not known that love could make him uncomfortable, and it was with a grim expression that he picked up the telephone and, after holding a long and abusive conversation with the operator, — who told him that there was a war on, with the febrile

For over a year MONICA STIRLING has made her headquarters in Paris, where, as the *Atlantic's* correspondent, she has gathered the material for her articles and short stories, which are so expressive of the new France.

gloom of those who know an excuse will not hold good much longer, — made sure that Renée was clear as to what time she was meeting him that evening, the last one of her leave.

By nature Dominique was extremely unpunctual, and for his indulgence in this proclivity he was now punished. The hours that immediately preceded his meetings with Renée were made nerve-racking for him by his fear lest she be late or forgetful. The fact that she never was did nothing to diminish his fear, and he always strode towards her looking sternly around for a clock by which to check the time marked on his own watch. Renée did not know that Dominique's other friends would have thought this funny, and with justification. Her nature was simple and, thinking his expression indicative of some fault in herself of which she was unaware, she would on these occasions look at him with an anxiety that made clear her wish to please.

On this last evening of her leave Dominique's nervousness almost found an outlet in genuine grounds for complaint. For as he clattered down the marble staircase of the War Office, looking with unobservant displeasure at the full-bellied statues of Justice or The Seasons, he saw no sign of Renée. And it was not as if he hadn't given her precise instructions as to where to wait; it was not as if she didn't know where the War Office was; and how on earth she managed to do her work in the Army without being punctual was what beat him, but of course, once you start putting women into men's jobs — At this point in his reflections he saw Renée, seated in the appointed place and reading. He had never before seen her out of uniform.

She was wearing a suit of black wool. It buttoned up to the throat and had a small, circular collar of velvet. As her civilian clothes had been stolen by the Germans, with the rest of the contents of her parents' house, Dominique guessed, correctly, that she had borrowed this suit for the evening. It was a pretty and costly garment and in it she looked like a boyish girl instead of a girlish boy as she did in uniform. She also resembled more closely the kind of girl with whom Dominique had played before the war. But none had been so pretty. He was glad the elaborately accoutered gendarmes were there to see him take her hand; and her expression as he did so made him suddenly as happy as a very young man who is still convinced that tomorrow, if unpleasant, can be postponed indefinitely.

Smiling vaguely from the cells of happiness in which each was imprisoned, they walked down the Boulevard Saint-Germain, crossed the Quai d'Orsay, and the bridge that faces the Place de la Concorde and provides access to three of the most beautiful views in Paris, went up the Cours la Reine, past the green and murmurous gardens that surround the Petit and Grand palaces, and towards the stylized rusticity of Passy.

At the end of a cobbled street that smelled strongly of trees and faintly of stables was a small restaurant.

It was separated from the sidewalk by a glass door, and the room inside was long and narrow. On the left were a zinc counter and shelves of handsome bottles half of which contained only colored water, and on the right a bench covered with red leather which ran the length of the room and had in front of it half a dozen small tables laid with fresh paper cloths, coarse salt, black pepper, and little bunches of flowers. The room was clean, and big mirrors and chromium fittings gave it a brightness as indubitable as it was lacking in freshness. The concealed apricot-colored lighting combined with the design on the distempered walls — of fish living in a piscicultural Ritz — to create a submarine atmosphere.

2

STUCK in the mirror behind the bar was a large photograph of General de Gaulle wearing precisely the expression he would have worn had he been obliged to listen to the noise coming from the radio at the further end of the restaurant. The photograph was mounted on cardboard and had a bow of faded tricolor ribbon pinned to it. On either side were glossy pictures of actresses with and without poodles, of a boxer whose charms were not of the visual kind, and of a slight woman in a pilot's uniform, who looked as out of place as de Gaulle — though she would have felt completely at home had she been present.

Standing at the counter were two girls with platinum hair drawn over their foreheads in bangs so big as to give them a top-heavy look. This was accentuated by the height of their wedge heels. They were dressed in full, pleated skirts of flamboyant plaid, — scarlet slashed with green, and green with peacock blue, — open-necked silk shirts, and wide patent-leather belts drawn in as tightly as possible. One had an outsize handbag slung from a strap over her left shoulder; the other had a tall umbrella of plaid taffeta. Both wore gold chain bracelets heavy with charms. With them were two dark young men, well dressed in civilian clothes. The younger one was telling the girls' fortunes from their outstretched palms. They all laughed a great deal.

Two young soldiers, one French and one American, had taken their drinks to the radio, which was turned on very loudly. Now and then they changed stations, shouting instructions to each other over the din. The Frenchman spoke English with an American accent; the American spoke excellent French; and each apparently preferred to communicate — you could not call what they were doing conversing — in the other's language.

Only one of the tables was occupied, by a family — mother, father, and two pale children — concentrating profoundly upon eating, and as soon as Dominique appeared, the proprietor, a handsome Italianate woman who would have a mustache in a few years, pulled out a table, shook hands with enthusiasm, and told Dominique that it was a real chance that she

should precisely this evening have some true whiskey.

Having opened their eyes as widely as possible and said that it was indeed a real chance, Renée and Dominique each drank a small glass of whiskey. It was tepid, but as neither had drunk whiskey for a long time, both enjoyed it. Dominique liked whiskey for its own sake; Renée liked its effect, particularly when she was tired, and she was very tired this evening — tired in anticipation. This time tomorrow she would be in Germany. When she closed her eyes she saw the gray buildings on the banks of the Rhine and in them the gray human beings, ragged, malodorous, heart-breaking; and seeing them she remembered the absence of sanitation, the difficulties of feeding, the internecine quarrels. Wishing neither to see nor to think of these things, she opened her eyes and looked at Dominique. The spectacle he presented would have been entirely agreeable to her even had he not smiled and asked her did she know how beautiful her eyes were.

He had meant to sound teasing and worldly but his voice, failing him, trembled and showed him for what he was — a young man deeply in love for the first time. Blushing, Renée stared at the tablecloth until she was able to whisper, "I am so glad they please you." The radio was playing "Amor, Amor, Amor." This tune was still popular, especially among foreign soldiers, to whom it signified the brand of romance their Expeditionary Force fathers had taught them to expect from Paris.

Renée and Dominique were still motionless with mutual admiration when the proprietor returned with the menu. This was written in violet ink upon a sheet of grubby pasteboard. It would have given considerable pleasure to tourists. Passing it from one to the other, as if in accordance with established ritual, Dominique and the proprietor discussed the coming meal for several moments. Their object in doing so was artistic rather than utilitarian, since there was no choice of menu and therefore nothing to discuss.

The restaurant had black-market connections, so the food was much better than that to which Renée and Dominique were now accustomed. They could not have afforded to eat here often. First they had hors d'oeuvres. These included slices of cucumber and tomato in deliciously sharp sauce, a portion of excellent pâté, and a sardine each. They ate the sardines with particular care, leaving nothing but the minimum of tail — which they gave to the restaurant kitten, a charming animal who had learned the feline equivalent of "cigarette for papa?" with his first steps. The sardines were very good, fat and oily and savory.

Then they had an omelet, a big omelet, made not from powdered but from fresh eggs, and discreetly flavored. And then a steak each. Dominique was sufficiently sadistic to talk airily of horse meat, but by this time they were both too far gone in enjoyment to be halted by his out-of-place allusions. With the

steaks were fried potatoes and cress and real mustard. They each had second helpings of the potatoes, which were very good, and so was the red wine. Then came Camembert cheese — and butter. They both ate double portions of this, followed by a pear each and coffee — real coffee, not ersatz.

When they came in, Dominique had complained of the noisy radio in much the same spirit as he had complained of women in uniform, but by the time they were finishing their coffee he had forgotten what was due to himself as a man of taste and was praising the restaurant's atmosphere. Renée thought it nearer to paradise than any other place she had known. After the coffee they each smoked a cigarette from a carton given Dominique by an American liaison officer. Even the smell of the smoke was delicious.

Neither was accustomed to eating so lavishly, and by this time they both felt sleepy. When a voice from the radio began to sing "Quand allons-nous nous marier?" they laughed immoderately, but softly, because, despite their amusement, they did not want to move unnecessarily. Then Dominique ordered two *fines*.

While they waited for this finishing touch of magnificence, he took from his pocket a fountain pen sent him by an English friend who worked in an aircraft factory. It required filling only once a year and wrote as a pencil does but in ink. Renée thought it very remarkable, but Dominique would not let her examine it for long because he wanted to use it upon a corner of the tablecloth. When he had finished writing he tore off the piece of tablecloth and gave it to Renée. It was her first love letter and she read it three times. Then the *fines* arrived.

After taking a last look at the enchanted aquarium and again shaking hands with the proprietor, — who was busily exchanging professional information with a fresh set of girls, dressed in plaid skirts but with bangs of scarlet hair, — Renée and Dominique hurried through the streets, now fragrant with light rain, until they found a cab to take them to the theater.

The sound of the horse's hoofs on the cobbles was very pleasant. Renée and Dominique felt as if they had suddenly been transported into the Paris of a century ago; and the lighted windows of little restaurants aroused their somnambulistic curiosity as if they had constituted the opening shots of a film of particularly good repute.

At last they left Passy behind and found themselves among jeeps and trucks, cars painted with white stars or crosses of Lorraine, darting bicyclists, determinedly obstructive pedestrians, and young gendarmes who occasionally gave an irately distraught whistle.

3

THE most important person in the entertainment for which Dominique had bought seats was a vaudeville singer named Edith Piaff. Her story was conventionally romantic. She had begun her career as a street

singer. Neither Renée nor Dominique had heard her, and both were anxious to do so.

The first part of the program was foolish but agreeable; then, after a sudden hush of anticipation, the star made her appearance. She was a young woman who would have appeared very short had she not worn very high heels. These heels were her only attempt at artifice. Her black dress could hardly have been more homely; around the neck was an organdy frill not unlike the paper frills fancy cooks place around a lamb chop, and at the waist was a patent-leather belt. Her reddish brown hair was shoulder length and untidy, her expression full of sadness and devoid of weakness. Her eyes were bright blue and her very white hands beautiful.

To the audience's ecstatic applause she replied with a jerky bow that combined *gaucherie* with businesslike friendliness. Then she smoothed her skirt, fingered the buckle of her patent-leather belt, pushed the tangled curls off her high forehead, and, wasting as little time as possible, announced the title of her first song: "L'autre côté de la rue."

From the moment she began to sing, Renée and Dominique were enchanted. Her phenomenally strong voice had all the qualities and none of the defects of an accordion, and the raucous sweetness of her personality enabled her to express without deformation all the emotions of that section of the poor that refuses to be downtrodden.

In her first song she cast a light on love as it is experienced in districts where life is punctuated by factory hours and poverty: she did not strive to render love exceptional, she revealed the exceptional quality of the most banal love, and her strong hoarse voice was full of echoes from ill-lit streets, cheap restaurants, and tenement rooms. In "Qu'as-tu fait, Jones?" — a French version of the American lynching theme — she revealed a violent predilection for justice, a fatalist belief in the eternity of injustice, both derived from generations of working women aware that sexual feelings operate in spheres untouched by justice. In "Un homme me suit dans la rue" she analyzed lust in its crudest form, its most urbanized setting, and grieved without sentimentalizing over it.

In "Il n'y a pas de printemps" she took the Cinderella theme and by her simplicity and violence first disinfected it and then allotted it the poetry that is its due. In "Monsieur Saint Pierre" she took religious naïveté and after tenderly mocking it assigned it its place in the non-intellectual life. In "Il y avait des gars qui marchaient" she dealt with marching men with truth, as they are seldom dealt with by either recruiting posters or pacifists. And in "L'accordéon" she analyzed romantic love. Her miming was as appropriate as it was unobtrusive, and she sang from her guts, and though everyone listening felt bruised by contact with her perspicacity, the encores that followed showed that everyone was eager for more.

Her simplicity and violence were such that had she

lived during a revolution she would probably have been chosen as the rebels' mascot; and her good humor and common sense composed a humanity that would have made her a good mascot. Once she forgot the words of a song and, stopping short, slapped her thigh and said, "Ça . . . alors!" in a tone of dignified exasperation that drew a groan of friendliness from the audience; and when at the end of five encores her listeners still shouted for more, she shook her head and laughed without coyness and in a manner that showed she was thinking of the last subway.

In her person was an inventory of the qualities of the people of France — the poor and hurrying people who throng market places and railway stations, brothels and doss houses, factories and department stores; the people who make revolutions and are the first to suffer from them — and as Renée and Dominique sat holding hands, and smiling from her to each other, their delight was increased by the fact that they were only recently returned from exile.

4

AS THEY fought their way from the crowded theater and into the embattled subway, they talked very little. They could look forward to at most another half hour together before saying good-bye for several months, and there was so much to say that it was useless to say anything.

The crowded subway smelled very unpleasant, but the station nearest Renée's home was surrounded by trees and the increasingly nervous couple stood beneath their branches for a few seconds to recover. Renée's aunt's flat was only two minutes' walk from here, and Renée said three times, each time less convincingly, that she must not be late, she did not like to worry her aunt. The latter observation was true: her aunt was the sister of her presumably dead mother, to whom Renée had been devoted.

But since each was as loath to say good night as the other, they walked very slowly. As they did so it occurred to Dominique that his next request must be that Renée marry him. A notion of this kind had never occurred to him before and the shock rendered him silent. But he held Renée's arm so firmly, so purposefully, that she was not dismayed by his taciturnity. She herself was too happy to speak.

They traversed the crossroads, each convinced that the other would if unaccompanied have been flattened by a stray jeep, and walked regretfully round the corner. Now they were outside the wrought-iron gates of the block in which Renée's aunt had an apartment. Renée raised her hand to the bell. She took her time doing so. Before she reached it Dominique said, with inadequate breath: —

"It occurred to me — could we perhaps take a small walk in the Bois?"

"Oh!" Renée gave him a look that would have been appropriate had he just announced that he had made a discovery of great benefit to humanity. "Oh,

Dominique, I was just wondering the same thing."

The remarkable nature of this coincidence kept them silent for several seconds. Then they walked to the Bois at the farther end of the Avenue.

Although the edge of the woods was scarcely a minute's walk away, once there Renée and Dominique immediately felt as if they were in a new and unfamiliar country, green and mysterious and fragrant.

Pale moonlight filtered through heavy clouds onto the dark verdure. The rare wooden benches and metal chairs looked liked prehistoric utensils of a long-dead race. And as Renée and Dominique wandered through this shadowy pleasure ground, each was preoccupied by childhood recollections, adolescent experiences, youthful initiatives that it suddenly seemed imperative to communicate — only there were no words, no new ones, and only new words would serve.

At last they found a tree-shadowed bench and sat down. When Dominique put his arm around Renée he discovered she was trembling. He did not mean to be provocative but could not prevent himself asking if she was cold. Renée shook her head. She could not speak. Imbecilely, Dominique repeated his question. Fatally condemned to tell this man the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Renée stammered, "Of course not. If anything it's warm this evening. No, it's — because you're here."

As soon as Dominique bent to her she flung her thin arms about his neck, clutching him as if she had

been a child and he her beloved father, and the kiss was not a success. Then Dominique shifted his position, asserted his authority, and, as soon as the tension in her had lessened, began to kiss her very gently until, at last, her response ceased to be that of a little girl.

When they strolled back among the moonlit trees and bushes, murmurous now with the sighs, whispers, exclamations, and jeers of partially concealed couples who had no other place in which to express their dominant emotions, Renée and Dominique had their arms around each other and Renée was not the only one trembling.

When they had once more reached the wrought-iron gate — that to both of them now wore an aspect totally different from that of half an hour ago, and Renée had pressed the bell, Dominique stepped inside after her. Having reminded her eagerly, solemnly, convincingly, that he loved her better than anything in the world, he tilted her face towards his and asked her of what she was thinking. Still unaware of the need to dilute the truth, to decant the truth parsimoniously, Renée looked into Dominique's eyes and said, her voice painstakingly steady as if she had been a witness for the defense at a murder trial: "I was thinking that whatever happens to me all the rest of my life it's all right because I've had this evening and it's nearly the end of the war and soon people won't be killing each other but will be with the person they like best and nothing can ever take this away from me and I shall always remember it."



BRENDAN THE NAVIGATOR

by JOHN V. KELLEHER

BRENDAN alone awake, guiding his coracle nowhere,
Wave-sliding, buoyant-borne over the ocean,
A mote on all, a pod, a hollowness sea-encircled,
Dark belly to fishes flashing under the motion of surface.

Who is more lonely than Brendan or who was lonelier ever
Than, riding the thwart, he is who navigates only
The water drag and off-course push of the sea winds,
And looks in from nowhere on men stretched snoring.

Daring is lost in vastness; white fire of the veins disperses
In wilds of the air and water, where courage goes creeping;
And nothing is near and familiar but green death talking,
Walking and whispering under the ears of the sleepers.

Above, aloft in the darkness, under the moon-wasted starlight,
With wings extended and silvered, a sea bird flying,
Cocking a yellow eye, looks down on the wrinkling moontrack
And utters a squawk of query at nothing he understands.

FATHER, HENRY, AND I

Episodes from "The Scarlet Tree"

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

1

ON AN evening in May, while I was still in my first year of boarding school, the headmaster sent for me to inform me that my mother and my father — and him I had not seen for over a year — had arrived in London from abroad, and had expressed the wish for me to spend a day with them in London. The school prospectus stated plainly that no exeat was allowed during the term — except, of course, for the Eton and Harrow match. It was most irregular — but in view of the circumstances, he had decided to make an exception in this case, and accordingly my father was sending his servant to fetch me the following morning. The train would leave Barnet at eight-thirty.

I could hardly sleep for excitement, and at seven-thirty, while the boys were still getting up, I went downstairs in my best suit — even that fact brought a sense of escape — and there in the drawing room, amid the fretting decoration and accumulated and detailed furnishing, among the delphiniums, shedding dry blue heads on the parquet floor, I found Henry, looking unusually sunburned and as congruous in this setting as a whale in a china shop.

When we reached the station, we climbed up the steps and into a first-class compartment, and Henry was soon talking to me as if I were a grown-up person — or so I thought at the time, though in after years I realized that there must have been a good many reservations and taboos. This morning, he told me of his adventures abroad. My father, with his love of medieval architecture and history, had lately visited many of the remote towns in the foot of Italy, places such as Squillace, where Cassiodorus was born, and Lecce, and the numerous little towns round Bari, rich in buildings of the romanesque and gothic periods, and with wonderful treasures and associations.

These places, hardly more than villages, in spite of their resounding names, were, many of them, even

then, before the earthquake of 1908 had wrecked Calabria and before armies had fought in the streets, of a wretchedness inconceivable to an Englishman. Lecce and Bari were, it was true, prosperous in an isolated, old-fashioned way, but the lesser towns were crumbling and vermin-ridden, their inhabitants stricken with disease and having, in Henry's phrase, "nowt t'eat." Nevertheless, the people were equally anxious to please and to make money, and were intelligent in a childlike way.

Country houses in the extreme south of Italy were exceptionally rare, but my father stayed in one that had been built for the first King Ferdinand. His host, a landowner and retired colonel, was most anxious to treat an English stranger well, and had determined to serve him an English breakfast, of which he had heard a good deal, and Henry had, in consequence, been obliged to carry up to his master's bedroom every morning at eight a tray on which were placed a bowl of octopus stewed in its own ink, a cup of black coffee, and a glass of the fiery local brandy.

As a rule, lodgings and fare were not so luxurious: for the most part they had been obliged to stay in inns that resembled tramps' doss houses. My father paid little attention to his quarters, if he were interested in the town itself: for, after all, he could make himself uncomfortable in his own way anywhere, and had further devised a whole elaborate system towards that purpose. Wherever he went, he allowed himself, notwithstanding, one luxury, supplementing his meals with an abundant supply of cold chickens "to keep my strength up."

Several of the *trattorie* in which he now found himself possessed no separate sleeping apartments, only dormitories in which men slept eight or ten in a room. But my father had seemed in no way taken aback at such a prospect. Henry would have to make up his bed, arranging the blankets in precisely the accustomed way, so that one or two could be pulled on or off very quickly as the mood took you, then he must sprinkle it lightly with Keating's, and proceed to hang up a mosquito net by means of the special contrivance my father had invented — when younger, he had invented many other things: at Eton, for example, a musical toothbrush which played "Annie

In *The Scarlet Tree*, the American edition of which will be published in May, we have the leisurely, highly perceptive, and often ironic account of a Victorian boyhood, reminiscences centering in London, in Renishaw, family home of the Sitwells, and in the spacious country houses at the turn of the century. This is the last of four papers which the *Atlantic* has drawn from Sir Osbert Sitwell's rich and skillful autobiography.

Laurie" as you brushed your teeth, and a small revolver for killing wasps. First Henry had to knock a great many nails into the wall, then from them he suspended the back of the net, and, finally, as though plumbing ocean depths, he must throw two cords with lead at the end over the side — out of the window, that is — and this would pull the whole airy contraption taut and into place.

Of course, occasionally, a passer-by below would complain that he had been hurt, but one really could not pay attention to that sort of thing. And it was so simple. All that you — or rather Henry — had to do now was to tuck the ends of the net in, all round, and there it was, complete! If the proprietor objected and asked who had broken the wall by hammering nails into it, my father would always reply "*Il mio domestico*," and Henry would have to pay up. It constituted a recognized fine, as it were, for clumsy hammering; and sometimes it was not easy for him to find the money, as my father would only pay his wages once a year — or twice at the most — and was very difficult over any small necessary advance.

But, as my father said, they were not engaged in discussion over money; it was the mosquitoes that mattered, and Henry should take more care. Very inconsiderate of him to sleep without a net himself. He might be bitten by an *Anopheles* mosquito, contract malaria, and remain ill for months, and that would make things most awkward. Indeed, my father entertained a great terror of mosquitoes — and I may say at this point that I have myself seen him drive in the evening for three or four miles along the slopes of a mountain, up a road leading to a small town above, seated in an open cab, the top of which was encased in white netting, so that he should not be molested by the creatures in their flight. Thus canopied, and wearing a gray wide-awake hat and a brown covert coat, he would eventually arrive in the piazza, peculiarly crowded as it was at this hour, looking as though he were the High Priest in *Aïda*. Only the palm-leaf fans and attendants singing in chorus seemed to be missing.

At the time of which I write, however, the most spectacular feature of the existence of which Henry was telling me was that, wherever my father might be, and of whatever kind the sleeping conditions, the company, or the fare, my father always went to his thin-partitioned bedroom or to the dormitory, as the case might be, with its painted tin basin and dusty curtains, in order to change for dinner. And he would appear at 7.00 P.M. or at 6.30 — for the hours of his day moved earlier and earlier as he grew older — in the dingy dining room with its flyblown appointments, its soiled cellars of yellowing salt, its bunches of fennel roots in bowls, its gimcrack chairs, and humming clouds of insects, and there astonish the solitary malarial waiter and the one or two other guests by the splendor of his evening dress, the gleaming stiff front of his shirt, the white, shining cuffs and collar, white tie, white waistcoat, and black swallow-tailed coat.

Indeed his arrival, thus attired, would cause a stir outside the room as well as inside, would rouse the spectators from their jaundiced apathy. Dark eyes would be pressed against the bleary windowpanes to watch *L'Inglese Pazzo* eat and drink; a new interest would show in them, combined with an utter lack both of envy and of surprise. There had been invasions led by Norman barons before in this part of the world, and people were therefore used to such ways. Certainly this tall, fair man, with the Kaiser-like mustache of the period, with his high-bridged nose, carefully carved nostrils, and air of remoteness, which the homely, yet farfetched, comedies wherein he unwittingly involved himself and those with him never impaired, belonged to this type, and resembled the gothic effigies reclining on the tombs in the neighboring churches that he had come hither to see. He was much nearer to them in type and blood than were the swarthy, tattered grandsons of brigands and punchinellos who lived here, squatting in the almost African dust.

2

IN SOME of the villages, Henry told me, my father had acquired a reputation for healing. It began this way. So remote were these places in those days, so cut off, that it was often impossible to find a doctor in them, and in one village a consumptive priest, seeing a stranger, had decided to consult him about his health. My father had brought, as always, a lot of medicines with him (he habitually kept these wrongly labeled, owing to his suspicion that the hotel servants helped themselves to them, and this sometimes made the finding of the correct remedies rather confusing).

He had realized at once, however, that fresh air was what the poor patient needed, but that if he was merely told to sleep with his windows open, he would pay no attention, the advice being too simple to be impressive. Instead, therefore, very cleverly reverting apparently to the methods of the medieval pharmacopoeia, my father had given him some harmless medicine, which nevertheless carried the magic of physic with it, and had told him to take it at bedtime every night for several months, emphasizing that, when it was taken, the window must be wide open and must not be shut until the following morning, otherwise the medicine could not cure him; the evil vapors had to find their way out. By this means, the priest was induced to undergo a fresh-air cure: and it proved so efficacious that when my father and Henry returned the following year, crowds gathered to ask The Englishman to prescribe for them.

My father had been settled all the winter, on and off, at Naples, at Bertolini's, then the most luxurious establishment of its kind, riding with mast and pennons above the city, as though it were a white ship dedicated to the protection of the rich, an ark, stranded by some volcanic freak upon a hilltop. It

was against his principles to stay here for long, since it was most expensive, but he liked the view and thus remitted himself the comfort he enjoyed, on aesthetic grounds, and because, also, it was a good center from which to carry out his raids on southern Italy, where the prevailing low standard of life which he was obliged to adopt there — even though he succeeded in raising it a little with the aid of cold chickens, mosquito nets, and the various paraphernalia of his system — no doubt salved his conscience. Be that as it may, when they returned from these expeditions, lasting a week or two, my father always went straight back to this hotel, and to the same rooms.

The winter passed, and in the month of April, the height of the Neapolitan season, when the management of the hotel were often hard pressed to know where to put the visitors, he had set out, accompanied as usual by Henry, to visit Puglie. Returning, after the usual period of absence, to Naples, they arrived late one night and drove straight to the hotel. Henry, far from realizing how crowded the hotel had become in the interval, did not even trouble to make inquiries at the desk, but, taking it for granted that everything was as usual, told the porters to carry the heavy luggage up in the lift and leave it outside the door of 143, the room my father had occupied all the winter. He himself had then climbed the stairs and, when he had reached the correct landing, had walked along the passage, to find the trunks already waiting for him outside the door. He opened it, without turning on the light, and — for he was very strong, and knew the exact position of every piece of furniture in the room — took up my father's heavy, old-fashioned leather portmanteau and threw it on the bed.

Immediately the air was filled with loud groans of pain and terror; then light flooded the room, and two trained nurses dashed in from doors each side. The victim was Hall Caine, who had come to Naples a few days previously, suffering from a nervous breakdown.

The sudden shock of this assault may, I am afraid, have somewhat retarded his recovery. The one-time earnest young friend and embryo Boswell of Dante Gabriel Rossetti was now a man at the height of world-wide fame, though not yet knighted, a figure in each continent, his novels being translated into every language, including, it was said, Bantu and pidgin. Nor were his books more widely known to the public than his own personal appearance. His dome-like brow, the look of which convinced others as well as himself that he resembled Shakespeare, his hair, flowing down on each side of it, his gleaming eyes, black cloak, and large black hat, were familiar to all those millions who read his books and to further millions who did not. Even if one entertained no particular admiration for his work, to see him by chance in the street on his way, perhaps, to his publishers, was an event.

I remember one of the partners in the firm, a man now dead, talking to me about him, and stressing how impressive he was as a personality, and how misunderstood as a writer. Money, in spite of the vast

sums he made, my acquaintance averred, always came second with him. Only that very morning, for instance, the great man had called at the office. One of his books had happened to be lying on the publisher's table. The author had taken it up, with a certain diffidence, and then, as he opened it, his eye had lighted on a passage so effective, and so full of moral grandeur, that he had begun to read it aloud in his fine voice, rolling and resonant. The paragraph ended with some such words as "So, ladies, though your fate may be different, be not hard upon a fallen sister." As he finished, he was quiet for a moment, then commented, "Beautiful, beautiful," and added, as an afterthought, "and money in every line of it!"

Hall Caine was immensely esteemed by the foreign intelligentsia, for translation into European languages apparently changed his books into what he believed them to be. And if we consider the repute in which various living authors are held, it provides an applicable footnote to such a valuation if we recall that when Gorky visited London a year or two before the First World War, and a party was given so that the eminent visitor might meet all the more distinguished figures of the contemporary literary scene, — such persons, let us say, as Hardy, Conrad, Shaw, Moore, Gosse, Wells, and Bennett, — he entered the room, glared in vain at the welcoming but disconcerted faces of the great, and demanded loudly, "Where is Hall Caine?"

The treatment to which Henry had subjected him cannot altogether have poisoned his recollections of the visit, for seven or eight years later, I discovered, in one of the public rooms of the same hotel, a brochure — of the sort that, when you want to write a letter in a hotel abroad, you always find in a drawer of a writing table, and take out, under the impression that it is note paper. This example consisted of a list of testimonials to the comfort and beauty of the establishment, written by various celebrities; and the first and most important, written by Sir Hall Caine, began with these alliterative words of an almost Dracula-like suggestion, "Clinging breathless to the balcony of Bertolini's Palace Hotel." . . . How vividly they enabled you to picture it, the black cloak, the hat, the eyes, the final vespertine swoop!

When Henry related the incident of the groans, he laughed in heartless fashion, his huge body rolling from side to side. He talked, loud above the sound of the train, all the way to London, and by treating me thus, as someone whose good opinion he wanted and whom he liked to amuse, he restored my self-esteem. I began to feel again a human being, instead of a helot.

He told me, I remember, that my father was "quite himself again," though he would not admit it. Nevertheless, he still suffered from relapses and, as it happened, that very morning, when I arrived in London, he proved to be too ill to see me, except for a few minutes. I found him lying listlessly in a darkened room, with a look of extreme dejection. I spent the rest of the day with my mother and Edith.

I did not see Edith much alone, but enough to gather that my father really was better, and also that, while abroad, she had been obliged to submit to more intensive nagging and bullying than ever before. But, though she was unaware of it, help was already on the way, for Helen Rootham, most faithful friend and champion, was due to appear in a few days' time. And she was the first grown-up person to seize the quality — though even then, perhaps, not at first the gifts — of this young girl, with her face of brooding and luminous melancholy, with her lank, gold-green hair, and her features, of so distinctive a kind, but which her character, though developing so fast, had not yet fully carved out of the soft matrix of childhood.

Henry accompanied me back to school in the evening — but I recall nothing of the journey. The light had gone out of the day. Fortunately, as soon as I arrived, it was time to go to bed.

3

THE grand fete of the school year took place in the summer: the exeat, which I have mentioned, for the Eton and Harrow match. This break was no doubt intended to impart an Etonian bias to the boys at an early age, for this school was essentially preparatory for Eton. Great excitement prevailed for three weeks or so beforehand, especially among those who, like myself on this first occasion, had nowhere to go. (My parents would not leave Scarborough and come to London for the match.) I find the following particularly ill-spelled letter on the subject from myself to my mother: —

DARLING MOTHER,

The Whinney-Finckes [my rendering of the well-known name Wynne Finch] cannot have me to stay after all. *Where* shall I go for the Eaton and Harrow? I must see it.

Thanks for the Water-Pistol. It is very useful. —
Yr loving son OSBERT.

I should really have preferred to go home, but it was recognized by boys and parents alike that this, albeit officially permitted, in order to placate those pariah fathers who could not easily afford such treats for their children, entailed an inevitable loss of caste. But in the end I went to stay with some cousins, and so was able to attend the festival. One had to sit there, clad in Eton suit and top hat, for hours, watching the cricket or pretending to do so.

For the rest, I observed with interest the smug-faced crowds, the happy families that promenaded in the intervals, keeping in clumps, across the ground. As they walked through the glowing, spangled air of summer, it was their clothes rather than their faces which held the attention: the waisted gowns, the high lace collars, the frills, the richness and weight, and yet lightness, of these full July clothes, the feather boas, light as dusting brushes, the hats, feathered as though they were bright fowls about to take

wing, or flowered as if they were full summer baskets from a rectory garden.

Yes, I liked watching the crowds, and enjoyed the intervals, the meals, better than the game itself. I was hopeless at cricket and hated watching it. On the other hand, the ices and the cider — especially the cider — during the intervals were a great pleasure to me; and I now suspect, looking back, that the slight sense of exhilaration without reason which I then experienced may have been due to an initial encounter with alcohol.

Soon after this break came the first summer holidays, and we spent that lovely, long spell of hot weather at Renishaw. Freedom would have been complete, except that I found myself provided with a tutor, who followed me everywhere, and prevented Sacheverell and myself from ever going out alone. Though my faithful friend and companion was so young, this did not prevent us from indulging in the most violent quarrels, such as only brothers can engage in; but the strength of our rage, the fury with which we combined, when occasionally the tutor would try to intervene, must have seemed remarkable to strangers.

Beyond that, I could not help feeling that it was unfair that I should be plagued with lessons in the holidays, too. I wanted to go for a drive in the pony cart round the woods, to walk with my mother in the gardens, to listen to Edith playing the piano, to fish, to catch butterflies with Maynard Hollingworth, to eat fruit in the orchards — and here I was, doing sums again, or hitting a ball with a bat. I complained, but my father countered by pointing out how woefully bad I was at my work (he was afraid, he added, that I must be taking after my mother's family), and how shameful a lack of interest I displayed in games.

Within doors, puff-ball had now succeeded ping-pong as the recreation of master minds — but even for that I showed no aptitude. And I must try to walk faster. To walk fast was an indication of a mind that worked rapidly. That, too, was the reason why he ate so quickly — it had nothing to do, in his case, with greed. Sheer mental activity. And, who could tell, if I quickened my pace, perhaps my mind might become quicker too; like the minds of my two cousins, the Arthington boys. Look how well they did at cricket — and at work too. Excellent essays they wrote already. They would go far, probably become famous writers as well as governor generals.

One ought to be able to play a good game of anything. Then there was riding; I held the crop the wrong way — like that — quite wrong. And books. I seemed to read Stevenson and Dickens, whereas I ought to be getting ready to tackle Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Logic, too, was an interesting subject. If one must read novels, why not Walter Scott? An excellent picture of the period (charmin' feller, Ivanhoe). And I ought to learn to sing. (Nothing made a man so popular as singing after dinner.) How could I wonder that he had felt himself obliged to find a tutor for me? He was sure he only wished it had not

been necessary; it was a very grave expense. Even with a tutor, he doubted whether I should ever attain the level reached by other boys.

The real advantage of engaging a tutor consisted, of course, in the fact that his employment by parents of a certain fortune enabled them to continue to evade the responsibilities of parenthood, during the holidays as well as during term. But from the point of view of the children, it was a detestable arrangement. Somehow or other, no walk was ever so nice, no game ever so enjoyable, in the company of a tutor, whereas things you disliked became to a similar degree more hateful (thus I loathed riding more than ever, now that when I bumped along the drives in the woods, I was accompanied by one of these spoilsports). Nevertheless, a tutor attended us during every holiday, except for the Christmas vacation, which we spent regularly for several years at Blankney, where there were enough resident and visiting spoilsports to regiment a whole pack of children.

4

THE only tutor, then, whom I liked, was, naturally, at the same time the only tutor whose example was dubious. A celebrated gambler, a spendthrift, a ne'er-do-well, who had given a great deal of trouble to his family as well as to himself, Mr. Ragglesedge had been strongly recommended to my father by an agency as "a man of the world as well as scholar, and a thoroughly good influence on others." Though, I suppose, from the angle of dress and manner, in the phrase of the day, "a bit of a bounder," he was certainly a most amusing companion, and, in addition, was kindly and amiable, understanding human nature to a far greater degree than any of the other tutors who came to us.

Always he tried to mitigate the attitude of paternal fault-finding that prevailed, and indeed, as my character developed, — and not at all on the lines for which my father had confidently planned, — increased. But this, again, was later, for Mr. Ragglesedge returned to us at fairly frequent intervals over several years, and remained a stanch friend to Sacheverell and me. Eventually, when we were too old for tutors, — and after he and a friend had made a most enterprising attempt to sell my father a motorcar, — he went, with the warmest recommendations from my father, to some extremely devout cousins in Scotland.

Their whole lives were passed in prayer meetings and Low Church good works; but even there, with his easy, friendly temper and adaptability, he created the best possible impression, until one day, when the family was engaged in the most earnest session of sweet, silent prayer in the dining room, Mr. Ragglesedge, who was supposed to be leaving tracts on old women in the village, and who did not realize that the prayers on this occasion were to be mute, was heard, very distinctly, speaking on the telephone

just outside the dining room. And it was plain, even to those on their knees within, that he was sending a telegram connected with racing to a bookmaker in Glasgow. After that, alas, he was dismissed, and we, too, were no longer allowed to see him.

With the exception of Mr. Ragglesedge, therefore, I spent during the holidays a considerable amount of time in sneaking away from my tutors. It was easier to evade them at Renishaw than at Scarborough, and I liked to escape with Betts, the gardener, Henry, or Hollingworth. Sometimes, for example, Maynard Hollingworth would obtain my father's permission to drive me over to Whiston or Brampton-en-le-Morthen — villages about ten miles away, where my family had held land for many centuries — so that I could make the acquaintance of the farmers there. Here we were in Yorkshire and, though so near in space, in actual miles to reach these remote districts would occupy a whole day. Indeed my father, when he went round them, always stayed in an inn in Rotherham, first warning the proprietors with the same laconic telegram, which ran invariably *SHIP HOTEL ROTHERHAM CHICKEN APPLE TART DOGCART SITWELL*.

Hollingworth and I would start about nine in the morning, and after going to see a few tenants, would have luncheon, about quarter to two, with one of the chief farmers. In this region, the farms, flowers, buildings, food, no less than the people and their manner of talking, were different from those in our immediate neighborhood, and so the day's outing thus formed a complete change.

Brampton-en-le-Morthen resembled no village in Derbyshire. It consisted of a single L-shaped street of substantial stone houses, some bearing escutcheons over the doorways. Though situate in the middle of highly industrialized country, the majority of these buildings dated back to the years just preceding the Civil Wars, and the difficulties of reaching the place kept it singularly unspoiled. It was curious, too, that a small rustic community should reside in such handsome houses; squires' houses, one would have said, yet they stood above a high pavement in the street, or hung above it with an oversailing story, carried on great beams. (The finest of these old mansions, incidentally, bore the coat of arms of the family of Bradshaw the regicide.)

But everything was on an unusual scale here; even the barns seemed stone temples, so fine were they in fabric and proportion, so lofty their huge doors. Or again, take the isolated farms that appeared to be part of the hills on which they were pitched, slopes that swept down to streams below with the particular beauty of the Yorkshire countryside, not with the almost physical beauty of line that one notices in Derbyshire, but having a distant, sad, pure beauty that breathes the air of perpetual childhood.

The farms were clean with a northern or Dutch cleanliness; they looked as if every morning they rose anew out of a flood, but a flood of soapsuds. The bare boards of the floor, the wide, painted paneling,

the stone floors, magnificent in their whiteness, were shining and varnished; even the kitchen table was beautiful in its graining from the continual washing; the glass-eyed pike, fixing you — from a case with curved transparent front that might have been composed of limpid, slowly flowing water — with the bright, immovable gaze of a paralytic, and a superb white pheasant that occupied another case, seemed larger, finer, and more clean than in life.

In the parlor one or two chairs, in a rustic Chippendale, and made of elm more often than mahogany, would be placed stiffly against the walls, and inevitably a grandfather clock would give life to the room, with a wheezy ticking and striking. Here and there brass would gleam, in a hinge or handle of the late seventeenth century, or in some object on the high mantel, with its bold projection, and pewter would show its dull, complacent gloss. In the most comfortable chair, an old-fashioned armchair, covered with a chintz, would be a piebald tangle of cats and kittens.

And inside the room, the old people — for the young would all be working — talked to me of my grandparents, whom they had known better than they knew my father and mother. As for the dinner, is there any better food than that of a Yorkshire farm, the roast chicken and bread sauce, — cooked in a way of which the farmer's wife of no other county has the secret, — the butter, the cheese and apple tart, the pears, with the very fragrance of the north in them?

Sometimes, again, Sacheverell and I would spend a whole morning in the pantry, where Henry now reigned. Stephen Pare, fixing his large, melancholy, nearly sightless eyes upon a silver bowl, which he held up to the light so as to catch its glint, would be polishing it and acting as chorus for the great man. He did not talk much, but would chuckle quietly, as he drew Henry out, prompting him and leading him on, but when a footman entered, they would both look solemn and disapproving. From where Henry stood, near the window, with his name incised on the pane, he could see everything that was going on outside. The Saint Bernard, in his large kennel, would gaze back at him with an equal stubbornness, and sometimes a workman or farmer would call a greeting to him through the open window. Pare said to him — for Henry, though now promoted to be butler, still called my father in the morning: —

"And how is Sir George today, Henry? I haven't seen him."

"Well, when I called him this morning at five o'clock, 'e was laughing fit to kill 'imself. He was, really, Master Osbert. He laughed and laughed — never seen 'im so jolly. He 'as all sorts of jokes up there by 'imself. Only 'e doesn't let on to us."

At this moment, my father's resonant, rather thin voice could be heard echoing down the stone passages: —

"Henry, have you seen Master Osbert?"

"No, Sir George. I thought I heard him just now. He'll be at work, I expect."

Or he would be heard asking for the agent or the clerk in the office, or answering in pained, patient tones, "Yes. Wha-a-at is it?" or demanding that more workmen should be sent to help with the erection of the two statues he had bought in Italy, of Neptune and Diana. He was, indeed, beginning to be himself again, and the garden was cobwebbed with ropes and full of pulleys.

He had gone now, to the library, or to one of the seven rooms in the house which he used for writing, covering chairs and floors and tables with a thin layer of business letters and notes of antiquarian interest. "You see, with my system, I can put my hand on anything I want. Let me see; where have I put it? Just for the moment, I can't find it."

But perhaps the housemaids, who had strict orders never to touch the papers or attempt to tidy them, had been dusting, for almost immediately a bell rang. As Henry remarked, it was difficult to talk with any enjoyment when the bells never stopped ringing. You couldn't settle down to a subject. "Sometimes," he added, "I wonder what would happen, if ever they had to do anything for themselves. There's Major Viburne, ringing again for those primrose-colored boots of his. He wore them at Balaclava, and the socks go with them. Not a bit worn-out. Only been to the wash once or twice; that's what wears things out — that, and putting them on and taking them off.

"There's Miss Vasalt's bell. It always rings like that. 'Would you mind bringing me a biscuit and a glass of port, Henry?' or 'Aren't there any peaches yet? How late they are!' The doctor's frightened about her health this year, she says, and's given her a diet. 'E told 'er it's dangerous for her to have anything but peaches and a glass of champagne between meals — every hour, she ought to have it. No wonder she's hungry, poor lady, and not a penny to bless herself with. Oh, Jericho! That's Her Ladyship's bell — and hell to pay, by the sound of it."

When he came back — for he thought it best to answer that bell himself — I remember he told me about one of the gardeners, John Thurtle, who lost all his hair as the result of touching some plant. I do not know whether it was the erecting of Neptune or Diana in the garden, or the fact that he had lately visited Matlock, about twelve miles away, and watched bowler hats being turned to stone by the process of being thrown down a well, that gave him the idea, but he suddenly said: "Have you seen John Thurtle, Master Osbert? Lost every 'air on 'is 'ead, and even his eyebrows and eyelashes. Not one left. My word, 'e looks peculiar. Something like an Ancient Greek." Then, after a pause, he added, reflectively: "I wonder Sir George doesn't 'ave 'im petrified and turned into a garden statue."

(The End)

NEW AIDS FOR THE BLIND

by PAUL A. ZAHL

I

To understand the almost hopeless desolation of sudden blindness, close your eyes tightly for a moment and contemplate the amorphous darkness into which this loss of sight projects you; then consider the problem of movement in a dimensionless world. For a person deprived of touch, hearing, taste, or smell, the world still has shape and perspective; for a person deprived of sight, all — at least initially — becomes void and sepulchral. To the sighted, loss of vision seems the most hopeless and pitiable of human disabilities. So dreadful is its prospect that the ancients, applying a hot poker to the eyes of their enemies, thought that to blind them was worse punishment than to kill them.

Today, in the civilian population of the United States, there are between 200,000 and 300,000 blind persons; the total in the world is between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000. It is difficult to give a precise figure for the total number of blinded soldiers from World War II, because of the clinical grading from total blindness to partial eye injury among such casualties. In the Army alone for this war there are about 1000 veterans who are classified as blind. For the Marine Corps, the Navy, and the Coast Guard such casualties are proportionately large. Among the bombed civilian populations, in view of the nature of blast and fire injuries, the proportion of blinded may be greater than among battle casualties. These casualties have offset the decrease in blindness brought about by modern health measures.

The problem of preventing blindness is largely in the hands of the ophthalmologists, the hygienists, the industrialists, and the militarists. Workers for the blind, on the other hand, are presented with a *fait accompli*. Their enormous problem, which concerns the care and life-enrichment of the five to ten million blind, has excited some of history's loftiest humanitarianism. Sighted people feel an awesome sympathy

for the blind, and especially for the man with the cane, the man with the dog, the man with the cup. But rarely do we realize that for every such blind man we see on the streets, there are in schools, hospitals, and other institutions dozens of blind persons who have never learned re-entry into the world of the sighted.

And we rarely consider that, in the middle of the twentieth century, when the sciences of physics, chemistry, biology, and medicine are eradicating some of the worst of man's diseases and disabilities, we offer the blind only Braille, trained dogs, and a few gadgets. These are commendable aids for the blind, and to a degree very useful, but it is estimated that fewer than twenty thousand blind persons in this country know Braille, and that a much smaller number use it actively. Braille is difficult to learn, requiring high motivation and a better than average tactile and verbal intelligence.

As for the Seeing Eye dog, fewer than one thousand blind people in this country successfully use one. The radio and the Talking Book (a special phonograph which reproduces books recorded by professional readers) have brought comfort and diversion to many blind persons, but they fall far short of being a substitute for eyes. At best, they are only a palliative to the sedentary blind man.

Is there not more that we of this know-how age can do for our blind fellow men? Must we stop with a relatively crude and difficult language like Braille? Must we continue to use animals as eyes? Must the blind be content to sit inactive before a phonograph or radio? Can't we devise a better ranging and detection device than a cane? Our technologists have produced instruments that detect, localize, and range an aeroplane hundreds of miles away; that accurately find and bomb a cloud-hidden target; that use electronics for television; that guide aircraft by invisible beams. And in countless other ways they have conquered the darkness of the non-visual world. A civilization with such skills should be able to develop guidance devices for the blind less crude than the cane or less traditional than the dog, and reading devices less cumbersome than Braille.

A shocked awareness of this humanitarian and scientific anachronism came in the early days of the

PAUL A. ZAHL took his doctorate in experimental biology at Harvard University in 1936. Dr. Zahl, as an officer and principal investigator of the Haskins Laboratories, served on the Committee on Sensory Devices, which was set up during the war by Dr. Vannevar Bush to examine and develop prosthetic devices to aid men who lost their sight in the service.

Dr. Zahl is the author of one book and about fifty technical papers in the field of experimental biology.

war to Dr. Vannevar Bush, Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. Civilian scientists of OSRD working in military secrecy in laboratories throughout the country were doing key research in radar, fire control, submarine detection, penicillin production, plasma, malaria, the atomic bomb, in almost all phases of modern war technology. Knowing that many soldiers would come home blind, and so justifying a humanitarian diversion in the midst of a terrible war, Dr. Bush in 1944 set up a committee within OSRD for investigating how modern science could aid blinded soldiers and, collaterally, civilians with the same handicap.

The Army and the Navy had their own excellent rehabilitation and training agencies; and Perkins Institution, the American Foundation for the Blind, the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind, and many others had done and were doing a superb job in the care and teaching of the blind. Dr. Bush's object was to find new substitutes for the human eye. Many people interested in the problem of the blind had considered the possibility of technological devices.

2

DR. BUSH recognized that the problem was enormously complex. He saw that it embraced a whole series of sciences. It is easy for a sighted man to use a gadget; for example, an aviator reads the dials on the panel before him and so knows his position. Instruments have long been available which can tell a sighted man things about his environment that his eyes cannot perceive. But to get such information into the consciousness of a sightless man, and in such a way as to be useful to him, is a problem inherently far more complex than radar or submarine detection or beam flying. To solve it would require the collaborative thinking and research of specialists not only in the engineering and electronics arts, but in psychology, physiology, and the branches of these sciences which deal with the functioning of the senses. Specialists who understand the psychological effect of blindness would have to work in conjunction with technologists and scientists.

Dr. Bush asked Dr. G. W. Corner, a medical biologist of proved versatility, to head a panel of five advisory scientists representing the fields of physics, psychology, and physiology. This group, now called the Committee on Sensory Devices,¹ was directed to make an over-all study of the possibility of develop-

¹Dr. G. W. Corner, Chairman (Anatomy and Physiology), Carnegie Institution; Dr. H. A. Barton (Physics), American Institute of Physics; Dr. A. J. Carlson (Physiology), University of Chicago; Dr. W. O. Fenn (Physiology), University of Rochester; Dr. Stacy Guild (Otology), Johns Hopkins University; Dr. K. S. Lashley (Psychology), Harvard University.

As OSRD began preparations for its ultimate dissolution, the Committee on Sensory Devices was taken over by the National Research Council, but it receives financial support from the Surgeon General's Office of the Army and from the Veterans Administration. Its work is closely affiliated with that of the similarly sponsored Committee on Prosthetic Devices, which is investigating the artificial-limb problem.

ing artificial devices for the blind. The Committee initiated its activities in March, 1944, by designating the Haskins Laboratories of New York City to act as its central and integrating technical staff, with instructions to begin a survey of the needs of the blind and the specific techniques for filling these needs. This laboratory of physicists, chemists, and biologists expanded to include psychologists and professional workers with the blind, and began the survey. Two crying needs quickly became evident: first, a device more efficient than the cane or the Seeing Eye dog for guiding the blind man through unfamiliar or changing environments; and second a device which would enable him to read ordinary book or newspaper print easily and comfortably.

In studying the feasibility of an artificial guidance device for the blind, the investigators were more impressed by the performance of the ordinary night-flying bat than by the exploits of radar or some of the other detection and guidance devices developed for military purposes. The bat is the only known mammal which has developed its own extra-visual ranging and detection system. At dusk or after dark it glides with perfect precision among the twigs and branches of trees. It had been suspected since the days of Spallanzani that the bat "sees" by sending out short bursts or cries of sound too high in pitch to be audible to the human ear. Somehow, by listening to the intensity and quality of the supersonics reflected from surfaces which the bat is approaching, the animal can precisely gauge its distance from such surfaces or the speed at which it is approaching an obstacle. These supersonic cries are produced in the larynx of the animal; and the reflections are heard by the bat's supersensitive ears, a fact which can be proved by plugging the bat's ears with wax. Such artificially deafened bats flounder when allowed to fly free.

The Committee on Sensory Devices recommended a study to determine whether "bat vision" could be duplicated for use by the blind man. The "eye" was to be an instrument about the size of a flashlight, and would contain a supersonic generator which at rapid intervals would send out bursts of energy at frequencies above those perceptible to the human ear. Next to the "crier" mechanism was to be a receiver which would pick up the returning reflections and convert them into audible sounds to which the blind man would listen through a hearing-aid phone. Differences in the pitch, intensity, or quality of the returning signal would supply the user with information regarding the shape, character, and distance of obstacles. Similar supersonic instruments under water have been used in submarine detection and localization since World War I.

Supersonics is not, however, the only type of energy suggesting a detection and guidance use. Electromagnetic energies such as microwaves (radar), ultraviolet light, visible light, infrared, radio beams, all have reflecting properties. These were carefully considered. Most of these electromagnetic energies have the inherent disadvantage of traveling

through space at a vastly faster speed than supersonics — namely, that of light. For example, radar may be used for detecting aeroplanes at great distances; but for very short distances it is useless. The blind man is interested in avoiding obstacles between one and twenty-five feet away, not miles away. Electromagnetic energies are on the whole not suited for such short distances, unless triangulation or other arbitrary methods are employed, most of which would be cumbersome and too complex for easy use.

Furthermore, most of such energies require massive and weighty power sources. The blind man needs extreme portability in any sensory aid. Also, many of these energies are found free in space, as, for example, ultraviolet and infrared rays. These ambient energies in the lights and shadows of daylight could be most troublesome — although, in a short-distance ranging instrument recently built by the U.S. Army Signal Corps, a projected beam of visible light is employed. The difficulty of daylight interference was ingeniously overcome by a technical procedure known as modulation. This device is now under test to determine its applicability to guidance problems of the blind.

But supersonics, too, have many theoretical and practical limitations. For example, a supersonic beam may be reflected almost *in toto* by a brick wall but only partially by a privet hedge. Not only is differential reflection by various materials a somewhat troublesome practical consideration, but there is also the phenomenon known as specular reflection. This refers to the way a beam of sound, supersonic or audible, will tend, when striking a wall, to bounce off at an angle incident to the incoming beam. The energy might bounce around a room, from one wall to the next, and not come directly back to its source, as one would ideally like it to. Would a blind man with such a device, in fact, find himself in a confusing world of sound mirrors?

Another difficulty which had to be considered was the matter of ambient supersonics; that is, those sounds which the human ear cannot hear but which are all around us and which are constantly being generated by the wind swishing through leaves and through shrubbery and grass and around corners, by automobile tires on pavement and gravel, by elevated trains, by almost all grating surfaces.

These were only some of the discouraging difficulties with which the physicists who were charged with designing the artificial “bat eye” had to contend. To pessimists, the theoretician had one stock reply: “Sure, it looks tough. May be insoluble. But the bats do it, so there must be an answer.”

3

THE Committee on Sensory Devices set up three separate development contracts with industrial research laboratories high in the know-how of supersonics and electronics. The Brush Development

Company, which had already independently initiated some work on guidance devices for the blind, undertook to build an experimental test model using a crystal type of supersonic generator. The Stromberg-Carlson Research Laboratory, long engaged in theoretical and practical studies in acoustics, was directed to devise a similar model using a magnetostriction type of generator. And the Hoover Company Research Laboratory, versed in the mechanical mysteries of silent carpet cleaners, undertook the development of a model in which the supersonics were to be generated by mechanically striking bars, and with which the distance was to be approximated by means of a special “gating” mechanism.

These contracts were made more than a year ago, and some of the models have been completed and are being actively tested on blinded veterans at the Haskins Laboratories, where a growing and even more harassing set of problems is becoming evident. It is true that various types of energy, returning from reflecting surfaces, can give an accurate indication of distance. Oscilloscopes and other measuring instruments give dependable confirmation of that. But the blind man cannot watch the face of an oscilloscope or illuminated dials on a panel, as does the radar operator. The information furnished by the instrument must be fed into the blind man’s consciousness through one of his remaining senses. That the sense of hearing should be so employed was suggested by studying the blind man in his own attempts to overcome the handicap.

The blind man’s “sixth sense” has long been considered little short of miraculous. In accounting for this “sixth sense,” modern psychologists have been inclined to discount theories of “facial vision” or “pressure sense.” The plain truth of how the blind man gets around appears to lie in his heightened hearing acuity. The blind man walking along the street tapping his cane is not doing so to warn sighted people of his approach, but rather to set up sound waves in the air which echo back from reflecting surfaces in the vicinity. From the quality of these echoes and from long and desperate experience, he has learned to note subtle differences and from them to judge distance and, to some extent, even shape and quality.

The cane is often unnecessary, and many blind men prefer to dispense with it. A blind man may use his own footsteps as his sound generator. Some blind subjects listen to the wind and to the sound quality of the air as it sweeps around and is reflected by interposing obstacles. One of the blind men studied had developed his sense of hearing to such an extent that by merely rubbing his hand over the fabric of his trousers, he could generate enough almost inaudible noise to supply himself with an astonishingly accurate set of echo cues.

In view of the fact that the blind man’s ears are virtually his eyes, the artificial guidance instruments are being constructed so that the ranging information, so evident on the oscilloscope, is converted into

a series of audible sounds which the blind man hears through a miniature phone. If an obstacle is two feet away, say, and the "eye" is pointed at it, the blind man hears a warbling tone of low pitch, indicating his close proximity to the obstacle; an obstacle twenty feet away gives rise to a tone of higher pitch. There is already evidence to indicate that an accurate interpretation of these tones can be readily learned.

On the other hand, the psychologists would have preferred to leave the blind man's ears unimpeded. That means using one of the other senses or a direct connection with the central nervous system to get the ranging information into the blind man's consciousness. Smell and taste appear to be too strictly chemical for such adaptation. The sense of touch, on the other hand, seems worthy of consideration.

For example, the ranging information could conceivably be converted into mechanical energy which could, in turn, activate some sort of pressure or vibratory mechanism held in the hand or strapped to the skin. The greater the pressure or vibration on the skin, the closer the reflecting obstacle might be. Or a series of blunt pegs or pins could bear down on the skin with an intensity proportional to the distance to the obstacle. Some of the difficulties inherent to the tactile method are the low spatial discrimination of the sense of touch, physiological fatigue factors, conditioning, and inconvenience.

As for direct connection to the central nervous system, either surgical or induced, the possibilities at the present time do not seem to be very promising. In the first place, a large percentage of people who are totally blind have become so because of some injury to the retina or the optic nerves. Usually a degeneration and deadening of these nerves has occurred, so that surgically inserting an electrode does not seem feasible.

On the other hand, Helmholtz many years ago observed that if a skin electrode was applied to the fore part and another to the base of the head, and a very low alternating current was passed through these electrodes, the subject would become conscious of bright flickers corresponding in frequency to the rate of the current alternations. When used with the ranging instrument, rapid flashes could conceivably indicate proximity, slow flashes distance. At about fifty cycles per second the flickers fuse and are no longer discernible as discrete flashes.

The locus of stimulation by the current in the brain is not known, although it is suspected to be somewhere in the optic tissues. If these tissues are inactive, as is probably the case in most blind people, such a portal of entry for range information would have no utility.

4

It is therefore apparent that the major problem confronting the psychologist is to convert the information gathered by the ranging device into intelligible information for the blind man. Since the auditory

sense seems to be the most promising portal of entry, a rather elaborate study has been initiated to determine which sounds or which combinations of sounds should be employed. Pitch, loudness, time interval between tones, combinations of tones, and angle of the ranging beam appear to be the primary acoustical variables to be considered.

The lower limit of perception by the human ear is about 20 cycles per second and its upper limit is about 15,000. For the guidance device in which a tone of varying pitch is to be used, a range of between zero and 1000 cycles has been found initially to be the best when delivered to the ear in warbles of between 2 and 30 per second. The introduction of overtones, harmonics, and chords to give the signal a greater content of complexity is being studied.

The techniques for investigating the suitability of using sounds for conveying intelligence are in this instance largely pragmatic. The blind subject is given a supersonic instrument connected to an earphone, and is asked to make his way down a room about seventy feet long. This room is in reality a maze consisting of wooden obstacles of various sizes and shapes. If he makes his way through the maze of, say, twenty obstacles without bumping into any of them, his score is perfect. The obstacles are then rearranged and he is retested. If his score continues to be perfect, the channel between the obstacles is narrowed or smaller obstacles are used. At length, as this narrowing continues, he will begin making errors. At this point, if experience and practice factors have been kept constant, it is assumed that he is getting all he can out of the particular device and out of the particular set of signals being evaluated.

Now the range of the signals is altered or the intensity or combination is shifted, and the subject again goes through the maze. By hundreds of such tests on many blind subjects, the investigating psychologist can obtain data regarding the sort of signal from which the blind man can get maximum information.

Another way of performing such tests is to seat the blind man and introduce an object before him. With the help of the instrument he will estimate the distance the object is away from him. Then the distance will be changed and he will be asked to re-estimate it. Or obstacles of various shapes will be introduced in front of him — say, a board cut out in the shape of a large star, then one the shape of a circle, a square, a triangle. He will try to identify these. The degree of accuracy of his readings will give a clue as to the efficiency of the instrument and of the tones from which he is getting his information. Throughout all the tests attention is paid to the man's subjective reactions to the sounds, and an effort is made to satisfy his aesthetic preferences.

Many serious problems have become evident. For example, the type of signal most efficient for detecting the presence of large objects may not be the most efficient for detecting small objects. Or the angle of the beam which will tell a blind man of his approach

to an overhanging sidewalk awning may not warn him of his approach to a curb. And there are such factors to be considered as the user's own body movement, the correlation of his spatial sense with the direction in which his hand-held instrument is pointing, searching, and probing as he approaches the object, the regularity and angularity of the object, and the type of reflecting material. All these are critical and must enter into the final evaluation.

The ideal in the way of guidance devices, and one which seems almost fabulous, is "pattern vision"; that is, a sort of scanning system which, instead of giving the blind man only range and size, would present him with some sort of meaningful sound panorama. At the present state of sensory physiology, it is impossible to predict whether the ear is a sufficiently complex receiving organ and whether it is hooked up with the consciousness in such a way as to make this possible.

5

THE second primary objective of the Committee on Sensory Devices represents an even more perplexing and difficult development than that of the guidance device. It concerns the possibility of devising a system which will enable the blind man to read ordinary print through some sense other than the optical. This instrument would ideally consist of a stylus about the size of a fountain pen which would be used manually to scan the lines of print of an ordinary book. The information so garnered would be converted into some sort of audible signal. Such a device would open up the vast world of literature to the blind man. Using Braille, he is limited to a pre-selected group of books printed in weighty tomes. One can think of no greater boon than that of making all books, magazines, and papers available to the blind.

I recall the day in 1944 when the Committee on Sensory Devices held one of its meetings at the Research Laboratories of RCA. Among other demonstrations by staff members was one having to do with scanning print by five tiny aligned light beams, connected by a series of micro-lenses to a photosensitive mechanism. Each of these beams was tuned to a different pitch, which would sound when the beam was interrupted by the blackness of the printed letter.

When the five points were passed over the letter *I*, say, a musical chord consisting of all five tones would sound during the instant of passage. Over the letter *i*, which is shorter than the *I*, only three tones would sound. Over the letter *h*, first all five tones would sound, then only three as the beams passed over the hump of the *h*. For the letter *m* there would sound a chord of three notes in rapid succession. A young lady who had studied the system for only a few hours demonstrated that she could identify, with relative ease, most of the letters of the alphabet from the characteristic musical chords produced as the beams passed over the print.

The concept of a reading machine based on the

photoelectric principle was a natural derivative of the discovery many years ago that the metal, selenium, when illuminated, will undergo certain very precise changes in its electrical conduction characteristics. The extent of these changes bears a definite relationship to the amount of light energy falling on the metal. The principle of letter scanning, as demonstrated by the RCA engineers, was based on the idea developed about 1912 by a Frenchman named Fournier d'Albe. As early as 1920 the principle was engineered by Barr & Stroud of England into a machine called the optophone, which would read black print. This device was demonstrated in this country before various agencies for the blind. It was rejected at that time, for the good and sufficient reason that trainees could not learn to read at a useful speed.

When one examines the museum specimens of the optophone and other similar early attempts at reading machines, one marvels at the degree of constructional skill and the daring thought which must have gone into their conception. The engineering is beautiful; but the weakness appears to lie in faulty psychological premises. This difficulty quickly became evident to the investigators for the Committee on Sensory Devices, who examined the optophone to find out why subjects could not learn to read print at more than a few words a minute.

The trouble seemed to lie in the dependence of the device on letter perception rather than on word perception. The learner could not get beyond the primer stage of spelling out each word. The letters could be identified, but this was a slow and tiring process. To be useful, a reading machine would have to enable the blind person to read at least fifty words a minute. If every word had to be spelled out, such a speed would obviously not be attainable.

A non-photoelectric principle has also been explored by various inventors who have tried to devise reading machines. This involves mechanically embossing print on paper, in much the same way that Braille is printed. Like Braille, it is read with the finger tips. To some extent such embossed print may be read, but it has never been accepted by the blind because it is not less cumbersome than Braille, and is in fact not so easy to read. Its ineffectiveness, too, arises from its dependence on letter rather than word recognition.

In approaching the problem of developing a reading machine, the Committee did not want to abandon the letter-recognition principle *in toto* until more controlled and conclusive tests had been given it. So a dual program of investigation was initiated. The first aspect of this program undertook a close re-examination of various non-portable laboratory machines, with actual tests on blind or blindfolded subjects. In addition to the optophone, two other types of letter-recognition systems were studied. The first, or frequency-modulation system, scanned print with a narrow slit of light which when passing over the blackness of a letter would set up a tone varying in pitch in proportion to the amount of black area under the slit at any given instant. An *l* would block almost the entire length of

the slit and would therefore produce a tone of high pitch. The *i* would produce a tone of lower pitch. Most of the letters of the alphabet could be recognized, after some practice, from the characteristic tonal sequences produced.

A related system was developed by engineers of the RCA Laboratories. This system also made use of a light slit through whose long axis, however, an oscillating light spot swept rapidly up and down. The amount of blackness under the scanning device was converted into a tone which varied through a pitch range of 200 to 2000 cycles. Portable models of this RCA device are now under preliminary test on veterans at the Navy Medical Research Center.

6

PARALLEL to a study of such direct print-to-sound conversion systems, a detailed and long-term program is being carried on based on the fact that the human ear can comprehend speech at rates up to several hundred words per minute. There must be something inherent in speech which enables the ear to discriminate sound subtleties at the very rapid rates practiced by the Walter Winchells or the Floyd Gibbonses.

The first approach was to identify the key vowel and consonantal sounds which give voice its universal intelligibility. For example, a man from Georgia speaks a language far different phonetically from that spoken by a man from Maine. Yet there is enough phonetic similarity between the two dialects to make them easily intelligible. Psychologists incline toward the view that if the phonetics which all languages, including the foreign tongues, have in common could be used as the basis of sounds into which scanned letters and words could be converted, perhaps the language of the reading machine could be learned more easily and more rapidly. Such machines would not speak English, but would rather take advantage of the apparent speedy appreciation by the human ear of vowel and consonant-like tones, and would produce a language containing many speech-like sounds.

It seemed worth while, also, to consider the more difficult possibility of a machine which could be made to speak English from ordinary print. Such a machine would, perforce, "recognize" each letter or letter combination, and on the basis of that recognition would speak the phonetic equivalent of the letter or letter combination. A recognition machine could conceivably be constructed to operate at any of several levels of complexity. At the simplest level this machine would speak a given and fixed sound for each letter of the alphabet; at a higher level of complexity the machine would, according to the rules of English pronunciation, modify the sound for any given letter according to the combination in which the letter appeared. In view of the phonetic inconsistencies of the English language, it would probably be necessary to go to the higher level if the machine were to speak easily intelligible English.

All the machines described above have the initial and signal advantage of being able in theory to read ordinary print. The machines belonging to a fourth category would not read ordinary print, but a set of arbitrary symbols. These machines would, however, reproduce literal English from such symbols. Voice spectograms such as those developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, could conceivably be employed for such a hieroglyphic language. A voice spectogram is an electronically produced sound-picture of a word or phrase. If such sound-pictures could be printed in books to be scanned by the blind, the advantage would be that a new language would not have to be learned. The disadvantage would lie in the necessity for using a printing medium other than that already in use by sighted readers.

Final evaluation of reading machines rests upon the degree of reading proficiency which can be attained by numerous subjects after many hours of practice. It is obviously impractical to subject each of the many reading-machine ideas under consideration to this expensive and time-consuming procedure. In order to evaluate more quickly, a program has been set up which involves the following procedures.

The first consists of using laboratory short-cuts whereby the sounds which would be produced by a given machine can be synthesized or simulated without the necessity of having to build the final complex and portable model. The second procedure involves the setting up of tests which will permit a reasonably rapid collection of data from such simulated machines, from which valid comparisons can be made.

These tests may be of two types and at two levels:

1. Rote learning of the sounds produced by eight common words consisting of four letters each. Such tests can be run on many subjects at the same time, and require about one hour to administer.

2. "Semi-proficiency" tests involving six language-learning lessons recorded on phonograph discs. Each lesson takes forty-five minutes, and the subject learns the sounds produced by fifty-two words, of which forty-five are among the most common words of the language. The words are entered into sentence combinations, and training is standardized and so arranged that learning progress is continuously measurable. Such tests are being given to large student groups at Yale University.

To supplement and to standardize this part of the testing program, an artificially constructed language is being put through these same evaluation procedures. This language is a transliterated English and, as such, represents one ideal of a reading machine.

Whichever reading principles are selected as most promising on the basis of the above types of test must be assayed at a final proficiency level. This, of course, involves speed reading tests of new text under conditions which come as closely as possible to those prevailing when the machine would be used in actual practice by the blind.

A group of ten totally blinded veterans in New York City, together with some non-veteran blind, are

employed at the Haskins Laboratories to serve as test subjects for the guidance devices and reading machines. Each day these veterans come to the test rooms, guided in some instances by their wives, in others by a Seeing Eye dog, and in others only by a cane. For periods of one to two hours daily the blind men collaborate with the attending psychologists in working with breadboard or semi-portable models. Maze tests are run. Distance-approximation studies are made, as well as stopwatch records of the time required to identify various objects. Precise data are taken, using various devices under comparable conditions, so that the advantages of one device may be properly weighed against the advantages of another.

The blind subject explains his own reactions to the particular instrument under test, and suggests improvements. The psychologist has to know whether the tones are too harsh, too loud, too complex, too simple, so as to supplement his more precise measurement data.

Without exception, the blind subjects are enthusiastic about the whole development and test program. These men who have actually used a device in the laboratory appreciate more than anyone else the aims of the enterprise. One of the ace physicists on the research staff of the laboratory is himself totally blind and the holder of an earned doctorate. These subjects are surprised at the help which some of the devices, even in the present stage of development and research, can give to their already highly trained "sixth sense," once a person has mastered an interpretation of the tones. On the other hand, while they voice high enthusiasm over some of the attributes of a device, they also point out serious deficiencies.

One of the greatest hazards in the life of a free-roaming blind man is the down-step; that is, the ap-

proach to a curb from the upper side, or the approach to down-going stairs, or the edge of a subway platform. These situations are dangerous because they do not present a surface from which the echoes that the blind man normally employs may reflect. The supersonic and other guidance devices operate surprisingly well, for the probing beam overshoots the dangerous edge, and this registers in the earphone as a radical tone change that tells the blind man of danger ahead.

When will some of these guidance devices or reading machines be ready for distribution among the blind outside the laboratory? The answer at the present time is that there are still many very serious difficulties to be ironed out before even partial application will be attempted. A faulty or incomplete device of this sort is as bad as none at all — like a defective parachute. To those who are understandably impatient for quick results, it has to be explained that the work in these exciting and challenging fields of humanitarian research has only just begun. It took years to develop radar and submarine detection devices to the point where they could be useful.

The essential features of the problems are now clearly defined. The ultimate solutions of many of the problems are not yet in sight. Indeed, adopting a conservative view, one cannot venture to guess whether it is possible to devise artificial aids which will have more than special-use utility for the blind man, as distinguished from a hoped-for general substitution for sight. One feels most cautious about extending what could be a premature hope. The most that can be honestly said is that the government has set up a co-operative agency which can call on the best brains in the country to focus their energies on the problem. If there is a solution latent in our vast and growing technology, it will be found eventually.



FOR A READER OF GARDEN BOOKS

by HELEN BEVINGTON

BECAUSE it says to, not for whim,
 Recite a loud ancestral hymn;
 Beseech Arcturus his clear light
 Upon your seedlings; keep the rite
 To Ceres, votive let it be;
 And to ensure fertility
 By these observances, well-sung,
 For measure add some honest dung.
 Petition first for rain, and bring
 Two extra pots for watering.
 Fright off the overweening birds
 With clamor, or with magic words.
 Then lavish labor, at great price
 (On this is Virgil most precise),
 Because it says to! Come and look.
 I read it in a Garden Book.

AESTHETES' STOCK MARKET

by LEE SIMONSON

I

CRITICISM throughout the last century failed to perform one of its most essential functions: that of relating the creative artist to his potential public effectively enough to enable him to make a livelihood and so be free to create. There have been few rulers more stupid than Charles IV of Spain, but he did more to further Goya's career than the accredited art critics of the last century were able to do for either Corot, Manet, Cézanne, Lautrec, Degas, or Seurat, who remained free to express themselves because they could draw on a family fortune.

The bulk of what are now recognized as the masterpieces of French art of the nineteenth century would, in all probability, not have been produced if so many of the geniuses of French painting had not been men of independent means. The period of the proliferation of art criticism and the cult of aesthetic appreciation in the nineteenth century coincides almost exactly with the appearance — for the first time in the history of art — of “unrecognized geniuses,” in contrast to such innovators as Raphael, Michelangelo, Rubens, Goya, and El Greco, who were incessantly busy with commissions.

El Greco's painting was modern enough in his day to arouse protests against its technique and his interpretation of traditional subject matter. *The History of St. Maurice and His Companions* was originally commissioned for one of the altars in the Escorial. It was never placed there. Nevertheless Greco underwent no disheartening wait for recognition. Among his first works, one year after his arrival in Spain, was the altarpiece known as the *Expolio* (Christ despoiled of his raiment on Calvary) commissioned by a chapter of Toledo Cathedral. When the brotherhood protested both the treatment of the subject and the price demanded, — “excessive and beyond the bounds of reason,” — a lawsuit was begun by El Greco, and a

Scenic designer and critic of art, LEE SIMONSON was a director of the Theatre Guild, Incorporated, from 1919 to 1940, and in that span the sets he designed for *Liliom*, *Peer Gynt*, *Back to Methuselah*, *Elizabeth the Queen*, *Idiot's Delight*, *Marco Millions*, and *Amphitruon 38* will be well remembered. He is the author of *The Stage Is Set and Part of a Lifetime*.

The *Atlantic* has been privileged to draw two remarkable chapters from his forthcoming book, *Art Today*, which Duell, Sloan & Pearce will publish.

board of arbiters was appointed, consisting of an architect, a sculptor, and a silversmith assayer as chairman. It declared, in the chairman's words: “. . . seeing that the said painting is one of the best that I have seen, if it were to be estimated for its valuable qualities it would be valued at a much higher sum”; and fixed the price at no less than 3500 reals as the equivalent “of the price generally paid for the paintings by the great artists of Castile.”

Thus was a newcomer promptly welcomed and established. Can we imagine a similar verdict being brought in by a board of arbitration composed of Paul Manship, Harvey Wiley Corbett, and the manufacturing head of Tiffany's in the dispute between Diego Rivera and the owners of Rockefeller Center, who finally ripped his fresco, with its offending portrait of Lenin, off the wall?

There seems little prospect that, judged by its past performances and its present tendencies, what we still accept as art criticism can effect a more vital relationship between the spectator and the works of art he so proudly hails and so casually stares at. Frank Crowninshield, who as art editor of *Vanity Fair* so successfully increased popular appreciation of Post-impressionist painting in this country, speaks to the point when he says: “. . . it is always more difficult to differentiate between a great living master and the ruck of sentimentalists that surround him than it is to pick out the true masters of an earlier period. For when a really imposing figure has been dead forty or fifty years, we can see him with respect to the life and movements of his own time.”

The recurrent process of posthumous adulation typical of art appreciation in our time might well be symbolized by one of Rivera's murals, the *Feast of the Dead*, where Mexican peasants lay a table over graves and set out on it, between lighted candles, food that is to nourish mouths stopped with dust, the thick corn gruel made of bluish maize, the round, flat loaves of bread known as Dead Men's Bread. There could be no more appropriate name for our belated eulogies of our modern masters of art. Dead Men's Bread might well be a catalogue heading in a library for the bulk of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art criticism.

Contemporary criticism, from Diderot's *Salons* of

the eighteenth century to the journalistic pronouncements of the nineteenth century, provides an unbroken line of evidence; witness the comments of accredited art critics which greeted all the French innovators from Millet to Matisse when their canvases were first shown: *The Gleaners* (Louvre) — “three scarecrows in rags planted in a field, and like scarecrows they have no faces”; *The Man with the Hoe* — “this contempt for form and color . . . one recognizes once again the same cretin, the same idiot”; Courbet: *Burial at Ornans* (Louvre) — “The glorification of vulgar ugliness . . . an ignoble and impious caricature”; Manet: *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* (Louvre) — “Is this drawing, is this painting? Manet thinks he is strong, he is merely hard”; *Angels at Christ's Tomb* (Metropolitan Museum) — “The password is given and a minor school, thinking it has discovered the philosopher's stone of art, . . . wipes out at one blow idea, sentiment, composition, line, drawing, color, charm and beauty, above all beauty”; *Olympia* (Louvre) — guards had to be stationed near the picture to protect it from the brandished canes of an angry crowd — “Indecency,” “Ignorance,” “Irresponsibility” . . . “Manet is the monarch of monstrosities”; *Boy with a Fife* (Louvre) — “a Jack of Diamonds pasted on a door”; *Le Chemin de Fer* — “his painting is that of a shop front and his art rises at its highest to that of a sign painter”; *The Greenhouse* (Berlin Museum) — “the figures seem to be cut out and pasted on a background of colored paper.”

A few critics challenged the detractors, but they remained for years a valiant minority until the opposition, arguing in the name of supposedly immutable and eternal aesthetic verities, was discredited: Théodore Duret, who became the first historian of the Impressionist movement, and the now forgotten Sabathier-Unger, who, when the *Burial at Ornans* was being jeered at, predicted: “the picture will eventually reach a museum gallery a century or two hence . . . it will become a classic.” But the lesson is never learned. The pattern in which art criticism continues to be written would seem to have become an ineradicable convention: judgment is expressed in terms of oracular finalities, even if eventually the finalities cancel one another.

2

MANY of the more discerning judgments in modern art criticism have been made by persons either without formal aesthetic training or without the professional critic's pretense of dealing in universal categories and who, perhaps for that reason, were more receptive to unanticipated visual experiences. Among the first to hang a Cézanne canvas was Emile Zola. Another was Dr. Gachet, an obscure rural physician who also accepted as gifts examples of Van Gogh for which his brother, an art dealer at Goupil's, could not find a single purchaser.

Among Matisse's first patrons, when Paris critics

were howling him down as a “wild beast,” were Tchuckine, a Moscow merchant, and Michael Stein, a retired American businessman. His brother and sister, Leo and Gertrude Stein, who were among the earliest patrons of Picasso, were graduate students of philosophy with their degrees not many years behind them when they began their collections which for a decade made their studio in the Rue de Fleurus a Mecca for the partisans of Post-impressionist painting. The few art critics of the nineteenth century who saluted original talent, when it first appeared, in unequivocal fashion received their training in the workshop of literature: in France, Gautier, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Zola, Huysmans; in England, George Moore in defense of the Impressionists in *Modern Painting*, and George Bernard Shaw in *The Sanity of Art*.

At a moment when the Paris picture-going public were brandishing fists and canes at Manet's *Olympia*, Zola wrote, “I have said masterpiece and I do not withdraw the word.” Baudelaire hailed Delacroix as the “true type of poet-painter” and saluted one of Manet's earliest canvases, *Lola de Valence*, in a quatrain that evoked its “unexpected charm of a jewel in rose and black.” But here again every attempt to reach standards of aesthetic judgment that could be universally applied proved a failure.

Reviewing the Salon of 1848, Baudelaire wrote of Millet: “Millet strives to achieve a style. . . . It is his undoing. His peasants are pedants who have too high an opinion of themselves. . . . Instead of eliciting in a simple fashion the natural poetry of his subject Millet at any cost tries to add something to it. . . . This disability in Millet's painting spoils all the beautiful qualities which at first attract the eye to it.”

Gautier, who had hailed Millet's earlier canvases with enthusiasm, including *The Winnower* (Louvre) and *The Sower*, by 1861 complained “of the fantastic monstrosities as far removed from reality as the whipped cream of Boucher, Fragonard and Van Loo.” Of the *Burial at Ornans* Gautier exclaimed, “One doesn't know whether to laugh or weep. . . . There are heads that recall the painting of the sign boards on tobacco shops and menageries with their strange and outlandish drawing and color.” He approved the *Baigneuses* (Museum of Montpellier) with qualifications, admired certain details of tonality and modeling of the “monstrous” nude figure. “Is it out of hatred for the Venus de Milo that he has brought forth from this inky water this filthy body?” The painting as a whole demonstrated “great talent led astray.” But Gautier admired without qualification the pictures of Louis Boulanger and penned a eulogistic poem to him.

Victor Hugo in turn acclaimed Boulanger as “the greatest artist of his time” . . . composed a panegyric to Millet's *Sower*, and saluted Delacroix's *Sardanapalus* as a “magnificent thing and so gigantic that it is beyond all words.” And Zola, while he continued to admire Manet, Pissaro, and Monet, found

the painting of Millet's *Goose Girl Bathing* (1863) "soft and indecisive. One might think that the artist had painted on blotting paper. . . . I do not feel that the landscape has any reality." In 1879, fourteen years after his defense of *Olympia*, Zola recanted. As correspondent of the *Messenger de l'Europe*, published in St. Petersburg, he wrote, "At one moment they [the Impressionists] had great hopes for Manet, but Manet appears to be exhausted by his hasty methods of production; he is satisfied with approximations; he does not study nature with the passion of the true creator."

3

ARE painters themselves, with their experience of the creative process, better guides? Unfortunately not; they have almost invariably been narrow in their taste and violently intolerant of their peers, living or dead. Nothing seems more plausible than Whistler's contention made on the witness stand in the case of *Whistler vs. Ruskin*: "I should not disapprove in any way of technical criticism by a man whose life is passed in the practice of the science he criticizes." But in practice painters have invariably been contemptuous of techniques or forms of aesthetic vision other than their own.

Michelangelo experienced no qualms when Perugino's frescoes were wiped from the wall of the Sistine Chapel to make place for his *Last Judgment*, having been in the habit of referring to Perugino as a man without any sort of talent. Of Raphael he wrote in a letter, "All that he knows of art he learned from me." El Greco said of Michelangelo, "He was a good Italian and a good man, but he simply could not paint." Wilson, the English landscapist, described Gainsborough's landscapes as "fried spinach."

Ingres told his pupils, "Turn away from Rubens in the museums, whenever you meet him," and felt that Delacroix's "delirium of the brush" would lead to the decadence of French art. When Delacroix in 1851 was a candidate for election to the Academy, Ingres wrote to Robert Fleury, "I regret to see you support, in the person of an artist whose talent I recognize, . . . doctrines and tendencies which I believe dangerous and must reject." Delacroix, after visiting Ingres's studio, remarked: "I left him there in the full chill of creation." Of Millet he wrote in his journal (April 6, 1853), ". . . of the small number of his works, varying very little one from the other, that I have been able to see, one finds profound feeling but one that is also pretentious, which struggles with a method of painting that is either arid or muddled."

Courbet dismissed Manet's work as a pack of playing cards. Manet once remarked to Monet, "As Renoir's friend you ought to induce him to give up painting. You can see for yourself he's not cut out for it." Sisley protested to Renoir, "You're mad; what an idea to paint trees blue and the earth violet."

Renoir found that only Courbet's early work had any value. Manet referred to Cézanne as a bricklayer who seemed to lay on his paint with a trowel. When Van Gogh showed some of his canvases to Cézanne and asked his opinion of them, Cézanne replied, "To speak frankly, your painting is that of a madman." Beauty may be truth, truth beauty, and either presumably instantly recognizable by both poets and painters. But Shelley, who had completed the second and third acts of *Prometheus Unbound* in the Baths of Caracalla, on first seeing the Sistine Chapel, wrote that Michelangelo's "Jesus Christ is like an angry pot-boy, and God like an old alehouse-keeper looking out of a window."

4

BUT once the period of indecision was over, once an agreement was reached as to who the masters were, the value of their paintings, expressed not in terms of words, but in terms of francs, pounds, and dollars, rose at a constantly increasing rate; indeed, the increase in market value ranged from several hundred per cent up to several thousand per cent in the course of fifty years.

In 1872 Paul Durand-Ruel bought twenty-three paintings from Manet for 35,000 francs. Among them were: *The Beggar* for 1500 fr. (\$300), sold in 1912 to the Art Institute of Chicago for 100,000 fr. (\$20,000); *The Guitarist* for 3000 fr., sold to an American collector for 200,000 fr. (\$40,000); *L'Espagnol*, a portrait of Manet's brother in costume, for 1500 fr. (\$300), eventually sold to Mr. Havemeyer in the 1880's for 100,000 fr. (\$20,000); and *Le Liseur* for 1000 fr. (\$200), sold to the Cincinnati Art Museum in 1916 for 150,000 fr. (\$25,500). The increases here represent approximately 6666 per cent for the first three pictures, and 12,000 per cent for the fourth.

Mlle. Victorine in the Costume of an Espada (now at the Metropolitan Museum) was also bought in the same transaction, for 4000 fr. (\$800). It was later sold to Mrs. Havemeyer for \$15,000 — an increase of approximately 2000 per cent. *Les Paveurs de la Rue de Berne* was sold by Manet in 1878 for 1000 francs; in 1899, at the Chocquet sale, it sold for 13,500 francs. *The Torero Saluting* was purchased from Manet by Duret in 1870 for 1000 francs; in 1894 it brought 10,500 francs at auction, and was eventually sold to Mrs. Havemeyer by Durand-Ruel for \$8000 (4000 per cent increase). At the auction sale in 1884 of the pictures remaining in Manet's atelier at his death, *Jeune Fille dans les Fleurs* brought 150 fr. (\$32). In 1935 at the sale of the George Bernheim Collection in Paris it brought 130,000 fr. (\$8580), an increase of nearly 10,000 per cent. *La Leçon de Musique* at the atelier sale of 1884 brought 4400 francs. At the Rouart sale in 1912 it was knocked down for 120,000 francs, an increase of nearly 3000 per cent. *Claude Monet and His Family*, given to Monet and then returned to Manet as a result of a quarrel, was bought by a

German collector in 1910, together with Manet's portrait of Desboutin, for 300,000 marks (\$75,000).

Le Linge was appraised at 1500 francs in the inventory of Manet's estate. At the atelier sale of 1884 it was bought by his family for 8000 francs. It was bought in the 1920's by the German picture dealer Cassirer for \$80,000, and in 1936 acquired by the Barnes Foundation for what the *Art News* stated was a record price, reputed, among New York picture dealers, to be \$100,000. This seems more than probable in view of the fact that about fifteen years ago the *Portrait of Mme. Brunet* and *Le Chiffonier* were sold for between \$70,000 and \$80,000; in 1933 a member of the firm of one of the most important New York picture dealers remarked to me that a certain Manet still-life was a bargain at \$50,000. The price of any important example of Manet that changed hands today would be within a price range of from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Daumier earned a living and delighted a large public as a political caricaturist. But his paintings and water colors were unrecognized and during his life virtually unsalable. Occasionally they were disposed of through the efforts of his friends. Jules Dupré wrote him in a letter: "You will find enclosed herewith 200 francs. Sensier must have sent you 300. So your five drawings of lawyers are finally placed to the great satisfaction of those who have acquired them. I feel they have been sold for less than they are worth, but I did not dare to ask more for fear of failing to dispose of them."

In 1878, a year before Daumier's death, a small group of friends and patrons organized a retrospective exhibition at Durand-Ruel's galleries, of no fewer than ninety-four paintings, drawings, and water colors. Not one was sold. The exhibition failed to cover its expenses, leaving a deficit of 4000 francs for the organizers to meet, despite an enthusiastic press. "One speaks of great painting," wrote Viollet-le-Duc. "Well, here it is." And Fouché: "Daumier, known to the public as a draftsman, is certainly one of the greatest painters of the modern schools. He has everything: freedom of style, drawing, color, idea. The day will come—let us hope it will be soon, for Daumier is old and in want—when veritable collectors will fight to acquire at high prices these paintings by a great master."

The prophecy has been fulfilled, again half a century late. Of two Daumiers in the sale of Corot's effects in 1875, one brought 1500 fr. (\$300) and in 1902 sold for 25,200 fr. (\$5400); the other, which sold for 1660 fr. (\$252), brought 295,000 fr. (approximately \$11,800) at the Bureau sale in 1927. In the Rouart sale of 1912, *Un Coin de Palais* brought 14,100 francs, *Un Coin du Théâtre* (now in the Chester Dale Collection) 15,000, *Trois Avocats* (now in the Duncan Phillips Collection) 27,000, *Les Buteurs* (now in the Adolph Lewisohn Collection) 35,000, *Le Liseur* 46,500, *Crispin et Scapin* 66,000, and *Scène de la Révolution* 69,300. In 1913 *Le Wagon de Troisième*

Classe (Metropolitan Museum, Havemeyer Collection) was purchased at auction in New York (the Borden sale) for \$40,000. In the Bureau sale, 1927, *Don Quichotte et Sancho Panza* brought 1,290,000 fr. (\$51,600).

Shortly after Millet's death in 1875 the atelier sale of his paintings, drawings, and pastels brought 321,000 francs according to Paul Durand-Ruel, who conducted the sale. But after paying Millet's debts only 20,000 francs remained to his family. Their situation was so precarious financially, despite the official recognition and a certain degree of popularity that Millet had achieved in the last ten years of his life, that Corot within a month of his own death sent Mme. Millet 15,000 francs. A contribution box labeled "for the benefit of the artist's family" and hung at the door of an exhibition of pastels that preceded the auction netted the widow and her nine children an additional 2000 francs.

At the atelier auction, *L'Eglise de Gréville* was bought for the Luxembourg for 12,000 francs. The highest price paid was 24,000 francs for *La Mort du Cochon*. In a contract offered Millet for twenty-five paintings by the Parisian picture dealers, Arthur Stevens & Co., in 1860, the highest price offered for a single painting was 3000 francs for *Tobie*; three were priced at 2000 francs, eleven at 1000 to 1500 francs, and the balance at 300 to 600 francs. The highest price paid to Millet during his lifetime was 16,000 fr. (\$3200), by Durand-Ruel in 1873 for *La Femme à la Lampe*, sold in 1906 for 400,000 fr. (\$80,000), and was acquired by Henry Frick. In the same year Durand-Ruel purchased from Sensier, one of the earliest collectors of the Barbizon school, his fifty-three Millets, both paintings and pastels, for 116,450 francs, or an average of approximately 2200 francs apiece. Among them was a smaller version of *The Gleaners*.

Millet had originally sold *The Gleaners* to Sensier for 40 francs. The picture, now in the Louvre, was purchased privately by Mme. Pommery in 1889 and bequeathed to that Museum, to offset the loss of *The Angelus*, secured by the American Art Galleries at the Sécretan sale in 1889 for 553,000 francs. The fantastic rise in price of this painting is one of the most sensational records of the aesthetes' stock market. It was purchased from Millet in the sixties by a Belgian, Baron Papleu, for 1000 francs, after the picture dealer Stevens had failed to make good his offer of 3000 francs in 1860. Stevens then acquired it and sold it to the Belgian minister in Paris for 3000 francs in 1864, who exchanged it with a M. Tesse for another Millet he preferred. Tesse sold it to a M. Gavet for 8800 francs, who, in 1870, sold it to Durand-Ruel for 30,000, who in turn sold it to W. J. Wilson for 50,000. At the sale of Wilson's collection in 1881 it was acquired by Sécretan. He in turn sold it to the picture dealer Petit for 200,000 francs and repurchased it for 300,000. At the auction sale of Sécretan's collection in 1889 it brought 553,000 fr.

(\$110,600). It was eventually sold to M. Chauchard for 800,000 fr. (\$160,000) in 1910. The value of the painting had, in fifty years, increased to 800 times its original purchase price, a rise of 80,000 per cent.

Corot's paintings rose in market value at a similar rate of acceleration. The nine Corots which Durand-Ruel purchased in 1873 cost 19,500 francs, an average of slightly over 2000 fr. (\$400) apiece. In 1912 at the Dolfuss sale, *La Femme à la Perle* brought 150,000 fr. (\$30,000), *La Petite Charette dans les Dunes* 256,000 fr. (\$52,100); in the same year at the Rousell sale, *Danse sous les Arbres au Bord du Lac* brought 310,000 fr. (\$70,000). *L'Incendie de Sodome* was purchased from Corot by Durand-Ruel in 1875 for 15,000 francs, sold to Camando for 20,000, purchased from his estate by his son for 100,000, and eventually sold to H. O. Havemeyer for 125,000 francs. *La Toilette*, for which Durand-Ruel paid the artist 10,000 francs in 1873, at the Défossé sale in 1899 was bought by his widow for 175,000. Shortly before 1914 she refused an offer of 800,000 francs, according to a statement in Durand-Ruel's memoirs. Four landscapes painted for Decamps and used as murals in the dining room of his house at Barbizon were bought by Leighton, the English painter, for 4000 fr. (\$800). They were sold in the sale of his effects in 1896 for 6000 guineas (\$31,500).

Monet, like Renoir, was one of the Impressionists who lived long enough to benefit by the appreciation of his work. In 1881 he received from Durand-Ruel 300 francs a canvas; in 1883, 600 francs; in 1884, 800-1200 francs; in 1887, 1000-1600 francs; and in 1887 for the first of his water lily series 6000-7000 fr. (\$1200-\$1400). This rising scale was later reflected in the auction room, where a number of his canvases, between 1897 and 1900, brought from 12,000 to 15,000 fr. (\$2200 to \$3000), the highest bid in that period being 22,000 fr. (\$4500) for *Au Jardin* in 1898. In 1928 *Effet de Neige* brought 190,000 fr. (\$11,600) and *Les Bateaux à Argenteuil* 481,000 fr. (\$19,240).

5

THE rise in the market value of Post-impressionist masterpieces has been as spectacular and over a shorter period. The sales of Van Gogh, Cézanne, and Seurat were almost entirely posthumous, the rise in value running from 0 to the \$110,000 paid for Cézanne's *Bathers* in 1937.

Cézanne stored his pictures between 1887 and 1889 in Paris with "le Père" Tanguy, a former Communeard and dealer in artists' materials, who was authorized to sell them at 40 francs for the smaller sizes and the larger ones for 400 francs. Vollard saw his first Cézanne at Tanguy's shop. Chocquet was his only steady patron, having acquired thirty-three canvases by 1899 at prices that do not seem to have been recorded. After Tanguy's death his Cézanne's were sold at auction in 1894. Four of them brought

respectively 145, 170, 175, and 215 francs. At the Chocquet auction sale of 1899 the *Panorama Auvers sur Oise*, now in the Art Institute of Chicago, brought 1400 fr., (\$280), at the Viau sale, 1907, 14,200 fr. (\$2850), and at the Strolin sale, 1921, 65,500 fr. (\$4890). Its sale value today would be not less than \$25,000 and would probably be nearer \$50,000. A *Still Life* (Bliss Collection, Museum of Modern Art) brought \$21,000 at the Kelekian sale in 1922. The early *L'Enlèvement*, which brought 4200 fr. (\$840) at the Zola Collection sale in 1903, brought \$24,000 at the Havemeyer Collection sale in 1930. In 1913 *Woman in Crinoline* (Museum of Western Art, Moscow) was sold by Vollard to Morosoff of Moscow for 30,000 fr. (\$6000), and he purchased the *Still Life of Pears and Peaches* (Museum of Western Art, Moscow) for the same price. If 400 fr. (\$80) represents the market value of a Cézanne canvas in 1889, their rise in value by 1913, seven years after Cézanne's death, was 7500 per cent.

Cézanne's son in 1938 was holding *Les Stacks*, a study of chimneys, for 1,500,000 fr. (\$60,000). In less than fifty years the market value of an example of Cézanne has risen from \$41 to \$110,000.

Seurat died in 1891. In 1901 one of his pictures sold for 27 francs. A year later a retrospective exhibition of fifty-three of his drawings and paintings was held; none was sold. In 1937 at the Sullivan Collection sale a pencil study *Un Bras Levé* sold for \$2000 and another pencil study 11½ by 8 inches, *La Jeune Fille de Chevalet*, brought \$5700. André Fage in *Le Collectionneur de Peintures Modernes* says that *La Parade* was bought for 3,000,000 francs. If the acquisition was made in 1930 when the picture was shown by Knoedler in an "Exhibition of Masterpieces by 19th Century French Painters" the price paid would have been the equivalent of \$120,000; if it was made in 1936 when the acquisition of this work by the Stephen C. Clark Collection was announced in the *Art News*, \$183,000.

That the acquisition of masterpieces of modern art is made with money is not often publicly admitted, a reticence that reminds one of the Victorian reluctance to admit that intercourse is a necessary preliminary to childbirth. Love was then so lovely it could not be associated with anything as animal as sex; and art is still so "spiritual" that the public must not be reminded it is somehow connected with anything as material as ready cash. In millionaires' galleries pictures are supposed to have come from the anywhere into the here, but not from picture dealers.

In 1891 Gauguin, in order to raise funds for his first voyage to Tahiti, sold thirty of his pictures at public auction and realized 9860 francs, or slightly under 330 fr. (\$65) per painting. In 1912, at the Rouart sale, *Papaete* brought 31,500 fr. (\$2800), a *Landscape* 32,000 fr. (\$6400). At the Degas sale, 1918, *La Belle Angèle* brought 32,000 fr. (\$5760),

and four other canvases, *Tahitienne*, *Femme Arrise*, *Paysage Tahiti*, and *Jeune Tahitienne* 14,000 francs (\$2520) each. *L'Oiseau des Isles* (Museum of Western Art, Moscow) was bought by Morosoff from Vollard in 1919 for 27,000 fr. (approximately \$4400); in 1908 he had purchased *The Big Buddha*, now also part of the Museum of Western Art Collection, for 20,000 fr. (\$4000).

In 1921 the Worcester Art Museum acquired *La Femme Accroupie* for \$20,000, the first example of Gauguin to be acquired in this country by a public institution. If one takes the average sale price of Gauguin's canvases in his auction of 1891 as indicative of their market value at that time, the market value of an example of Gauguin in thirty years, 1891 to 1921, had increased 300 times, or 30,000 per cent. The figure would probably be quadrupled if the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston would disclose what it paid for its Gauguin: a similar canvas, if not the same one, was offered to another museum for \$85,000.

Comparatively few Van Goghs have changed hands publicly. But the record of auction prices for the last thirty years follows the same ascending curve.

1908 —		
	<i>Cottages at Auvers</i>	5,865 fr. (\$1165)
	Purchased by Morosoff.	
1908 —		
	<i>Café de Nuit</i>	7,500 fr. (\$2500)
	Purchased by Morosoff.	
	Formerly Museum of Western Art, Moscow.	
	Now Stephen C. Clark Collection, New York.	
1909 —		
	<i>Le Rond des Prisonniers</i>	17,000 fr. (\$3400)
	Purchased from Prince de Wagram Collection.	
1913 — Nemés Sale		
	<i>Nature Morte</i>	32,000 fr. (\$6400)
1928 — Ganz Sale		
	<i>Les Usines</i>	180,000 fr. (\$7200)
1931 —		
	<i>L'Escalier, Moulin de La Galette</i>	69,500 fr. (\$2780)
1932 — Silverberg Sale		
	<i>Arles, Pont Tronquetalle</i>	361,000 fr. (\$14,440)
1932 — Paquement Sale		
	<i>La Méridienne</i>	280,000 fr. (\$11,200)
1935 — Neuman Sale, N. Y.		
	<i>Printemps près d'Arles</i>	\$15,000
1939 — Sullivan Sale, N. Y.		
	<i>Portrait of Mlle. Ravoux</i>	\$19,000
1939 — Lucerne Auction		
	<i>Self Portrait</i>	175,000 Swiss fr. (\$39,000)
	From the Munich Museum.	

With Renoir the same case history repeats itself. In 1879 the Impressionists — among them Degas, Monet, Sisley, and Renoir — organized their first exposition. It was apropos of this exhibition that the press coined the word "impressionist" as a term of ridicule. Desperate for funds, the following year they held their first public auction, with police in attendance to prevent a riot, while spectators jeered and howled at every bid. The seventy-three pictures

brought 11,496 francs, an average of about 156 fr. (\$31) apiece. Among them were Monet's *Printemps*, 205 fr. (\$41), later bought by Tschudi for the Berlin Museum for 40,000 fr. (\$8000), Degas's *Intérieur de Coulisse*, which brought 400,000 fr. (\$80,000) at the Rouart sale in 1912.

Renoir's *La Source* brought 110 fr. (\$22), and was later bought by the Prince de Wagram for 70,000 fr. (\$14,000); *La Toilette*, sold to Duret for 140 fr. (\$28), was bought by Durand-Ruel in 1894, at the sale of Duret's collection, for 4200 fr. (\$840) and resold in the early 1900's to an American collector for 100,000 fr. (\$20,000); in 1912 Durand-Ruel estimated the market value of *La Source* to be 200,000–300,000 fr. (\$40,000–\$60,000), and at that time was offered 350,000 fr. (\$70,000) for *La Loge*, which Renoir showed at the exhibition of 1874. In 1928 the *New Yorker's* "Paris Letter" reported a small still-life of peaches priced at \$18,000, a *Baigneuses* at \$40,000. When *La Danse à la Campagne* was acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston its market value was not much less than \$100,000. *The Mussel Fishers of Berneval* was purchased by Durand-Ruel in 1879 for approximately \$90 and kept by the firm until it was sold to the Barnes Foundation for \$175,000 in 1942; the purchase price was proudly announced to the press by Dr. Barnes himself.

6

TO BUY the right pictures can be more profitable than to buy the right stocks, and the ability to anticipate a rise in the aesthetes' stock market provides a rate of return on invested capital not to be had unless one had been in "on the ground floor" and been able to buy original shares of Ford Motor stock, General Electric, or Standard Oil. Anyone who bought examples of Van Gogh, Seurat, Gauguin, and Cézanne at market while these men were alive, held the purchases for forty or fifty years, and then sold them at the current market would have made a profit running into thousands of per cent. Any European capitalist who had invested in these painters would not only have preserved that portion of his fortune intact but would have vastly increased it, despite every post-war deflation, the collapse of the mark, the devaluation of the franc. His profits would not have been paper profits, but would have been realizable in cash in foreign exchange at any time, for the values established were international and accepted not only in Berlin and Paris but in London and New York. The gilt-edge securities of the aesthetes' stock market, in contrast to almost every other form of security, have been secure, and in this country the picture market has maintained the "higher plateau of values" which caved in under the feet of Wall Street in 1929.

But it is not necessary to go in for what stock exchange investors call the long pull to realize extraordinary profits, as the records of resale Paris auctions

show, provided a collector is content merely to double or triple his money in a continuous bull market.

Cézanne —

<i>Nature Morte: Deux Poires</i>	1919	3,000 fr. (\$410)
	1924	18,000 fr. (\$945)

Degas —

<i>Cavalier</i> (charcoal)	1919	450 fr. (\$53)
	1927	3,500 fr. (\$140)
<i>Danseuse en bleu</i> (pastel)	1918	3,800 fr. (\$684)
	1927	26,000 fr. (\$1040)
<i>Alexandre et le Bucéphale</i> (painting)	1919	2,400 fr. (\$336)
	1927	20,100 fr. (\$804)

These profits of 100 per cent or more were realized despite the fact that from 1919 to 1927 the exchange value of the franc in dollars declined from an average of approximately 14 cents to 4 cents. In every case the increase in value of the paintings listed below more than offset the decline in exchange value. What better "hedge" against deflation could have been found than a work of art?

de Segonzac —

<i>Les Buveurs</i>	1912	900 fr. (\$140)
	1925	90,100 fr. (\$3604)

Gauguin —

<i>Fleurs et Fruits</i>	1923	14,000 fr. (\$840)
	1929	42,700 fr. (\$1708)

Toulouse-Lautrec —

<i>Portrait of Oscar Wilde</i> (water color)		
Purchased by A. Natanson from		
A. Antoine		2,000 fr. (\$400)
Auctioned	1929	290,000 fr. (\$11,600)

Rousseau —

<i>Portrait of Brummer</i>	1921	11,400 fr. (\$855)
	1927	98,100 fr. (\$3900)

Utrillo —

<i>L'Eglise Blanche</i>	1918	400 fr. (\$72)
	1926	38,000 fr. (\$1231)

Monet —

<i>Entrée du Port, Belle-Isle</i>	1901	6,650 fr. (\$1350)
	1925	60,000 fr. (\$2362)

The market in certain modern painters being steadily a bull market, to be in and out of that market even at short intervals, buying and selling, rebuying and reselling, can be highly profitable as a comparison of the highest bids at Paris auctions at intervals of six years will show:

	1922	1923	1928	1929
Bonnard	fr. 5500 (\$440)	fr. 6100 (\$366)	fr. 60,000 (\$2400)	fr. 68,000 (\$2720)
Bracque		fr. 570 (\$34)		fr. 50,000 (\$2000)
Derain	fr. 8500 (\$680)		fr. 75,100 (\$3004)	
Dufy	fr. 820 (\$65)			fr. 15,800 (\$742)
Matisse	fr. 5800 (\$464)		fr. 60,000 (\$2400)	fr. 91,000 (\$3640)
Picasso		fr. 500 (\$30)	fr. 52,000 (\$2080)	fr. 52,000 (\$2080)

In the auction sale at Lucerne of the Post-impressionist paintings from German museums considered too subversive by the Nazi regime to remain on view there, Matisse's still-life *Komposition in Blau* from the Frankfurt-am-Main Gallery brought 8000 Swiss

francs (\$1800), his *Three Women with a Tortoise* 9100 Swiss francs (\$2047.50); Picasso's *Buveuse Accroupie* (1903) 42,000 Swiss francs (\$9000), his *Acrobat et Jeune Harlequin* 80,000 Swiss francs (\$18,000). The market value of *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* acquired by the Museum of Modern Art was about \$20,000. In this country, representative paintings by Picasso, depending on their period, command prices of from \$10,000 to \$30,000.

The possibilities of profit-taking by manipulating the gilt-edged securities of the aesthetes' stock market were pointed out by André Fage, acting as investment counsel, in *Le Collectionneur de Peintures Modernes*, a carefully documented investors' guide. Collections of paintings can be assembled like investment portfolios, satisfy a variety of tastes, and at the same time be a capital asset, provided that market trends have been expertly appraised. A collection of one picture per painter of the Barbizon school, nine painters, including Corot, Rousseau, Millet, and Daubigny, was worth 150,000 to 300,000 francs in 1930; a collection of eighteen Impressionists and Neo-impressionists, including Cézanne, Manet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Degas, was worth 800 to 1,800,000 francs; "stylists," including Matisse, Gauguin, Picabia, and Puvis de Chavannes, was worth 500,000 to 700,000; a collection of pointillistes — Seurat, Signac, Cross — was worth from 60,000 francs to a maximum which could not be set, because of the scarcity prices paid for Seurat's limited production. "The truth is, that the market for Seurat, as they say on the exchange, is extremely tight."

But the patron of art might have assembled his collections by subject matter rather than by schools: landscapists running from Courbet and Corot to de Segonzac, 750,000 to 1,800,000 francs; still-lives, including Cézanne and Van Gogh, 500,000 to 1,000,000 — without Cézanne and Van Gogh, 130,000 to 200,000; genre painters, including Daumier, 300,000 to 1,500,000; and so on through paintings of Paris, paintings of snow, paintings of trees, paintings of nudes.

There is a solid financial foundation for every taste and a predictable financial future, provided a few essential rules are observed: "Such collections are to be assembled eclectically and with complete objectivity. . . . Buy when times are bad; sell when times are good. . . . Never buy a picture without having seen it."

The posthumous glorification of art *in excelsis* tends to keep the modern art market restricted and uncertain. The collector of moderate means, like most art critics and museum curators, hesitates to risk his reputation, even among his friends, by taking a chance on a newcomer. Moreover he could not, as a rule, afford living quarters with enough wall space to hang more than three or four of the pictures he might acquire. The wealthy collector, well aware of the history of collecting in the last century, prefers to wait and then invest \$5000 to \$20,000 or more in a single canvas that will contribute to his prestige,

prove a sounder financial investment than many of his stocks and bonds, and at his death be an asset to his estate or a means of perpetuating his name as a museum donor.

But if the lag in public appreciation of pioneer artists cannot be shortened it can be compensated for. In France in 1920, a law known as *le Droit de suite* made a percentage of the receipts from all works of art sold at public auctions payable to the artist or his heirs. The percentage is on a sliding scale, beginning with one per cent on sales up to 10,000 francs and rising to three per cent on 50,000 francs and over. At the Gangnat sale in 1925, 225,000 francs went to the heirs of Renoir and Cézanne, 150,000 to Daumier's. The percentage might well be higher, for these sums represented a very small fraction of the spread be-

tween the original purchase price and the sale price of most of the pictures involved.

This French law is an innovation that should be duplicated in this country, with its scope enlarged to include private resales as well. The artist might then stand to benefit during his lifetime as his reputation became established and his work commanded higher prices. Such a law would in effect be an equivalent of copyright, which gives to authors and composers legal title to royalties over a long period.

Painters and sculptors have every right to some share in the profits which their genius makes possible. Every art patron should welcome the opportunity of contributing to such an effort, a necessary first step in aiding the artist in his struggle for economic security in the world of today.

OF SOUTHERN LADIES

by BRANCH CABELL

I

THAT, without any fear of succeeding, the intrepid native Virginian will dauntlessly attempt to conceal his superiority to everybody else remains a tribal virtue which has not escaped the comment of anthropologists. He treads among the commonalty of other commonwealths, it has been remarked, with the meticulous and maddening courtesy of M. le Duc upon a casual visit to the peasantry of this or the other of his minor estates. And yet not really for this Virginian version of politeness is any living Virginian who can remember when Grover Cleveland occupied the White House at all blameworthy. Rather is this an enforced trait which has been developed in the man's nature by two circumstances such as through no precautions could he have avoided.

The one circumstance is that throughout the first years of his life (during which his character was taking form, irretrievably) he was reared as a godling who could not, not even in the false teeth of parental reproof, be wrong as to anything. The second circumstance is that he knows there has been reserved for him in heaven a very special place.

In short, he once had a mammy.

With a forlorn sense of impotence, one pauses here to reflect that, nowadays, in no household anywhere

does one find an authentic mammy; so that whosoever speaks as to this vanished subdivision of fauna needs to depend upon a scant number of sexagenarians to divine exactly what he may be talking about. For the mammy, the true mammy, the mammy *au vieille roche*, is now extinct, along with the passenger pigeon and the bison and the hack driver; but in the Richmond of the 1880's a mammy still ruled over every household in which there were children.

So in no part of Richmond were mammies infrequent; but it was in Monroe Park that you noted them, upon clear afternoons, in full panoply. To every bench there would be two or three mammies; alongside most of the benches sprawled a baby carriage formed of rotund and elaborately betwisted wickerwork, of which the occupant was screened by a vividly blue veil; and whatever it was that mammies talked about, for some two hours, with a serene and Oriental indolence, between their slow outbursts of sedate Olympian chuckles, you did not ever hear, because you were playing, in common with a select number of yet other children, under the uncompromising surveillance of all these mammies. Any one of them, at any instant, might direct toward you the attention of Sister Nelson with an acerb shrillness. And besides that, when you played in Monroe Park, you had to be careful not ever, upon any imaginable pretext, to get your nice clean linen suit messed up; because otherwise you became just the most aggravating child that ever was.

A Virginian, born and bred in Richmond, BRANCH CABELL, the novelist and historian, is doing what every eloquent Southerner would like to do on reaching maturity: he is writing a book about his beloved country. In this essay he pays his tribute to certain Southern ladies in words that touch the heart.

These ladies wore white caps and large white aprons, befrilled proudly. They ran, rather, to stoutness; and to steel-rimmed spectacles they accorded a perceptible vogue. Each one of them was — legally, at any rate — a Negress. Each one of them some twenty years earlier had been a slave; but now they were tyrants. Not for one quarter instant would I suggest that their despotism was often, or indeed ever, unkindly. I mean merely that none dared to assail the authority of the mammies of Richmond within the borders of their several kingdoms; and that this was especially true of the parents who paid to each one of them ten dollars a month.

I grant that in every household — in order, it is my theory, to cajole into self-complacence the cook and the house girl — the children's mammy was ranked, through a jocose flight of fancy, as being one of the servants. For that, most precisely, is what a mammy was at no time whatever, except only upon the courteous principle by which a monarch elects, in state papers or in formal proclamations, to describe himself as being the servant of his people.

In brief, the mammy was a Virginian institution which, under the encroachments of democracy, has vanished; she survives only in the heart's core of her fosterlings; and she is not comprehensible any longer except by those who have need to remember her forever. The children of Virginia, so nearly as I can understand their unhappy estate, are looked after nowadays, more or less, by a visitant duchess, more or less Negroid, who stays with them for as long as the job contents her; and who passes on by-and-by to another nursery somewhere else. Her place is then filled, for a month or it may be for two months, by some other nomad; and later, by yet another. Thus Amurath to Amurath succeeds, barbarically. It must be, for these luckless children, rather like living in a world which every once in a while shoots off into space and finds an alien sun about which to revolve. It is, at any rate, a state of affairs which does not bear thinking about, by us who once had a mammy.

2

AND so, while in theory I would like for a fair number of these children to be dealt with competently by Mrs. Louisa Nelson, yet to the other side Mrs. Nelson was my mammy; and she was by me regarded with an affection which, during some sixty years of research work, I have not found any other person to merit. Were she alive today, I with an incivic stoicism would observe every brat upon earth in transit to a state reformatory rather than permit Mrs. Nelson to leave me. For she was my mammy once, now, and forever afterward; so that I must decline, even in thought, to be severed from her by the dictates of altruism.

Although, of course, she had not always been Mrs. Nelson. In fact, at the beginning, which was about 1820, she was just Louisa, when she belonged to Miss

Patsy Brander. She was Miss Patsy's own colored girl; and every night she used to sleep in old Miss Patsy's room, in the trundle bed which enduring the day you stuck under Miss Patsy's big bed. That was so you could wait on Miss Patsy Brander, in case she wanted something, or if Miss Patsy got took sick in the night. She did, right often. And so Miss Patsy had a little stepladder to get in and out of bed with.

All this was sort of before Mammy had married up with Mr. Cornelius Winston, who belonged to Miss Patsy too; and he was mighty handsome. He was always pleasant spoken. He toted fair with the high and the low. He was a fine good man. Mr. Winston was just the finest man that anybody ever knew. So he and Mammy were real happy together in those bad old slavery times; and their daughter was named Kizzy. But Miss Patsy Brander up and died; and when her ownings got settled, Mr. Cornelius Winston was sold off to be the head butler for a white gentleman that fancied him a heap, out West.

That was why Mammy did not ever see Mr. Winston again until after The War. He came back to her then, to find out how she and Kizzy were getting along; and he and Mr. Solomon Simms liked each other very much.

Mr. Solomon Simms was the other gentleman that Mammy was married to by this time. And Mr. Winston had married up too, to a colored lady in Kentucky. So he brought her picture along with him, and a picture of both the children, to let Mammy see what his family looked like. Mr. Winston was always mighty thoughtful. They were nice enough children; they took after Mr. Winston, you could tell that right off. The boy was his very living spit and image. But if you wanted an honest and true to God opinion, that fat, greasy-mouthed colored woman was kind of ornery looking. Anyhow, Mr. Winston and Mr. Simms got along fine; and Mr. Winston stayed with them, out on the farm over in Powhatan County, for about two weeks.

After Mr. Winston went away, he sent back some presents for Kizzy, and along with them came a necklace of real coral beads for little Julia Simms, so as to keep her from having croup. Julia was Mammy's other daughter. You could always count on Mr. Winston to act handsome. And that was the last what Mammy ever heard about him. She sure would have liked to find out what did become of Mr. Winston, when she had his street address out in Kentucky too, where he was setting up at catering and waiting on white people's parties; but then she and Mr. Winston never could get around to learning just how to read and write, what with all the other things they had to do.

And presently Mr. Simms, that nebulous and, as one somehow felt, that rather shiftless farmer — concerning whom, to the best of your recollection, you at no time heard anything quite definite, except only his delight in being honored with a visit by Mr. Winston, his all-gifted predecessor — Mr. Solomon Simms of Powhatan took sick and died.

That was how Mammy came to marry Mr. Jeremiah Nelson, who was just as smart as you make them. He was right dark-complected, though.

Mr. Nelson was a city gentleman. He was born and brought up in Richmond. He had rooms upon St. James Street. He worked for the Richmond *Evening State*. He packed papers.

One imagines, nowadays, this must mean that Mr. Jeremiah Nelson used to tie up, with very shaggy brown string, and to deposit within the *State's* delivery wagons, those oblong bundles of printed matter which, later, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, when people were watering their front yards, and Mammy was wheeling John's baby carriage back home from Monroe Park, and you and Robert were walking alongside her, were flung out upon the red brick sidewalk, with an unforgettable massive slumping noise, and came pretty close to you sometimes, so that you held on to Mammy's skirts, while the enormous Percheron horse which drew the white-and-blue covered wagon continued its unhurried trotting toward wherever it was going.

One is not certain. One does not even know upon what principle those big bundles of newspapers were flung out upon the pavement, or who took charge of them afterward. One knows only that Mr. Nelson packed papers for the Richmond *Evening State* until the final 1870's, which was when Mr. Jeremiah Nelson died.

And to the very last, let it be observed, Mr. Nelson acted with more force of character than was displayed by Mr. Solomon Simms, who, so far as it can be remembered, did not even die of anything in particular. But Mr. Jeremiah Nelson died of pneumonia, just like that, and almost before you could snap your fingers, along about three days after he caught a bad cold in a snowstorm; and it showed how careful you ought to be about not forgetting your rubbers.

That was why Mr. Nelson's widow decided to work out. She retained the rooms upon St. James Street. But she came to my parents when their first child was a month old, and when she was fifty-two, and she remained with us for the rest of her life.

3

It is a trait to be dwelt upon, the fact that after some threescore years of existence, Mrs. Nelson came to us when she was fifty-two, because never during the time that one knew her did her age vary. She was fifty-two. If pressed as to this point, through any ignoble considerations of arithmetic, or if reminded, with an unmannerly precision, as to the unusual number of years throughout which she had stayed fifty-two, she would so far yield as to concede that anyhow she was about fifty-two. Beyond that, there was no budging her, not even in her most lenient moments.

Now, technically, Mrs. Louisa Nelson was a

Negress; but it is not conceivable that anybody ever said so in her presence, not even after she had become very deaf. She elected instead to rank as a colored person; and her color, to be precise, was the just not golden yellow of peanut butter. As to her parents it is not remembered that Mrs. Nelson ever spoke, but her features were unmistakably Indian; her eyes had the alert black gleam of undried ink; her nose hooked slightly; her lips were thin. She too was thin; and until she had passed eighty, a ramrod would have seemed, in comparison with Mrs. Nelson, to be liquescent. Upon her flat left breast, except only when she visited Monroe Park, or during yet more stately occasions which called for an appearance in her black silk dress, she wore two or three needles with thread in them; she had wholly beautiful white crinkly hair; and she smelled very pleasantly with an indefinable odor which I can but describe as that of musk mingled with cloth.

She must have had Negro blood, but in her exterior there was not any trace of it. She most certainly had a great deal of Caucasian blood; and one imagines that every drop of it was aristocratic. Mrs. Nelson, in any case, was.

She likewise was that patron saint who performed miracles for your comfort tirelessly; and who served as an efficient mediator between you and powers which (in academic theory) were stronger than Mrs. Nelson, such as unfamiliar policemen and God and large dogs and your parents. Parents were well enough in their place, and you loved both of them; but, relatively, their place was remote; and in it they now and then were engaged, with an irresponsible graveness, by grown-up affairs in which you were not interested.

Mrs. Nelson had no such frivolous avocations: to her children (a heading under which she did not include Julia and Kizzy, or any of Kizzy's descendants, but which meant your two brothers and you) she devoted twenty-four hours of each day — excluding only her Sunday afternoons and her Thursday evenings out. She went then to her rooms upon St. James Street. She was Head of the Subordinate Department of the Tents of Ham and the Daughters of David; and upon St. James Street the members of this organization were accustomed to confer with Sister Nelson as to matters which she could not talk to you about, because they were Lodge secrets.

You did not mind the Sunday afternoons, when company came in, or else you went out with your parents somewhere and were allowed to be company yourself, and to let people see your raising, just as Mrs. Nelson had told you to do. But Thursday evenings were lonesome, after you had gone to bed, and the gas jet out in the hall had been turned down, and when both your brothers were asleep. Robert talked in his sleep a great deal, but that was not any help. As you remembered it afterward, there was always a soft-coal fire in the room upon those long

Thursday evenings; and this made the shadow of the mantelpiece, upon the wall above it, jump every which way, like a big black chained-up Something that was trying to get loose with no friendly intentions.

So you did not ever quite fall asleep until after Mrs. Nelson came in at twenty minutes after eleven. She said that you ought to have been asleep long ago. She asked if you children had been good children, and not kept everything in a swivet the first minute her back was turned. She brought you a glass of water, because you said you were sort of thirsty. That was so you could touch her. Then she got into her bed, which was next to your bed; and you went to sleep in less than no time, because everything was all right, now that Mammy was back.

So long as Mrs. Nelson stayed near you, all matters tended to straighten themselves out satisfactorily. Even when you were sick-in-bed (for until you were at least ten years old you thought of this condition as being one word), she saw to it that you were not very sick, and had a plenty of boiled custard, and in fact, rather enjoyed yourself. But she remained rigid. She was not touched to the quick, nor did she condole, when you were sick-in-bed. It was her official attitude upon all such occasions that you were just upsetting the house from top to bottom by being sick-in-bed. For there was not anywhere one minim of tenderness in Mrs. Nelson's nature, nor any reasonableness either, but only an unlimited devotion to her children.

So did it follow that at all times her ideas as to corporal punishment stayed sound and unshakable. To begin with, she did not ever concede that in any circumstances any one of her children had been bad; at utmost, the small accused might have been, it was allowed fair-mindedly, sort of mischeevous, but then, good Lord, what child would not be, when folks started in to upset him like that without attending to their own business? Through this dashing gambit, any parentally discussed punishment, instead of figuring as the result of a misdemeanor, was left unmasked as the true cause of it. The child had been mischeevous because folks who were more than twice as big, and who did not know how to keep their temper, had started in to spank him, and what child, what child anywhere upon this earth, would not be? That, and that alone, was just simply what the indignant dark lawyer for the defense wanted to ask of Dr. Cabell and Miss Annie; and did ask, freezingly.

Moreover, should the incriminated parent remain deaf to remorse, then promptly the exposed rear of the condemned was shielded by both of Mrs. Nelson's lean and wiry, peanut-butter-colored hands. Nor from this strategic position was she detachable. So the foiled parent, or it might be both parents, withdrew. And Mrs. Nelson, triumphant but still icily offended, began to speak as to the convenience and the accessibility of her rooms upon St. James Street.

Throughout twenty-five years these rooms re-

mained the weapon which made her always, at the last pinch, invincible. For Mrs. Nelson did not have to stay where folks did not like her ways. She did not intend to go on slaving where people were not satisfied. And so, about once every month, we learned that she was going back home, the very first thing tomorrow morning, to live in her rooms over on St. James Street without being stormed at and fussed with enough to run anybody clean crazy.

I do not think that at any time she had the least intention of doing this. But the knowledge that she, after all, was free to desert us for those rooms upon St. James Street kept every one of her dependents in a proper state of subjection throughout the quarter of a century. For Mrs. Nelson, of course, like all other authentic mammies, after her children had become too old to require a nurse, retained an anonymous ranking as a general assistant in our household affairs — and, at need, as their autocrat. In title, to be sure, she remained Mammy. But so far as went her indoor pursuits, she merely swept, and dusted, and sewed, and excelled in darning, and delighted to wait at table in her black silk dress whensoever we had company. She tended the ill; she now and then cooked meals, but only when a creative urge to cook was upon her; and she “laundered” — if that verb be still in current usage — with a perfection which to the present age is unknown. In fine, Mrs. Nelson, after her actual retirement as a mammy, did everything; but always, it must be recorded, upon her own terms.

Which reminds me to record likewise that Mrs. Nelson, what with all the other things she had to do, still did not ever quite get around to learning just how to read and write. So she remained unfamiliar with novels as to the South of yesterday, and she did not ever hear about any mammies who termed their children “my precious lamb,” or “my own baby,” or “honey chile,” or yet something else of a nature no less affectionate than revolting. I am rather glad of this fact: for in Mrs. Nelson's eyes, these graceless if not actively immoral women would have ceased forthwith to be colored ladies; and in a brief philippic they would have been dismissed, I am wholly certain, as niggers who were just plumb idiots.

4

SO THEN did the fourth part of a century pass by without forcing us to conceive of a life without Mrs. Nelson, or to face the notion of any existence thus maimed and bone-bare. Nor did we, until her death, when she was about eighty-five, had left us no choice; and for my part, it is a notion to which, after forty-and-some years of deliberation, I have not as yet become reconciled.

It should be recorded that upon the last day of her life she told the attendant physician she was fifty-two; as well as that, upon this same heart-breaking Sunday, when she was not permitted to leave her

bed, she assured me that, the very first moment she got over this sort of sinking spell, she meant to go straight spang back to her own rooms over on St. James Street, and not be a bother to us, when once she was out of this bed, praise the Lord.

Because it was getting right far past the time for her trundle bed to be pushed under Miss Patsy's big bed. And that was why she was trying to get up, Mrs. Nelson explained. She just had to get up. So please be good kind folks and let her get out of bed.

She, who had been indomitable, now spoke half timidly. She did not know anyone of us. In her last thoughts we figured as unfamiliar — and it might be cruel — white persons who were interfering with the proper duties of Miss Patsy Brander's own colored girl, under the presidency of Andrew Jackson, now that Mrs. Nelson had put out of mind those twenty-five years of tyrannic devotion which she had given to us, "her children," and of which no mortal that ever lived could hope to be worthy. She had forgotten about Julia, and about Kizzy, and about her three husbands, even Mr. Cornelius Winston. With a child's fitful and half-hushed persistence, she repeated that Miss Patsy Brander wanted to have her room kept right enduring the daytime; and it was in this way that Mrs. Nelson left us, in an attempt to wait upon her first mistress, who had been buried for somewhat more than sixty years.

Almost at random I have set down these recollections, as to an illiterate and hard-headed and great-hearted Negress, just as I thought about them, and without any rearrangement or recoloring, because to my judgment Mrs. Nelson explains several generations of not humble-minded Virginians. Every one of these Virginians once had his mammy; by her he was taught, from infancy onward, to regard himself as an all-superior person; by her he was spoiled, completely and forever; and by her, as he very well foreknows, he by-and-by is going to be put in his right heavenly place, not unseverely, with an injunction, for the good Lord's sake, to behave himself now, and to let people see his raising.

In view of these circumstances, I submit, the aforesaid Virginian should not, in common reason, be required to affect any mock modesty. He is of the elect; he willy-nilly has been made a sophomore seraph; and for him to deny the fact would be a sacrilege.

For do you but consider the plight of my own generation. It is wholly certain that all those mammies who once foregathered in Monroe Park are now assembled in an eternally clear afternoon somewhere in heaven. It is just such a partly Hebraic and partly Baptist heaven as they expected, because God, if that were necessary, will have rebuilt it especially so as to prevent their being disappointed. But they will not be seated upon thrones unsociably. Instead, there will have been provided an infinity of broad benches, with room upon every one of them for three persons inclining toward stoutness; these benches will be molded of bright gold, I imagine; and they will be decorated suitably with all the gems which St. John mentions.

Nor will any one of these dark angels wear a long white robe such as, to a respectable colored person, could not but indecorously suggest nightgear. They instead will all wear black silk dresses of the very best quality, as well as befrilled caps and large aprons, and extra-large, loose golden slippers. And everywhere about them, but always under their uncompromising surveillance, will be frolicking obediently a throng of deceased Virginian lawyers and bankers and physicians and tobacconists and clergymen and, I daresay, a few convicts. For the fact has been explained to God, quite firmly, that while upon earth all these Virginians, at their very worst, were just sort of mischeevous.

So then do the mammies of the 1880's as yet talk lazily together forever and ever, between their slow benignant chuckles, while these blessed spirits await the complete return of their children. And eventually, some one or the other of them will be saying — without, I am afraid, any special enthusiasm: —

"Here he comes, Sis' Nelson."

Everything will be all right then.



FREEDOM'S FARM

by JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

"Freedom's Farm" was written in honor of the seventieth birthday of the poet's father, Owen D. Young, farmer and distinguished American. It will form the title piece of a new volume of Mrs. Case's poems, soon to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Her first book, a long narrative poem, *At Midnight on the 31st of March*, appeared in 1938.

HE CAME down from the woods, an old man,
Older it seemed than even the hemlock trees
And grandfather to the maple and the beech,
But straight as they, only the mark of years
Cut in his face like grooves in butternut bark.

He walked among the farms and through the village.
Nobody knew him there, although he looked
A little like someone everybody knew.

They questioned him around the stove that night.
"Why, I've been here a long, long time," he said.
"I came in a ship, but that was long ago.
And I cut down the trees, when there were trees
And nothing else upon these hills. O what a fire
The forest made, so we could grow our corn!
I sowed the seed, and like the grain I grew,
Wet by American rain, fed by this soil
Until I too was native to these parts,
Like the water in the creek, these hills, this air.
I saw the fields expand, the machines come in,
The rivers and the railroads and the roads.
I saw the blood upon our native ground.
The good times came and after them the bad,
Floods, and the droughts, the frosts, — too late, too soon, —
Hail on the grain and ice upon the trees,
The blight, the midge, the worm, the grasshopper.
And all the things they talk so much of now —
Prices and labor, transportation costs —
I heard the same a hundred years ago."

"And you?" they said, their eyes upon his eyes.
He grinned and said, "Grown in the ground like potatoes
And tall in the sun like corn. I'm you. You're me."
He sang a line they knew, from an old war song:
"I'm Yankee Doodle, Uncle Sam, from Freedom's mighty
farm —"

He settled deeper in his chair. He said,
"And what we are the land has made us — as we
Have made the land. You remember how it was —"

THE voyage was difficult, for the ship was small,
 Ill-found, and reeking, wallowing end to end
 In the Atlantic alps. There were many who fell sick
 And some who died, guttering out in the dark
 In the stinking hold. "O God, O merciful God,"
 They prayed at morning when they found the dead,
 "Give us thy leave to live, to see the shore, to arrive."

At first the feel of the land was too good to be true;
 They ran the sand through their fingers, caressed the grass,
 And smelled the earth and the trees like homing beasts.
 They built them a kind of shelter, felling the trees,
 But they built it near the shore. Their eyes gleamed white
 When they looked to the setting sun, to the secret hills.
 "What's there?" they asked. "What is there? Is it beasts or
 men?"

After the ship departed they counted the stores
 But the powder was short; some dealer had cheated them,
 One keg was full of gravel. They spilled the stones
 And even in anger thought, "These are from home.
 These are a part of home, like us, our own."
 They shot but little. At best the game was scarce
 And the children cried, there were worms in the food
 from the ship.

They dug and planted, but some of the seed they ate
 And the crop was scanty. They fished, they netted
 rabbits,
 And toiled to make protection from the cold
 That nightly blew upon them from the hills.
 Each day the sun retreated to the south.
 "New world!" The women jeered to one another,
 "What can be done with a new world like this?"

When the winter came it tried them to the bone
 And some gave up and died; and some went mad
 Dazzled with snow, with looking at the hills,
 And staring out upon the untenanted sea.
 But there were others, who cast no backward thoughts,
 Who hunted ceaselessly, who spoke of strength,
 And turned the screw of courage tighter in the night.

For there seemed to be among them, here and there,
 Men who extracted strength from the new soil,
 The bitter brilliant air, even the sight of the hills,
 The lone unbulwarked battle with the land.
 There was something in their eyes, although their wives,
 Their children, wept and starved; a permanent gleam
 Struck from the new world's earth, and lighting it.

When the sun came back, and with it ships from home,
 These looked at old companions with strange eyes
 For they smelled American spring and saw the land
 Steam with a promise. They tightened their belts and
 said,
 "Go home? There's some here will be glad to leave
 And some who should not stay. Not I. Not I."
 Hands in the loosened earth — "I am at home."

2

THE trees go up in smoke,
Centuries are burning
Pine and hemlock, oak
To white ash turning.

Slowly the smoke moves west
As inland from the seas
The men who will not rest
Wage war upon the trees.

The forest wall is broken,
Piled up into a pyre,
The new-found land is taken
By axe and adze and fire.

3

WHEN there was room enough between the stumps
For corn, they built a cabin in the clearing, —
A miserable place, no windows, full of flies, —
But the women were glad enough to settle down
After the endless journey, the trip upriver
Delayed by wind and current and disputes
About the payment. Then the trek across the hills
On the half-made road, the mud to the hub of the wheels.
Now at least there was a place to put the chattels,
Hang up the pot in the fire and cook some victuals.

Among the stumps the corn grew green and tall,
A pledge of life; but in the new-made clearings
The fever bred that flew on singing wings
And bit both young and old. Their strength was gone
When needed most against the folding year,
In the fight against the trees and with the ground.
But still they worked, though there were new-made graves
Both from the sickness, and the horror that moved
Always beyond the clearings in this land,
Feathered and painted, scalping knife in hand.

In spite of fever, Indians, and toil —
Back-cracking, dawn to dark and never done —
The settlers stayed. Some stayed and took to drink,
Some stayed — these women mostly — and went crazy,
And there were those who stayed forever in their graves.
But there were some who thrived, who lived to see
Cleared acres, many children, and good crops,
The fever gone, the Indians driven west,
New roads, new markets, a new nation come
Upon the land which they had made their home.

4

THE big farmer upon the Potomac tried
New kinds of plows, new kinds of fertilizer,
Paying attention to the seed, the soil,
Making the most of his poor though lovely land;
Watching the weather, he followed the life he loved
Penning his careful records, noting costs,
And begrudged the years that he must spend away.
"To see plants rise from the earth" he wrote his friend —
And looked from the windows on his greening fields.

In Virginia also another President
Bred his merino sheep, imported hogs,

Reckoned expenses, noted how much hay
To feed a horse, how much hickory wood
To burn one winter in a fireplace;
Failed and lost money, then devised new ways
To make a little cash, failed again,
But never ceased to love the lean red soil,
The view of hills beyond his pillared porch.

Through all the growing nation men stooped down
To finger the earth, to figure crops and soil,
Rotation, seasons, tools, and labor costs.
For every thousand who abused the ground,
Squeezed out its good and left it, moving west,
One man discerned the need for something more,
Some care, some thought, some reading in a book,
Suspecting that even in this continent
There lay somewhere an end to endless land.

5

SEED from the new world, seed from the old
Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow
Planted deep in the new-turned mold
Some like heat and some like cold —
Can you or I or anyone know
How oats, peas, beans, and barley grow?

We must have wheat, we must have bread,
We must have white bread to be fed.
See where our wheat is sprouting green
There where the red woodbine has been.

And as well as wheat we must have rye,
See where the stalks are growing high,
See where the heads are growing thicker,
We must have bread and we must have liquor.

But any American that ever was born
Knows that the best of all is corn,
Corn for the cattle, corn for the man,
We've lived on corn since the world began.

Wheat, corn, barley, oats, and rye,
First the farmer sows his seed
And the buckwheat white against the sky,
Then he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his feet and claps his hands
And turns him round to view his lands.

6

"It WILL never work, Jethro — you can't make a plow out of iron.
Plows have been made out of wood since time began."
But Jethro went ahead and heated his iron,
And made him a plow according to plan.

Lay away the cradle, lay away the scythe,
Hang up the sickle and the flail,
There's a newfangled reaper coming down the field
And the grain goes down like hail.

The war took away the men from the fields,
 The machines came in to reap and to mow,
 The farms grew bigger, the hands grew fewer,
 The machines knew how to harvest, knew how to sow.

Lay away the old tools, lay away the skills,
 The crops learn a new way to grow,
 The farmer learns a new way, the first time since
 Old Adam's shovel and his hoe.

"You remember the rest," said the tall old man,
 Knocking out his pipe upon the stove,
 "The wars, depressions, farm relief — and war.
 It's a wonder how we manage to live through it.
 In spite of all, we're sowing, growing
 Tougher than ever. I'll tell you what we know —
 We just can't get along without ourselves."

He rose and stepped out toward the door. They said,
 "You're going?" He grinned and nodded. "I'll be around.
 I'll be around a long, long while.
 In fact, I'm going to live forever. The land
 Has never failed me. In its seed I grow."

The door opened upon a night of stars
 And from the fields there came the smell of corn.



THE CONSORTS

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

IN FICTION and in many biographies, musicians are pictured as tempestuous characters, great lovers, careless of their appearance, late for their engagements, lost in a dreamworld of creation, with no head for finance, out of contact with everyday life, speaking all languages with a heavy accent, and living in studios with moss-green walls, or garrets, or the palazzo of some Contessa.

That is as may be. I cannot speak for other times. I also know the story of Chopin and George Sand; of Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult. They belonged in the nineteenth century, the romantic century. But I have suspected that biographers have colored their stories, that there are holes which if filled in would make Chopin or Liszt not so unlike an artist of today.

There is a picture which has been printed in many magazines in black and white and in color, to advertise a perfume. I have a sneaking fondness for this

picture — it is so very romantic — but I do not believe it. It shows a young woman at the piano and a violinist beside her. A climax has come in the music which has so moved the violinist that he stops his playing and passionately kisses the pianist as her hands still rest on the keys. This is, I believe, an impossible situation.

It is fair to assume that they are playing a sonata, let us say the Brahms D Minor, because only great music could inspire such feelings. In a sonata the pianist and the violinist are equals — one does not accompany the other. Therefore they have the same rights. Now to play a sonata well, the two musicians must have played it several times together, gone over certain passages, agreed on the tempo. Therefore it is probable that this violinist and pianist have not played it before because they are struck dumb at some moment by the music — it is a surprise to them. If they had practiced it they would be concentrating on giving a good performance this time, getting the crescendo right, increasing the fortissimo.

In the Brahms D Minor the great climax comes in the third movement. They have therefore already

One of the four daughters of Walter Damrosch, GRETCHEN FINLETTER has had as festive and stimulating a bringing-up as one could imagine, whether in New York or abroad, in the realm of music. Over the past two years she has made an affectionate place for herself in the *Atlantic* with her series of reminiscences, which are to be published in book form in the summer.

played two movements together. This means that one is in a high state of irritation at the other because one artist always does play a little better, or let us say a little differently from another. In the picture the violinist looks shabby — he suggests a professor or perhaps a teacher. He is, I think, the professional, and the lady is the amateur. At the climax the violinist wants to take his bow and hit her over the head with it because she is not in time and can't keep up. At that moment he hates her.

I have never known a musician to be late for a professional engagement. He is in the greenroom nervously pacing up and down a good forty minutes before the concert begins. He may dress in an individual style but it is carefully thought out. He is well aware of the hundreds of eyes that are studying his cutaway or dress suit. His attire is not careless.

The artists who tour America, who gave concerts in Europe before the war, can remember in a moment what are the seating capacities of the various halls and opera houses from Munich to San Francisco. They know the gross, they understand the per cent. Managers may grow nostalgic for the dreamy artist who does not understand about money but they seldom have the pleasure of dealing with one.

My father once asked Rachmaninoff what he was really looking at when he gazed at the gallery with that tiger stare which so fascinated and frightened audiences.

"Counting the standees in the balcony," said Rachmaninoff. "The manager told me they were not allowed, but there were forty-three."

If artists live in studios, they also live in apartments, suburban houses, bungalows. There is a hotel in New York on the West Side which is one of the ugliest hotels in the world. It has a gargantuan lobby in picked metal, its corridors stretch endlessly, the rooms have golden chandeliers full of bright electric bulbs. Here live some of our greatest musicians. The manager loves music. He knows about late suppers and later breakfasts. He keeps the rooms for the tenor who is touring in South America. He has a bouquet of red roses waiting for him with "Welcome Home" written on it. There are no pastel colors on the walls, no candlelight, but the most beautiful music played today is played in that hotel.

What is the special quality that differentiates the musician from the sculptor, the painter, the writer? To me it lies in the fact that he so loves his art that he pursues it not only as a profession but also for relaxation. He makes his career in music and then he has not had enough of it; he makes his gayety and good times with music also. Heifetz and Casals will play in a Mozart quartet — for fun. Melchior will sing a big role in the opera, but will sing German *Lieder* for the general joy of a group of friends — and himself. Watch a musician staying at a house where there is no piano. He may not want to play the piano but it ought to be there. He feels lonely and insecure without it.

A trait that musicians share is their love of good

food. No one ever had a poor meal in a musician's home. The artists who travel so much and so far learn very quickly which are the good restaurants in the different cities. After a performance they eat with zest and they eat well. They are relaxed and the moment comes for the stories to be exchanged. In their travels musicians hear the good jokes from all over the world and it is a sort of unwritten law that when they return to base they will exchange with brother artists the latest anecdotes.

Paul Kochanski was one of the greatest of raconteurs. Acting out the characters, using four languages, mimicking the voices, interpolating with his violin, he would keep a roomful of people crying with laughter. His eye and ear missed nothing. In the presence of Spalding and Heifetz and Zimbalist he would imitate their individual way of playing the same passage and taking a curtain call, a satire which they were the first to recognize and laugh over.

And later in the evening, with Artur Rubinstein, Paul played the César Franck sonata in a way which brought other tears to the eyes of the little audience crowded onto chairs and sitting on the floor, moved beyond words at this perfect example of the creative something that the great interpretive musicians bring to music. Paul and Artur played César Franck, but in the poetry of their playing was the essence of themselves.

2

AS FAR back as I can remember, my sisters and I heard music in our home. We had our favorites among the musicians, but not because of their particular artistic merit. Our praise and admiration went to those who remembered our names individually and did not speak of us as "the little daughters," to those who brought us presents, and above all to those who were funny. This was to us the supreme test of musical worth. We sat with the men over their cigars, slightly concealed by a portière, so that we could watch the expressive face of Ossip Gabrilóvitch as he told my father an anecdote, and then tried to hide our shrieks of amusement in the general masculine roar. We peered at Alma Gluck from behind a screen, not just because she was so beautiful, but because she was the only woman we knew who could tell a story as well as a man.

There was another side to knowing the artists, which we did not always enjoy, in fact which we frequently protested against. My father would invite to the house some musician whom he had met in Europe or who was to perform with the orchestra, and he did not always know the artist well. The violinist would come with his wife, the singer with her husband, and we would be left to entertain the consort. My father could never be clear to us as to what the consort was like. The words "charming" or "original" were used frequently but often, we felt, inaccurately.

One day my father announced quite suddenly that

Monsieur Aragonnes, leading French clarinet player of the Colonne Orchestra, was coming to lunch with his wife and that they were bringing their child. Now here my father made that unforgivable error of not realizing that ages are different. Everyone between five and sixteen was a child to him and they should all get on harmoniously together. Though we pointed out again and again the vast gap that existed between, say, eleven and thirteen, he could not grasp it and continued to invite what were to us incongruous specimens of childhood.

We gathered in the living room before lunch and waited in utter cynicism for Monsieur and Madame Aragonnes and the "child." My father had no idea of its sex.

"What difference does it make!" he exclaimed.

First Monsieur entered, smiling happily at seeing my father again. Then came Madame, dressed in a black suit with a white satin blouse, black hat with an aigrette, face beautifully made up, gleaming teeth and snapping black eyes. Following them came the child. He was a youth of about seventeen with the shadowy feather of a mustache on his upper lip, an adolescent complexion, and possessing faultless and to us revolting manners.

"Chère Madame," said Monsieur Aragonnes after he had presented his wife to my mother, "voilà notre jeune fils, notre petit garçon, Pépé."

So, Monsieur made the same mistake as my father by referring to his aged son as a little boy. Perhaps we had a bond with him there. We looked at him hopefully. Not a gleam in his eye — Pépé liked it!

"Madame," and Pépé bowed low over my mother's hand as he kissed it. "Mademoiselle —" He went to each of us and shook our hands. At the final "Mademoiselle" his voice took on a different color. Could he be patronizing *us* because he thought he was so sophisticated?

At luncheon Pépé entered into the conversation as an equal. He discussed the performance of *Istar* by Vincent d'Indy. Had my father played the latest work of Ducasse? *Très intéressant*. We listened to him with hatred. He was supposed to be our friend. We didn't want him in that role but we wanted — a little recognition. How affected he was to speak French so well. And his English — like an Englishman. What a show-off.

After lunch my father retired to his music room with Monsieur, his clarinet, a roll of music, and Madame, who was to accompany her husband. My mother went upstairs. We were left with Pépé.

Now here we were faced with several choices. To try to humiliate Pépé and make him come down off his high horse; to try to impress him how much better Americans were than Frenchmen; to start talking an invented language to each other and tell him it was Hungarian; to inform him falsely of the customs of our country, or to give him one more chance. We could avail ourselves of none of these possibilities. Pépé took charge of the conversation.

Did we go to school? No, French boys went to the

lycée, much more difficult, like an American college. His hair had fallen out on one side of his head during the last examinations. What instruments did we play? Of course everyone played the piano, but he was majoring in the viola and played the flute for relaxation. Have we been often to Paris? That was unfortunate, as it was the most beautiful city in the world; did we know it was called the city of light? For sport he preferred fencing and mountain climbing, he had made the ascent of Mont Blanc only last summer.

We closed in on him.

"Pépé, have you seen Buffalo Bill yet? You don't know what we are talking about! Which do you think is funnier, Foxy Grandpa or the Katzenjammer Kids? You've never tasted a Banana Split? You've never seen a minstrel show? You don't know what the loop-the-loop is? In a minute you'll tell us you have never heard of Uncle Tom!"

We looked at each other in exaggerated surprise. We looked at Pépé with ostentatious pity.

"Why, you must have spent your whole life in Paris!"

Pépé's face turned pink. At this moment the clarinet in the next room let off an unearthly wail which ended in a kind of shriek. All our eyes met. Pépé's face turned red. He walked over to the door and slammed it.

"Je déteste Fauré et plus que ça je déteste la clarinette!"

We looked at him with surprised admiration. How bold to bang the door on your father. And then Pépé's eyes abruptly filled with real tears. We were in consternation.

Polly ran out of the room and brought down her alligator John D. Crockefeller and let Pépé hold it. We examined the thinner side of Pépé's head and told him we thought French schools were brutal. We confessed we hated practicing the piano. We extended condolences to him for being called such a silly name as Pépé. We told him we thought his mother looked nice and he said she was difficult in the early morning. We advised him to give up kissing hands. We wound up the gramophone.

Monsieur and Madame Aragonnes entered the room with my father.

"Ah, la jeunesse, la jeunesse!" cried Monsieur as Madame smoothed the thicker side of Pépé's head. We tried to encourage Pépé by our looks.

"You see," said my father after they had gone, "how foolish you are to object when a nice French boy comes to lunch."

We didn't even attempt to explain that he was not nice until we had made him so by our Old World courtesy.

3

WE WERE excited when we were told Brünnhilde was coming to the house. Brünnhilde who had been ringed by fire, awakened by Siegfried, was coming to

a meal. My father said she might sing on the spring tour with the orchestra if certain details could be ironed out.

She arrived without her shield and spear, but with her husband. She was large; that we knew for we had seen her in the opera, but it was a different kind of largeness in Tyrolean tweeds. We thought of her as a goddess, above all earthly needs, but now this daughter of Wotan was eating a big lunch with amazing gusto, telling about her *Kinder* in Dresden, informing my mother that *bei uns* politics is the man's business, *der liebe Gott* intended women for better things, assuring my father that Pol Plançon, the great French bass, flatted when he sang, and was finished.

My father protested that this was not true.

"Ach, I could tell you a thing or two about the Opera. There should be many changes there. Take Sembrich —"

"I'll take her anywhere!" cried my father. "I adore her."

Brünnhilde's eyes flashed. For a moment she looked again like a real Valkyrie. We waited breathless for a glorious note to be hurled across the table.

"If Sembrich had a private car for her tour, I too must have a private car!"

"Schätzchen, do not excite yourself," begged her husband, who had been listening with a nervous smile. He turned to my father. "She is only a child. She must save her strength for her exhausting roles. She must not concern herself with business arrangements. Leave them to me."

"If Sembrich had a private car —" repeated Brünnhilde.

"Eat another *Kuchen*," urged her husband. "*Echte Wiener Torte*." He turned to my mother. "I congratulate you."

"I didn't bake it!" exclaimed my mother, still seething over the description of God's intentions for women.

Brünnhilde ate another slice of cake and said she had no appetite.

"Damrosch, let us be frank. Let us have no misunderstandings. I admire you, I like you. We are friends — yes?"

"Yes," said my father.

"This is between us. The Bruno, my husband, is a businessman, so he cannot understand the strain that a dramatic soprano who sings twenty-seven roles works under. The good Mrs. Damrosch is a wife, a mother, the noblest of all careers, but she cannot realize what it is to conduct a great orchestra. You and I — we are artists. We know what that means!"

"What does it mean?" asked my father.

"It means," announced Brünnhilde in a loud voice, "that if Sembrich had a private car, I too will have a private car!"

My father remained unperturbed. "Tell me," he said, "why have you never sung Eva?"

"Never sung Eva! Tell him, Bruno, in Vienna, at Stockholm, at the Hamburg Municipal Theater — the ovations!"

"Then why not in New York?"

"Because they do not know what makes a good Meistersinger in New York! They have never heard a real Eva."

"How would it be," suggested my father, "if on the tour we gave some excerpts from the second act?"

Brünnhilde's face was suddenly illuminated by a brilliant smile.

"Ah, that is a great idea! Damrosch, I do not care what anyone else says, you are a genius! Come let me show you. Where is the piano?"

"You have eaten a large lunch," reminded Bruno.

"I ate nothing. Where is the piano?"

Bruno, my mother, and the rest of us sat on in the dining room. Bruno looked at my mother a little wanly.

"She is like a child," he repeated, without much conviction.

At that moment we did not care what she was, we knew it had no importance. Whatever she asked for she should be given. For with the first great chords of music, we heard her voice. Our home had become a garden in old Nuremberg, bathed in moonlight, and Eva was stealing out from the shadows toward Hans Sachs. We listened, spellbound.

Watching the consorts, I used to wonder what their contribution was. The men in this role I did not think fared so well. Their queens bore a different name, made a great deal of money all over the world, often felt victimized, and needed their husbands to straighten out their difficulties and above all to reassure them. This historically is the role of woman. It is not an easy part for a man to play. Sometimes a great singer was married to a gambler and was feverishly trying to put aside enough to pay his debts. He was the love of her life and he was unfaithful to her. But the Daemon that possesses the artist world never has allowed her to give up her career and stay with him.

This Daemon, this thing in the artist, is the chemistry of his make-up. Women have always liked to feel that they can inspire, that they can cause the great notes to be written. As I observed the variety of consorts who came to our home I found I did not believe this. One wife might make the right atmosphere, produce the protected quiet, but another did just the opposite. She was loud-mouthed and self-centered. A woman married to an artist, who built up his ego and produced a sympathetic circle of admirers and patrons, undoubtedly made life pleasanter for her husband. But there was the opposite picture of the artist's wife who made enemies and had taken to drink. And her husband was the bigger musician.

He was big — because he was big; because somehow the Daemon had entered his being and ruled him, beside which his wife, his children, the right atmosphere, the beautiful background, were as nothing. He served something else which was much stronger, which demanded creation from him. The rest could help or hinder — a little.

Women must feel necessary; they seem happiest when they feel used. The artist's wife and the wife of the brakeman have that in common. The artist is more prominent, so his wife's role is subjected to a brighter light of observation, but both wives are, I believe, giving the identical contribution, the companion who stands between, who reassures, who is there.

I used to feel sorry for some of the wives who were touring with their husbands. They were so very far from home and so homesick for their children. Sooner or later they would bring out their snapshots to show my mother. Then with a little urging they would show us further pictures of their homes in Switzerland or France — the pretty homes they would not see for many months.

4

THE day that Paderewski came to lunch we had excuses to leave school early. My mother had taken great trouble in ordering the food. We had at this time a German chef called Karl, who preferred cooking for occasions. At six in the morning he was already hard at work. Karl wanted to show Paderewski the kind of performance he could give.

My sisters and I knew we should get a wonderful lunch, but let it be said to our credit we were more excited at the prospect of watching Paderewski eat. We had met him, we had heard him play, but we had never seen him eat. Madame Paderewska had asked that there be no other guests, so we knew that no matter where we were placed at table we should have an uninterrupted view of the hands of Paderewski lifting the fork of Paderewski to the mouth of Paderewski through four long courses.

What was the quality that made him so frightening when he entered the room? He was so individual-looking in his frock coat, low white collar, and white tie, his great head of reddish hair, his long arms, his beautiful hands; but it was his eyes that were so extraordinary. They had the remote look and the hidden fire of a wild animal; they looked as though they had seen things that no one had ever seen before. They suggested that Paderewski had not come from Poland, but was from a distant planet where the race was even older, wiser. And he had such dignity that one would not have dared say or do anything that could disturb him. He spoke in a soft voice but the quality of the tone could silence a room in a second. Paderewski had great wit and could cap anyone, but it was a little like a god disguising himself for a moment as a mortal before he withdrew again to Olympus.

Madame Paderewska seemed surrounded by an aura of melancholy. I do not know if it was anxiety for her famous husband, or her temperament, but her quality was depressing. She meant to be cordial but it was a very gloomy kind of good cheer. If Paderewski threw back his head and laughed I felt that Madame Paderewska's main concern was a fear that he might strain his neck muscles. She watched him

with such a troubled look. She did not speak English well and when the conversation became rapid she may have felt excluded.

The first course came on the table and we saw that Karl had outdone himself. We waited, careful not to start eating until the Paderewskis ate. He was talking to my father. We waited a little longer; then Madame Paderewska spoke.

"Madame Damrosch, pliz, may Ignace have a poached egg?"

"What!" exclaimed my father.

"Ignace for luncheon only eats an egg."

"But this is a simple dish," said my father falsely, "I know he will enjoy it."

"Pliz, an egg," repeated Madame Paderewska firmly. "Nossing else."

My mother commanded the egg. We heard the dumb-waiter bell buzz and the order being hissed down to Karl. We were all of us distractedly picturing the scene below. Karl's spirit would be broken. Could he pull himself together enough to poach the egg? Would it come up — just an egg — or might he make the supreme effort and put it on a little piece of toast and trim it up with parsley?

Paderewski had withdrawn to his mountaintop. I wondered what that far-away look in his eyes meant. I became convinced he wanted to eat everything we were eating. He was off there on that mountain because he was mad.

In the middle of the second course the dumb-waiter creaked again and the eggs arrived, two of them, on toast with fixings. Lunch became lively, Paderewski's eyes lighted, and wherever he had been, he left it and joined the party again.

Later we watched the Paderewskis through the window as they left. He was wearing a round fur cap on top of his waving hair. Madame Paderewska hung on to his arm and people turned to stare as they walked slowly up the street. My mother and father went down to the kitchen to face Karl.

5

ISADORA DUNCAN had no consort. She came unheralded to New York, this strange little Californian genius who was to change the conception of the Dance for many years. My father went to see her in an old loft downtown; she was too poor to have a proper studio. She danced in front of some gray curtains which had been tacked up as a background. My father was struck dumb by the simple figure in a Greek kirtle who moved so joyously to the music of Schubert. It was a Tanagra figure come alive again. He recognized her wonderful art, took the gamble, and engaged her at his own risk to dance with the orchestra. This was a bold move on his part, for great orchestras were not supposed to perform with dancers. But Isadora made a furor and the public, accustomed to the artificial ballet on the toes, went wild with delight at this new old form.

I was very young when I saw her but I remember that I cried — my first tears shed at the startling quality of beauty. I must have been studying mythology, for it seemed to me that Isadora was Daphne dancing in some ancient glade, and that behind the trees lurked Apollo, but that she, the nymph, did not know or care if he was there. Let her later be transformed to a laurel, but now she wanted only to dance alone to the music of Gluck, a wild and happy creature, for she was free.

I went to every performance of Isadora that my parents allowed me and of course decided that I could dance that way too. It was so simple; that was its essence. Secretly I went to Bloomingdale's big department store and bought cheesecloth for a costume. It was very cheap, eleven cents a yard, and I wanted to be sure I had enough, so I bought a bolt, enough to outfit a hundred Greeks in kirtles. When it arrived I found it was of double width and I did not know how to cut it out. I made a hole for my head, sewed up the sides, chopped off the bottom, and tied the corded belt of my wrapper around my waist. The part over my shoulders was so wide that it dropped down over my hands every time I made a whirl with my arms but I did not dare ask the advice of Minnie or my sisters, for I knew that they would laugh at me.

I performed in Alice's room when she was out because it gave me more space and because she had a mirror on her bureau which could be tilted, so that when I floated out of her closet door, for a brief second I could see myself in entirety from bare Greek feet to flower-covered Greek head.

I was completely happy — not that I felt I was beginning a career which would shortly lead me to Carnegie Hall; I had no such ambition, for I was too humble and some inner voice told me I was a gawk. I wanted to recapture for myself the thrill of joy I had felt in watching Isadora, and in this I succeeded. Alice's room became a Delphic grove, and thanks to the fact that the mirror could only reflect bits of me, I was a dryad and my humming voice an orchestra.

Isadora Duncan as an artist had genius, but as a person she was a goose. It must have been a God-given instinct which was infallible when she created the form of her dances; there was a rightness about all of them. But when she talked she was almost idiotic. She had theories about everything and my father had to listen to all of them.

He would watch her across the footlights, enraptured, and then she would come to the house and he and my mother would become rapidly unenraptured, almost frantic. Isadora admired my father and was grateful to him for giving her her start, and I think felt that in return she should liberate him. She was very concerned over "freedom," and thought everyone should strive for it. But it was difficult in

our house to free my father. There was my mother and there were his daughters always sitting around. There never seemed to be the right moment to break his chains.

She called my father "Walter" and my mother "Mrs. Damrosch" and still my father remained tied. She urged my father to come to her chilly loft after a performance to really talk about fundamentals but my father said he was hot from conducting and wanted to get home and take a bath. So Isadora had to come to our home to explain to my father in her curiously flat little voice how one should live if one really wanted to live.

She would appear in a velvet cloak and Victorian bonnet, the costume that she affected during the daytime, and my mother, who greatly admired her dancing, would praise her latest performance to the skies. Isadora would thank my mother graciously and then ask if a lamp or two could be turned out because she could express herself better in a dim light.

Whether my mother was there or not, I sat happily with my father and Isadora. It never crossed my mind that such a true adorer of her art as myself could be anything but gratifying to her. I do not think that my father noticed one way or the other. He was too used to seeing his daughters about. But now in retrospect I can imagine that to have your great conclusions on Life, intended for a kindred spirit but listened to so eagerly by a twelve-year-old in a plaid skirt and red sweater on which was embroidered an H for Harvard, must have been to Isadora a ghastly comeuppance.

Because I helped the conversation along. Whenever there was a pause, a silent, significant pause in the dim light, I filled it in. A silence, I knew very well, meant that no one could think of anything to say and was embarrassing, so I added my observations to cover up the gaps.

I remember that one afternoon Isadora started to tell my father about Venice; that she was returning to that glorious city because she wanted again to find herself. She would be alone . . . perhaps. . . .

There was a pause.

"Oh, I'd like to see Venice," I piped up. "Can't we all go next summer, Parp?"

There was a slightly longer pause.

"My child," said Isadora fondly, "you will go to Venice some day — with someone. I see you have that capacity. But I want you to remember what I am telling you. When you go, love beautifully. That is all that ever matters."

This was strong meat. I chewed it over. I couldn't get it out of my head. Isadora saw me, so to speak, as potential Venetian material. I floated off in a cloud.

But later I found Jenny dusting the piano with one of my Greek costumes. I came back to earth with a bang.

WOLF! WOLF!

by BERGEN EVANS

1

An interesting footnote to folk zoology is supplied by stories of children being reared by animals, stories that have been repeated among all peoples at all times. And it is not without significance that this myth has reappeared in our own times and has been given wider credence, under more dignified auspices, than ever before in its long history.

Many legendary heroes were reared by animals. Zeus and Tarzan both had the benefit of such an association, and history is spotted with lesser figures who derive their whole importance from their feral foster mothers. Ireland had a sheep boy, and at Salzburg there was a swine girl who ate acorns and sat cross-legged in a sty, to the admiration of all beholders. A fishwoman with "sea-mosse that did stick about her" was washed through the dikes at Edam in 1403, and lived for the next seventeen years in Haarlem, where she "learned to spinne and perform other pettie offices of women" though she was never able to master Dutch. She adored the cross and so impressed the local clergy that more than forty of them are said to have testified to her authenticity.

There seems to be something about these unhappy beings, in fact, that leads divines to vouch for them. Thus it is on the authority of Archbishop Matheson of Winnipeg that Ernest Thompson Seton tells the "true story" of little Harry Service's being adopted by a badger. In this instance, it is pleasant to relate, there was a reciprocation of unnatural affection and the badger herself was adopted by Harry's family, though it proved a trial, for an unfortunate rivalry for the boy's love developed between his real and foster mothers.

A more recent adoptee was Lukas, the baboon boy of South Africa, sponsored in the *American Journal of Psychology* (January, 1940) by Dr. Foley, and in the *American Weekly* (May 18, 1941) by Professor

R. M. Zingg, of the University of Denver, whose unselfish devotion to his protégé threatened, for a time, to wrest from Lord Monboddo the honor of being "the baboon's gen'rous friend." Unlike the fishwoman, Lukas could speak Dutch, or at least Afrikaans, and in the guttural accents of that harsh tongue furnished eager scientists with a detailed account of his simian sojourn. What's more, if attention seemed to flag, he would exhibit the scar where an ostrich had kicked him, or eat a cactus. He could eat a tremendous number of cactuses, eighty-nine at a sitting the excited savants said, an ability that was regarded as absolute corroboration of his story. In 1937 his supremacy — and his cash value as a unique exhibit — was challenged by Ndola, a rival baboon boy, but Ndola was exposed, in the *American Journal of Psychology*, as merely "a case of neglected paralysis provoking the quadrupedal posture" and Lukas had the learned journals to himself again.

But not for long. Seven months after Ndola's exposure Lukas himself "fell with hideous ruin and combustion down." It came out that he had not lived with baboons at all — had, in fact, been doing time in the Burghersdorp jail at the moment he was said to have been discovered among his blue-bottomed siblings.

The trouble was that *his* alleged discoverer was a policeman and hence subject to discipline for perjury. Upon investigation by the Commissioner of Police the story turned out to be hearsay from a dead man, and after the Commissioner's businesslike report the whole sorry train of professors began to turn and belabor each other. Not, of course, without academic dignity. Dr. Foley's authentication of Lukas, said Professor Zingg, had been "accurate for the time it was written." Its "precipitous" publication had been due to the "generous policy" of Dr. Raymond A. Dart, of Johannesburg, who had nobly shared his findings with other seekers at all stages of the investigation. And this particular stage happened to be the "premature" stage.

In the general excitement attendant upon the discovery of the imposture, Professor Zingg obviously was unable to inform all his correspondents; for almost a year after this stately recantation, the

Of a skeptical turn of mind and with a collector's passion for odd, "historical" phenomena, BERGEN EVANS, Professor of English at Northwestern University, has made an assault upon some of the more preposterous legends which mankind insists on believing. From his forthcoming book, *The Natural History of Nonsense*, which Alfred A. Knopf is to publish this spring, we have drawn these pages to show how gullible people are.

story was published again, as on his authority, in the *American Weekly*. And in 1944, though by then well enough established to need no sponsor, Lukas was again cavorting through the pages of that publication.

The true Lukas, by the way, — but he alone, — was placed in an institution for the feeble-minded.

2

LUKAS's withdrawal, however, to "the vast edges drear and naked shingles" of the journalistic world did not leave the somewhat more literate papers wholly barren. There was almost always some animal-adopted child to be presented and discussed in their columns. In 1926 a boy had been rescued from wolves near Miawanna, seventy-five miles from Allahabad. He barked at night, ate grass, and propelled himself along the ground in the manner of a dog with worms, and he was said "to display certain instincts even lower than those of his alleged foster parents," though just what these were was never made clear, delicacy, no doubt, forbidding.

The *New York Times*, in more than a column devoted to the problems which this boy's rescue had raised, was of the opinion that he was authentic. "Some of the best known medical men in London" had been skeptical, but an equal number of "Old Indian Army Officers" had silenced them by asserting that wolf children were quite common in India. Kipling, as the creator of "wolf-suckled, snake-taught, elephant-advised Mowgli," was naturally sought out for an opinion. He emphatically supported the Old Army Officers, though he doubted that the boy went, as described, on his hands and knees. He thought it more likely that he went on "knees and elbows."

Concern was expressed lest wolf mothers might neglect the religious training of such children as they might adopt, but it was allayed by the Reverend M. McCleah, then vicar of St. John's at Hallington, in Sussex, who in 1897 had conducted the funeral services for a wolf boy who had been captured at Sikandra thirty years before. Certain elements in this lad's deportment had indeed, for a long time, suggested that wolf parents were not desirable from a moral standpoint. But Mr. McCleah was able to assure the troubled that the boy's basic moral fiber had not been damaged, since, just before he died, he had "closed his eyes and pointed towards the skies" in a manner that made full amends for his previous impiety.

Among the letters to the editor which the story of the Miawanna boy evoked were protests against the cruelty of taking these children from their foster mothers. But, so far as is known, nothing was done. Action may well have been frustrated by a jurisdictional dispute between the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

But the story of animal adoptions that reduces all the others to insignificance is that of the "wolf-reared waifs of Midnapore" which made its first full-dress appearance in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1941. This was not its first time in print, however. It had been run in the *Westminster Gazette* and had been reprinted in the *New York Times* as early as 1926. It had played peek-a-boo in various learned publications for a dozen years, and in 1939 it had filled a spread in the *American Weekly*, illustrated with those vivid sketches by which that lively journal seeks to assist such of its subscribers as find reading difficult. But the sponsorship of *Harper's* and the renown of its new narrator, Dr. Arnold Gesell, Director of the Yale Clinic of Child Development, raised it to a new dignity, while the singular style in which it was presented gave it an added grace and freshness.

Dr. Gesell's narrative can be briefly summarized. In the autumn of 1912, he says, an Indian she-wolf, "her teats . . . gorged, her eyes . . . preternaturally mild," and her whole being "warmed by the chemistry of maternal hormones," adopted a Hindu baby girl. Nourished by "mammalian" milk (which Dr. Gesell asserts is "chemically very like" other milk), the child made "a remarkably effective adaptation to wolf mores." It was not easy: "Furniture there was none." "Books, rugs . . . dishes" and "true table manners" were "conspicuously lacking."

But the little girl overcame all obstacles and made "a successful adjustment to the onerous demands of the wolf den." She got on without furniture and books, slept on the floor, ate directly with her mouth, politely overlooked the lack of good manners, and "rubbed her haunches over the ground for cleanliness." She developed "a deep and mysterious sense of community with the pack," — a "palship" Dr. Gesell would call it, — scrambled after them on their forays, became adept at shooing buzzards off a dead hog, and added her treble wail to that "weird nocturne" which every night, at ten, one, and three, the wolves sent up to the shivering stars.

Her physical adaptation to what Dr. Gesell calls "wolverine culture" was, in some ways, more remarkable still. Her spine modified to suit "bipatellar locomotion," a glow "emanated" from her eyes at night, her canine teeth grew long and pointed, and she ceased to perspire, tending rather "to pant and to extrude her tongue in the sun."

In 1919, "of all unpredictable wonders," the mother wolf adopted another child, also a girl. In 1920 the wolf was killed and the children, now doubly orphaned, were placed in the care of the Reverend J. A. L. Singh, of Midnapore, who discreetly kept their history a secret for six years lest it should "prejudice their chances of marriage." One would have thought that the younger girl's death and the older girl's strange habits would, in themselves, have been sufficient to discourage the most ardent suitor, but the good man's solicitude is, nonetheless, touching.

The death of the younger child occurred in 1921, but the older, who had been named Kamala, lived until 1929, slowly readapting herself to human ways. She continued the "traditional wolf howl" at ten, one, and three, but a human note was observed in 1922 when she addressed Mrs. Singh as "Ma." In time she "toileted in the bathroom," to use Dr. Gesell's phrase, though this must have been one of her latest accomplishments, for in 1926 the Reverend Mr. Singh, in a letter to Paul C. Squires, stated that she didn't, and from the general gloom of his statement we are led to suspect that she continued her strenuous abstersions. By 1927 she had "so far transcended wolf ways" as to be regular and devout in church attendance, in which she showed marked superiority to the Sikandra boy who had interrupted divine service by shouting "Dham, dham!" — a proceeding which Dr. Gesell says indicated "a low idiot plateau of mentality."

By 1927 also "her behavior had become conventional" and she talked "with the full sense of the words used." But this advantage over her biographers was not long maintained, for she was taken ill "and gave up the ghost on the 14th morning at 4 A.M. in the month of November, 1929."

3

FOR his detailed account of life in the den, Dr. Gesell confessed that he drew heavily upon "imagination and . . . conjectures." For his information about the later years in the orphanage he acknowledged his indebtedness to a "diary record" kept by the Reverend Mr. Singh and entrusted by him for publication to Professor Zingg, who, despite Lukas's defalcation, continued a friend to feral man.

While this more scholarly work was in preparation, however, Dr. Gesell soothed the impatience of the public by publishing *Wolf Child and Human Child*, a fuller account of the episode, embellished with some retouched snapshots, a pen drawing of "the mother wolf," and "a quaint woodcut" of Romulus and Remus which he was forced to use, he admits, for lack of a suitable photograph. This volume added no new information, though a discussion entitled "Can Wolf Ways Be Humanized?" was not without interest. *Time*, no shunner of issues, which had taken up the wolf children with its customary vigor, answered definitely that they could not: "A wolf, or even an ape," the editors stoutly maintained, "reared in the Rev. Singh's orphanage would not attain a human personality."

The facts upon which this ringing enunciation was based were drawn (like Dr. Gesell's narrative, and the *Scientific American's*, *Coronet's*, the *American Weekly's*, and the *Saturday Home Magazine's* — for the story had wide circulation) from the Reverend Mr. Singh's diary and from the interpretation put upon it, in various learned articles, by Professor Zingg. Dr. Gesell was sure that Professor Zingg had

"carefully checked the essential authenticity" of the whole business; but "carefully checked," like "wolverine," must have had here some meaning not commonly attributed to it; for Professor Zingg had said, only a few months before, that he had "unfortunately been unable to get in touch with scientists in India to check and recheck the cases."

He had, however, he hastened to add, talked with at least two people who had traveled in India, one of whom referred him to the *Illustrated Weekly of India* for an account of another wolf child "exhibited at the Gwalior Baby Week," and later, when under fire, he insisted that he had spent three years "checking through voluminous correspondence with numerous persons." This activity, apparently, left no time for consulting an atlas, for he seems to have been under the impression that Midnapore was among "the tiger-infested Jungles of north-west India"; whereas Dr. Gesell, who, it would seem, doubted the "essential authenticity" of at least *that* fact, strung along with Rand McNally and located it seventy miles southwest of Calcutta.

Before the diary could be published, however, skepticism, with "extraordinary license," had reared its ugly head. It was felt necessary to silence "irresponsible" doubters once and for all. To this end the diary, when it finally appeared in 1942, was prefaced with a formidable battery of testimonials. Unfortunately for their effect upon the skeptic, none of them happened to be by any of that "good number of men . . . of a sportive nature" in whose company the Reverend Mr. Singh went to preach the gospel and professed to have first seen the children living as wolves among wolves. Professor Zingg says boldly that five such persons "are on record," but he fails to make it clear that the record is the Reverend Mr. Singh's record, no one else's, and that it consists entirely of the Reverend Mr. Singh's say-so. That at least one of the five could not have been included among the "numerous persons" addicted to "voluminous correspondence" is regrettable.

In their place, however, Professor Zingg offered five character witnesses for the Reverend Mr. Singh — three professors, a judge, and a bishop.

Of these the professors did not profess to have seen either the Reverend Mr. Singh or his wolf children, so that the only characters illuminated by their testimony were their own. The judge, a resident of Midnapore, testified that he believed the story and that he had actually "spoken to several people who saw the elder of the two girls" while she was living at the orphanage.

The brunt of affirmation was thus thrown upon the bishop, the Right Reverend H. Pakenham-Walsh, who definitely stated that he saw the elder of the two girls four years after her rescue. He does not claim to have been personally acquainted with the mother wolf; yet he is able to assure us that she was "well pleased with her experiment." From his examination of the child he concluded that wolves have "no

sense of humor” and “no interest except in raw meat.” He was happy, though, to be able to announce that the wolf parents had not taught their charges “anything bad,” a fact which he felt has “a very pertinent bearing on the consideration of what we mean by ‘Original Sin.’”

4

FASCINATING as such reflections are, however, the severe logician must dismiss them as irrelevant. Professor Zingg’s correspondents, Professor Gesell’s prose, the judge’s affidavit, the bishop’s meditations, and the attending physician’s uroscopy of the dying Kamala have all an interest, even a charm, of their own; but they add nothing whatever to prove that the children were adopted and reared by wolves.

For that our sole evidence is that “diary of observation” which we are innocently told in a foreword “was nearing completion” in 1933, though the second child had died in 1929; and this diary, for all the eager promises of “internal evidence,” fails to carry conviction. Though it professes to be a day-by-day record of the children’s discovery among the wolves and their subsequent behavior at the orphanage, it is, actually, a meager collection of entries, few and irregular, not arranged chronologically, and interspersed with reflections concerning the “divine” nature of the event that are, to say the least, unscientific. And the “proof” is further vitiated by the fact that the Reverend Mr. Singh was convinced that the children were wolf children even before he unearthed them.

That he reared a strange child in his orphanage is as incontestable as that he was, probably, the worst photographer that ever lived. That he found the child in the woods in the vicinity of wolves is at least possible, though that great scientific authority, the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, says that there are no wolves in this particular region. Furthermore, there are discrepancies in his earlier and later accounts of the finding, and his failure to secure testimonials from those who, he says, were with him at the time, while going to such trouble to get testimonials from others, adds to the growing doubt.

Of course, even if he had found the children,

exactly as he said he did, living in an ant mound from which wolves had been seen to run, it would not have been positive proof that they had been reared by those or any other wolves. They may have fled into the den in fear. Or they may even have lived there independently. It would have been a strange situation, but not nearly so strange as the one alleged. That they curled up in a ball, which is thought, for some reason, to be irrefutable proof of their previous lupinity, merely proves that their backbones were flexible. It is not an uncommon condition in children and may be observed — as Dr. Gesell ought to know — in scores of nurseries that have known no other wolf than Red Riding Hood’s.

But the most damning point of all, the thing that makes the whole story untenable, is the effort — which occupies the major portions of all versions — to show that the children must have been reared by wolves because they later *behaved* like wolves. But the wolves they behaved like were not ordinary, four-footed wolves, or even a particular species of ordinary wolves, *Canis pallipes* (for Dr. Gesell is very learned on this detail), but were genuine funny-paper wolves, *Lupus vulgus fantasticus*, running in packs, howling by the clock, and emitting a “weird light” from their eyes.

Such is the basis for what Harper & Brothers regards as an “important and absorbing human study” and which “testifies anew,” in the opinion of one of the highest-paid savants of Yale University, “to the stamina of the human spirit.” Another artless pundit, crying that the story served admirably “to introduce us to some of the basic matters with which sociology deals,” — as, no doubt, it does, — proceeded in haste to revise his textbook, building the whole fabric of his new thought upon these shifty sands. Others followed suit until, today, the waifs, like God, would have to be invented if they did not exist — they serve so many purposes. Half a dozen college textbooks have been rewritten to include them as “authenticated” facts. Two complete volumes have been written about them. And practically every leading journal and news organ has had an article on them. But the veracity of the narrative has never been questioned.

Sometimes one wonders why any self-respecting wolf would *want* to adopt a human being.



CLODHOPPER

by HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

FEELING the deteriorating trend of European civilized life acutely in 1936, while not being able to determine actually what form or tragic turn events would take, I decided to buy with my small literary savings a farm of 240 acres in East Anglia. Since the last war I had lived in Devon, right at the other side of England, and had been a writer. I knew nothing about farming.

I found the farm by chance. My friend and publisher, Richard de la Mare, the son of the poet, had a country cottage in Norfolk, and one day when I was staying with him he took me to see an old house a few miles along the coast. The house was empty, and had been so for some years. It had been built by Francis Bacon's father in Queen Elizabeth's time, of local flint and brick; it had two decaying towers, the ruins of a banquet hall, in which owls and hawks nested, and it stood picturesquely old and alone among blighted apple trees beside a trout stream. And a chalk stream, moreover, in which trout of three and four pounds had in the past been taken on a dry fly, and sea trout "ran" up in the summer, fish weighing so much as twelve pounds!

As for the marshes of the flat coast, they were famous for wildfowl of every kind, from jacksnipe to the great geese which flew there in the winter from Spitzbergen and the north. It was wild, deserted country, thinly populated, on the edge of the arable or corn district of East Anglia — once the granary of England, but then suffering from the long depression of British farming.

After several visits to the gloomy old house, said to be haunted, with its cellars and floors that looked to be dry-rotten, its attics of great oak beams hung with clusters of pipistrelle bats, — it was winter, and it rained every time I went to see it, — I decided that it was too big, and probably too costly, for me. It was

On his demobilization as an infantry officer who had seen three years of fighting in the First World War, HENRY WILLIAMSON took cover in a tiny stone hermitage on the Devon moors, and from that vantage point came his memorable books, *The Old Stag*, *Tarka the Otter*, and *The Village Book*. At the outbreak of the Second World War, Mr. Williamson was in possession of an ancient farm in Norfolk, and there he plowed and harvested with a toil which admitted no time for writing. Now at last he can draw breath and tell his story.

for sale with 240 acres of land with hills, valleys, woods, a mile of the trout stream, and wonderful views over the marshes. Woodcock flying from Scandinavia in the hunter's moon alighted in those woods; teal, mallard, and widgeon flighted to the willow clumps. During one visit I watched eight "guns" standing on the meadow below one of the woods, and it seemed that hundreds of pheasants were flying out before the beaters advancing through the trees.

What a place to own! It had everything! Half a mile away was the sea, with many creeks for sailing a small boat, shellfish for the gathering, and pools for bathing. I visualized ponies for the children, our own hams hanging from the farmhouse beams (only there was no farmhouse with the land!), and myself with a red fat face, where before I had been thin and pale, myself a proper John Bull, staring at pigs and corn stacks, slow and easy where before I had been quick and irritable. In fact, at forty years of age I was entering the Faustian phase; and I knew it, but avoided the direct realization by telling myself that in the painful transitional years to come I would be justified in having decided to educate my sons as peasants or yeomen on the land. The old order was deteriorating; it had been deteriorating since I was a boy, and a youth in the World War; and now direct action was needed. So the plow was exchanged for the pen.

I had enough sense to have a professional valuer look over the farm. It was in a terrible condition. Weeds everywhere: weeds which were excellent cover for the wild pheasants. The farm was let to a farmer who paid £100 a year rent, and regarded it as a game preserve for the rich sportsmen who came to stay at the luxury hotel a mile or two away down the coast. It was burdened by a tithe of £80, to be paid annually out of the rent received by the landlord; and when taxes and drainage rates had been paid, the landlord was out of pocket. So he was amazed when someone made his agent an offer for the land, which no one else had ever wanted. Everyone else had been after that old house, but had shied at the encumbrance of the farm.

But by this time I was entirely transfixed by the immovable idea that I must have that farm. My only

hope in life lay in being the farmer of my imagination. I must restore its arable fields to fertility, throw and trim its sprawling hedges, which had overgrown since the end of the last war, drain the bogs in its meadows, make up its roads, erect new gates and gateposts (not one was standing anywhere on the farm), repair the hundreds of square yards of its Elizabethan tiled roofs, remove the thousands of rats which had tunneled the wide flint walls almost hollow, clean its trout stream of the mud which had accumulated there and ruined its fishing, build a farmhouse, teach myself to farm by day and write by night to earn money to pay the bills.

I must at all or any cost to myself or my family restore the land to what it had once been, and in doing so perhaps make of myself what I should have been had there not been a world war and all the mortifying experiences leading up to it. Somehow, scarcely formulated at the back of my mind, somehow I hoped desperately that all these self-imposed difficulties would help in the beginning of a back-to-nature movement which would transform the machine mentality of man and so avert war; and in my own person I trusted that the arduous work would give me the mental and domestic harmony which I had lacked in the years since I went to Devon to become a writer soon after the Armistice of 1918.

2

THAT was in the winter of 1936. By the summer of that year I had bought the land, against the advice of my valuer, and even against the advice of the lawyers of the old owner, who for six years had been hoping to find a purchaser. I started with a friend in May, 1936, arriving from Devon with a truck and a van. We made a camp in the pine woods overlooking the sea. By the winter of 1937 my friend had quit, unable to stand it all; but meanwhile four old condemned cottages I had bought had been restored and made dry and light, and the family was living in two of them. Our dwelling there was but temporary; for with the land I had bought two better cottages, standing in an acre of garden, and I hoped one day, if I could earn enough money, to alter them and join them into one farmhouse. My friend and I had rebuilt the four cottages with the help of two unemployed laborers in the village, teaching ourselves as we went along. I learned in that time that I would never try to build anything by myself again!

That building job went anything but smoothly. We were racing against time — three of the cottages had to be stripped to the shells of the lower walls — *and also doing other jobs at the same time.* The usual error of the amateur: taking on too much at once! I had hired a gravel pit, and with two other men dug about a thousand tons in three weeks and made up half a mile of potholed roads. After the usual blisters and exhaustion due to unformed muscles, the picking and shoveling was easy; but what I did

find hard was the writing at night. We were not having sufficient food, and the differences with my “partner” (who had neither experience nor capital) were sometimes acute. I am told that our midnight arguments from the hilltop camp among the pine trees were sometimes audible throughout the village.

However, I kept the worst aspects of our disharmony out of the weekly broadcast talks from the BBC in London, and also out of the several articles I wrote each week for the *Daily Express* and other London papers. It meant working to the small hours and rising again at 7.00 A.M., but it was done somehow. At Michaelmas, 1937, the old bankrupt farmer left, and I found I had to pay him, by law, a year’s rent for “disturbing” him! However, I was now the farmer of my own land.

My plan was to plow the hundred acres of the arable and leave them plowed until the luxuriant weeds were high, and then plow them in again to make humus, afterwards cultivating the furrows and killing with harrows every successive generation of weeds that came up. Thus by 1939 my fields would be clean, sweetened by air and sun, and the bare fallow would restore much of the fertility lost by shallow plowings of the past and by cropping with the use of artificial fertilizers only. That was my scheme.

But the men I took on — two, a father and son who had been left entirely to themselves by the old farmer and were spiritually one with the frightful condition the farm was in — persuaded me to grow grain, to “get something back; otherwise it’s pay, pay, pay all the time, guv’nor, and ’twale break you, ’bor.” So instead of remaking the old cow-house, re-laying all the roads, clearing the old overgrown hedges, tiling the fallen roofs, setting new oaken posts and gates, and draining the meadows, as I had planned, I found myself involved in farming a year before I was ready. Thus I got deeper, as they say in Norfolk, “in a muddle.”

Oh, those early dawn risings! Taking the truck alone along frosty miles to auction sales of bankrupt and quitting farmers, to buy machinery and implements of whose function or condition I knew absolutely nothing! What was the difference between a one-horse roll, a two-horse roll, and a rib or heavy Cambridge ring roll? What were they *for*, what did they *do*? How dare I find out? Ask the gypsies? But if I did, would they see I was a mug, as the men at home had solemnly assured me, and so “run me,” making me pay twice or thrice the value of what I had been told I ought to get? I stood there, hollow-feeling, afraid to bid, afraid to lose what was urgently needed.

Time after time I returned home at night with rolls and harrows, barrels and old bedsteads (for concrete work, making future bridges across the meadow dikes), root cutters and scufflers, thill gears and horse collars (to this day I don’t know what a thill gear really is), harness and hay knives, old churns for making butter, and Napoleonic wooden machines for

dressing the grain, objects like small windmills enclosed in large worm-eaten dog-kennels, bought for a few shillings. I wore overalls and had no time to eat my sandwiches at lunch; rushing home, I unloaded and then, after a wash and a hopeless stare at the fire, set about writing an amusing account of my day's adventures, to pay for what I had acquired that day.

3

A THOUSAND times during that obscure time I said I must give up, for instead of uniting my family on the land, the experience seemed to be breaking it up. No bathroom in the cottages, no plumbing, hardly any furniture. The new roof blew off in a gale. The chimney caught fire; the electric light nearly electrocuted us. But after every depression my spirits rose, and I told the men that one day the farm would be unrecognizable. "So will you, guv'nor, if you harn't keerful!" warned the old cowman, who refused to wash out the new cow-house with the new hose and piped water I had put up, from the new artesian well bored 76 feet into the chalk. (At least I had the sense not to attempt that boring myself.)

We grew barley that last year of the peace, and it met the biggest slump for fifteen years. It was the Munich crisis that caused it; the brewers bought of the abundant mid-European grain which came hurriedly to most of the southern and eastern ports of Britain, and when the British barley went on the market, the price dropped overnight. So instead of my arable cleaned and restored for the 1939 market, as I had planned, I had about fifty tons of unwanted barley lying in the grain barn. That old barn had beams made out of the spars of sailing ships which had probably carried grain from port to port along the east coast before King Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries. Instead of looking at those beams, so much of an attraction before the buying of the farm, I looked ruefully at the thousands of rats' trails over the heaps of fine malting barley which nobody in the Corn Hall at Norwich wanted. Once again I learned the folly of not trusting to my own ideas.

So the war came, and the land I had bought at a period when British agricultural land had not been so cheap for one hundred and fifty years was immediately an asset. People who only two years before had warned me of my folly now complimented me on my foresight. "Ah, you're a farmer!" they exclaimed. "The finest life on earth! Lucky fellow!" adding that they wished they had a farm. What did I think of their chances as farmers, if they "took the

plunge" and did what I had done? Quite sincerely I returned to them the very excellent advice they had given me in the past. In farming, I said, you haven't time to look at the view; farming is all technical problems and often frustrations. Ah, they replied, you farmers are never satisfied!

I don't want to think of those occasions when I gave in to some persuasions and yielded to this or that request from an urban escapist, usually of military age, for a job on the farm. None of them cared about farming, and one and all were a burden in their various ways.

You can't borrow or lend experience; you have to buy it. I bought mine. And somehow I stuck it out. Four derelict cottages made good, and occupied by my men working on the farm; another two cottages made into a habitable farmhouse for the family, *with* plumbing; an old ruinous barn turned into a library-studio, where I sit before a warm open hearth and read my books; a garage built decently of old tiles, natural-edge elm boards sawn on our own bench, and concrete blocks inside plastered white; the acre of garden plowed up and planted with fruit trees; the stream bed cleaned in sections by slanting board-dams (fights with the Drainage Board men over those dams) and the meadows drained; a thousand tons of rich black mud spread over some poor fields, which after two years grew bumper crops; the roads ruined again by an invasion of practice tanks in a wet winter, but made up again a year later; two hundred tons of logs for our open hearths, got from the old thorn hedges cut down; rich leaf mold in the woods plowed out and spread on the arable, to restore fertility; our own game to shoot, and poultry, butter, and eggs. Only one of the original men remains; the others left declaiming there was nothing but work, work, work.

At last I achieved some sort of stability, and began to learn that farming was a whole-time job and a life job at that, if one wanted to become really a first-class yeoman. But the eldest boy, Windles, who was thirteen when war broke out, and was taken away from school in order to learn to be a real worker from that moment, now takes most of the farm work off me. After seven years of it — and the hardest part of it was bringing men grown up in the depression and decay of British farming standards to learn new ways from a "foreigner" — I am a writer once more, with a zest that is almost equal with that of my beginnings after the World War. Farming taught me my limitations; I am content with a small sphere; the world illusions of the sedentary and the untried are no longer mine.

(To be continued)



FIGHTER

by JOHN CASWELL SMITH, JR.

POKE's bed groaned and squeaked as he twisted spasmodically to avoid the big, faceless man in his dream who leveled a pistol at him. He shrank back, frightened and defenseless. But when the bullet hit him, he laughed to himself with the realization that it does not hurt to get shot. Just a heavy thud like a fist hitting you. Poke felt a detachment from the fight that had started it all. The whole thing seemed ended and far away, now that the great noise of the gun had ended all the lesser noises. He could feel that his right leg was soaking wet, and that the sticky, warm blood was filling his shoe.

As he began to sag and drop weakly where he stood, there came the banging at the door, and the noise of feet stamping about in the hallway. A muffle of voices was trying to penetrate down through his sleep to his tired mind, calling his name; and as he heard the back window raised, he heard frightened voices saying, "They're breaking that door in! Hurry up and jump! Never mind the dog. He's tied up."

The hammering at the door kept on and it seemed to Poke that it was an especial torment designed only for him, to keep him from dozing off into a peaceful sleep. It grew louder and more insistent until at last, in revengeful anger, he gave one final surge and raised his head to shout. It was only then that he heard his name called, clearly this time, and he sat up straight, gasping for breath and clutching through the bedcovers at his leg. He looked around the room and saw that it was daytime, when again there came that heavy thumping of a fist against the door.

A graduate of Springfield College in Massachusetts, JOHN CASWELL SMITH, JR., is a Negro writer who served from October, 1942, to December, 1944, in the American Red Cross in Great Britain and who now makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

"Poke!" The voice called him. "Poke! Wake up, man!"

Poke grinned to himself. "Wait a minute," he called, and drew his big frame out of bed. He stopped cautiously before putting his hand on the latch. "That you, Country Boy?" he asked.

"Yeah, man. Open up. Damn!"

As Country strode into the room, Poke was already back in bed, as though trying to recover some of the heat his body had lost during the moment he had been standing at the door in his underwear. Country was a rustic-looking, flabby youth whose clothes hung loosely on his body. "You jus' a sleep-in' po' boy, ain't yuh," he said to the hunched-up shape in the bed. Poke grunted and drew the covers tighter.

Country walked over to the window and raised the shade. The afternoon sun streamed through the window. He tapped lightly on the pane at a shapely brown girl who was passing at the moment.

She turned. "Hello, Country!" she yelled. He raised his hat in mock grandeur and bowed. The girl hurried on with a gesture of feigned impatience. He returned his hat to his head and reached into both pockets of his long, shapeless overcoat. From one pocket he drew out several partially smoked cigarettes, from the other a match. Without turning from the window, he lighted a cigarette and returned the others to his pocket. "That Hattie sho' kin truck, you know that, Poke?" he said.

Poke turned over to squint at the figure standing by the window. "Hunh?" he groaned, still half asleep. He shaded his eyes from the winter sunlight that found its way past the window.

"I say that Hattie sho' kin walk fine."

"Yeah." He saw the blue clouds of smoke floating in the sunshine. "Gimme a smoke."

"Ain't got nothin' but stumps."

"Well, gimme a stump, then! Damn, I wanna smoke. Not a lotta yo' mouth."

Country turned and sauntered over to the bed, groping in his pockets. He lighted the cigarette butt he placed between Poke's lips, blew out the match, and seated himself on a chair near-by. Poke reached from the bed and flicked the first ash of his cigarette into an ash tray on a small table beside him.

"I ain't never noticed that table before." Country sat forward to place his hand appraisingly on the shining top of the table.

"Jessie bought that. She tryin' to fix this place up a little."

Country pushed his hat back on his head and looked around the small room. "Sho' looks nice," he said quietly. "Jessie comin' in tonight?" He leaned forward to crush out the half inch of cigarette.

"Yeah. S'posed to, anyhow."

"You'n her goin' tuh th' dance?"

"What dance?"

"What dance! You mean you ain't heard about th' stomp's gonna be at the Blue Moon t'night?" Country's face was a study in disbelief.

"Aw, *that* ole dance. Yeah, I 'most fuhgot about it." Poke looked gravely at his own cigarette stub before mashing it out on the ash tray. "Naw, man. I ain't goin' to no dance tonight."

"How come yuh ain't goin'? You broke?"

"Naw, I ain't broke. I jus' ain' goin', thass all." Poke was becoming belligerent. Country stood up slowly and stretched himself without feeling any real need for it. "Le's get outta here," he said softly, and walked back over to the window to look aimlessly at the people walking by. He felt not a little satisfaction with himself, for now he knew at least that he didn't have to worry about Poke going to that dance. It wouldn't help Poke's parole record any if he should tie up with any of those tough hombres from across town. House parties, where you knew everybody, were easier; but public dances were something else again, because nobody was in his own neighborhood, and there were always cops at public dances.

All Poke had to do was just be *seen* where there was a fight and back he'd go to the reformatory to do some more time. Well, he wasn't going to the dance, and that was one worry off Country's mind. He could tell that to Jessie when she came in off her job tonight, and she could take over from there. He often wondered to himself why he bothered about Poke, but he always told himself he just liked the guy.

Besides that, Jessie was his cousin and if he could look out for Poke during the week, it sort of helped; gave him a tie to somebody. When she put her hand on his arm each week and said, "Country, look out fo' Poke and see he don't get in no more trouble," he always laughed softly at her, but he knew he was going to keep on helping. Standing at the window he smiled again to himself and turned around to look at his responsibility.

Poke was nearly dressed and had removed from his head the section of stocking, knotted at one end,

that kept his hair from getting mussed while he slept. He walked to the foot of the bed and slid a necktie from the white iron rail of the bed and began knotting it around his neck. The two were silent, both thinking of the fact that it would not be very long now before they would meet Jessie at the subway station. It had become a sort of ritual on Thursdays, and from this point on there was not much need of conversation. Some lunch and a game of "61" at the poolroom would take care of their thoughts until late afternoon.

2

Jessie pushed through the crowd that surged through the turnstiles and hurried up the stairs. She did hope Poke hadn't got himself in any trouble; but of course he hadn't — otherwise Country would have called her. Yet she couldn't keep the nagging little worry out of her mind.

Poke wasn't really bad. He didn't even carry a knife; hadn't ever carried one. If he could only get a good job. But he always had such bad luck, and besides, nobody wanted to hire a fellow with a prison record. Trouble always seemed to follow him around so. The cops kept such a close watch on him. He couldn't even take a quick ride over to Jersey without asking permission to leave the state. If only she didn't have to be away from him so much.

She reached the top of the stairs and looked anxiously at the crowd of people standing in front of the cigar store. There they were: faithful, slow-talking Country and her tall, broad-shouldered Poke. Poke saw her and walked over to meet her in the middle of the sidewalk, while Country lagged behind with a show of indifference. Poke kissed her roughly and took the small handbag she was carrying. "Hello, Baby," he said, and made a soft, punching motion at her with his free hand.

"How're you, Poke? Hello, Country — whatcha know good?" Relief and positive happiness flowed into her voice.

"Ev'vything's good. 'At's why I knock awn wood." Country snapped his fingers and pushed his hat forward over his eyes. Jessie laughed and took him by the arm as she walked between the two men.

Music blared at them from radio shops as they walked leisurely along, and there was loud, friendly talk all about them. Jessie liked it. Country's easy-going languidness reassured her, too, and she could know that Poke had not been in any fights.

For his part, Poke seemed unaware of everything around him. He was frequently like this, wordless and presenting a stolid, enigmatic exterior. He never talked much under any circumstances. Silence and muscular expression were his way of life. It seemed useless to him to try to explain about the things that went on inside his head. He knew people would laugh, so he laughed it away himself and put a hard-boiled front in its place.

Sometimes, all the things he felt inside would well up into his arms and hands and they would grow taut, feeling the need to strike out at something visible—something that could be solved or conquered in terms of his limited powers. Tangible energy was what he understood; and whenever he had hit a man and felt him deaden and drop, it gave him a strange sense of triumph and release. Violence offered a crazy kind of peace because he was familiar with it without understanding it.

As they approached a tenement entrance, the door suddenly flew open, and a short, heavy man hurtled through it, leaning dangerously forward. He lost his balance and fell face downward on the sidewalk, but scrambled to his feet cursing and started back furiously toward the building. He was met at the door by a slender, wiry black man who lifted a knee to his stomach and ripped an uppercut into his face. The stout man fell backward with a groan and rolled over into a pile of dirty paper.

Jessie screamed involuntarily and held tighter to Poke's arm, which she felt stiffening like a steel coil. Country looked quickly up and down the street and stepped over to take hold of Poke's other arm. "Shut up, Jessie," he said, and pulled persistently on Poke's arm. "Just keep awn walkin'. Goddammit, Poke, keep walkin', willya! 'F a cop shows up now, he'll swear t' Christ *you* hit 'im." Poke felt as though they were holding open the jaws of a trap, permitting him to escape. Jessie was clinging to his arm, her eyes wide and frightened. Halfway down the block they looked back. A crowd had gathered, and they couldn't see what was going on.

At the corner, the trio turned into a side street, and halfway down the block they entered a place called "Pearly's Bar-B-Que." There was a bar along one side, and a long row of booths on the other. A music box near the door was sending out blues from a deep-throated contralto voice. There was a low hum of voices coming from the booths, occasionally broken into by high-pitched laughter. Somewhere, in the back of the room, a young girl was singing with the music, and at the far end of the bar a small knot of men stood talking in desultory tones.

Up near the door, the bartender brightened as the three people entered. He was a slender, yellow-skinned man with sandy-colored, woolly hair. "Whatcha know, Country?" he said. "Are you in the groove, Smooth?"

Country grinned. "Yeah, man. Groovie as a ten-cent movie." He walked over and leaned on the bar. Poke and Jessie kept on into the room and slid into one of the booths at the far end.

The bartender's face sobered for a moment and he leaned forward. "Ain't that Poke Benson?" he whispered.

"Yeah—why?" Country kept his voice down and glanced at the booth where his two friends were seated. Jessie was facing him and talking earnestly to Poke, who sat across from her.

"Nothin', oney I don' want no trouble in here.

The pay-off's tough enough as it is." The bartender looked anxiously at Country.

"You ain' goin' tuh have no trouble. 'At boy's awright."

The bartender wiped a section of the bar with a damp cloth. "He may be awright to you, but I heard about that ghee—plenty. You git 'im the hell outta here. I'm doin' awright wit this little hustle I got, and don' wanna git it all broke up."

"Aw man, fuhgit it. 'At boy ain' go' hurt nobody. I bin knowin' Poke fuh long time. You jus'g'wan an' sell yo' li'l bit a whiskey, an' ev'vything's gonna be groovy." Country began a rhythmic jerk of his shoulders from side to side to keep time with the music. He waved at Jessie, who had looked up at him when he had begun swaying his shoulders and snapping his fingers. She smiled and waved back at him. Country stepped closer to the bar. "Trouble is," he said, "all you cats go bristlin' up when Poke comes round. He ain' go' start nothin' lessen somebody else starts gittin' bad. 'At boy ain' never bin in no trouble he made hisself."

A fat waitress in a maroon-colored uniform stepped up to the bar, near the small group of men. "Draw two!" she shouted. The bartender turned half toward her but lingered a moment where he stood.

"Well, you jus' stick aroun' an' keep your boy straight. I do' wanna take no chances. 'At baby's poison." He turned away then, and sauntered over to the beer taps. Country walked slowly to the booth where Jessie and Poke were sitting. The fat waitress stepped across in front of him, placed two glasses of beer on the table, and looked expectantly up at Country. Ignoring her, he slid into the seat beside Poke.

"Whatchawl gonna do?" he asked, and drummed lightly on the table with his fingers. The waitress walked away and resumed her seat at the end of the room.

Jessie looked nervously at Country and tried to smile. "I dunno, Country," she said. "Me an' Poke ain't decided yet." Country looked at Poke and decided not to say anything. He went on drumming on the table and whistling a tune that he made up as he went along.

"Well, I guess I'll mosey along," he said presently, and stood up. "I got me a little run tuh make, an' I'll pick y'awl up later awn." He nudged Poke gently. "Take it easy, Greasy," he said, and started toward the door. He could tell that Poke needed woman's talk now. There wasn't any place in particular for him to go, but he knew he could find them later on if he wanted to. He waved at the bartender on the way out, and winked reassuringly at him.

3

Jessie sipped at her beer and looked at Poke, who kept looking at a spot on the table. "Then what did the man say, Honey?" she asked.

"Said he didn' need no help."

"Did he say why?"

"Nope. Jus' said he didn' need no help."

"Did yuh shôw 'im that card the man gave yuh?"

"Yeah, but he didn' even read it." Poke made a helpless motion with his big right hand, coiled it into a fist, and brought it softly down on the table.

Jessie was trying to be cheerful, but her voice was tight and tense. "Well, maybe you c'n get somethin' nex' week, huh?"

Poke didn't answer. It was always like this whenever he tried to talk. There was too much to talk about and there were no words for some of the things he felt. Besides, there was the dull pounding in him that never seemed to stop. He knew, in some vague, intuitive way, that it was all made from old childhood hurts; from the times when he first felt like crying whenever anyone spoke harshly to him. He knew it was made from the beatings his father gave him that made him run away from home, and from being chased and beaten in white boys' neighborhoods the times he had crossed the ghetto boundaries.

Mixed with the bitter memories were all his futile yearnings; it was all stirred up in him now, each part indistinguishable, flavored with shame and fear and anger and the crushing endlessness of walking up and down in a prison cell. The power and the impotence were a distorting combination, resolving themselves into an uncertain and aimless strength.

"Poke. Ain't you goin' t' speak tuh me?" She could feel his distance, and touched his hand as though to bring him back to consciousness. "Poke," she said again, "did I say somethin' yuh didn' like?" He looked up at her and smiled.

"Pay it no mind, Baby," he said, "I jus' don' feel like talkin' now, thass all. Le's go do somethin'."

"I gotta go get muh hair done, Poke." It relieved her some to see him smile. This was more like him, and she wanted to hurry to the hairdresser's so that they could go to supper. She reached into her pocket-book and took out a couple of one-dollar bills. "Pay for the beer and le's go. Miss Sally's gonna be lookin' fuh me at six o'clock, an' it'll be six in a little bit."

Poke picked up the money carelessly. "You g'wan over there, an' I'll drop by that way in about a hour," he said.

Jessie looked uncertainly at him for an instant. "O.K.," she said, and hurried out.

Poke took a cigarette from the package that lay in front of him. As he lighted it, the waitress came to his table to remove the two empty glasses. "Gimme another one," Poke said. She walked away without saying anything. As she strode over to the bar, the front door opened and three men walked in.

They were all dressed alike, and were of about equal stature. Each wore an almost white, wide-brimmed hat, a long, double-breasted dark blue overcoat, and in each outside breast pocket there gleamed the carefully folded points of a white silk handkerchief. All three wore bright-yellow kid gloves and all had white scarves neatly folded around their necks.

They stepped up to the bar and pretended to be oblivious to the stir their entrance caused in the room. The bartender looked uneasily out of the window, and with a half smile walked to a spot directly opposite them.

"Whatchawl gonna have?" he asked quietly.

The waitress arrived at the bar and drawled, "Draw one." The white hat in the middle, at the sound of her voice, looked around. "Hello, Jelly-Belly," he said. White Hat Number One, on his left, looked at the woman and smirked. The waitress ignored them. White Hat Number Three kept looking straight at the bartender, who dropped his glance and drew a glass of beer from the tap in front of him. The other two snickered and broke finally into a guffaw as the woman walked away from them toward Poke's table.

"Y'ole lady ain' payin' you no min' t'night," said Number One. Number Three kept looking steadily at the bartender.

Several people got up to put their wraps on in preparation for leaving. The knot of men at the bar had become tense and silent. The bartender spoke politely again to the three. "Y'awl gonna have something?" he asked. Number Two looked astonished and turned to Number Three.

"Yalla Boy wants tuh know do we wants somethin'," he said. "Whyn't yuh tell the man we don' drinks nothin'?" Number One snickered, but Number Three continued to hold the bartender with his impudent stare.

The bartender shifted his feet and prepared to walk away from the position he had taken in front of the three. "Gimme a glassa whiskey," said Number One suddenly, and leaned farther forward.

The harassed man selected a bottle and poured a drink from it into a small glass. He poured some ginger ale into a larger glass and placed it alongside the whiskey. Number One picked up the small glass and was about to drink when Number Two reached over and knocked the glass out of his hand. It went clattering over the bar with a loud noise, breaking other glasses in the process.

Everyone in the room came to a sudden and watchful silence. Poke turned carelessly to follow the anxious glances he saw on every face around him. The white hats were all laughing and taking in the attention of the rapt audience they had created, noting that everyone seemed not a little uneasy. Poke turned back to his glass of beer.

The middle white hat began apologizing, with feigned seriousness, to his companion. The bartender was wiping up the moisture and tossing pieces of broken glass into a trash can at his feet. Someone had started the music box going again and the shrill, high sound of a clarinet screeched into the smoky air of the room.

"Give muh frien' another glassa whiskey, Yalla Boy," said the offending white hat.

The bartender turned an injured look upon him. "Who's goin' tuh pay for th' first drink?" he asked.

Number Two, a malicious grin on his face, said, "Yalla Boy, you git him another drink, an' don' be so busy with yo' mouth." He flashed his right hand toward the white handkerchief in his breast pocket, and there suddenly appeared in his gloved hand a long, slender knife, with an open gleaming blade. He kept grinning and looking at the bartender while he fondled the weapon, as though it had nothing to do with his conversation.

"Now listen, fellas, you-all treat me right, an' ev'vything's gonna be awright," said the bartender in a placating tone.

"Ev'vything's gonna be awright anyhow, Yalla Boy," said Number Two. "Git muh buddy anothuh drink." He closed the knife and slipped it back into his pocket as the bartender turned and reached for the bottle again. At that moment, Country appeared at the doorway. He peered in, opened the door, and started for the booth where he had left Poke and Jessie. Just at that moment, the nearest white hat stepped backward to brush off his coat, and the two collided gently.

"Scuse me, pal," said Country, and started forward again, but found himself facing the other two, who had stepped over to block his path. Country was surprised for a moment, and somewhat bewildered as he found himself surrounded by the three men. He smiled and tried to walk past the two in front of him, but one of them pushed him back.

4

COUNTRY was trying to think of an easier way of dealing with this situation when suddenly he saw the big form of Poke walking purposefully toward him. The bartender, stung to action, was moving swiftly around the bar in an attempt to intercept Poke. One of the two men facing Country wheeled to follow this movement and found himself face to face with Poke, who stopped just short of the group.

"Now where in hell you think you're goin'!" the white hat facing Poke challenged. Poke paid no attention to him. Instead, he looked over his head and said easily, "Whatsa matter, Country?" The bartender had reached a spot just behind Poke and was attempting to keep peace.

"Take it easy, Poke. Ev'vything's gonna be awright," he said, and tried to take Poke by the arm. But he was a minor character in the play by now, and Poke flung him off. Country was terrified as he saw the situation gaining more and more momentum.

"You betta keep the hell outta this, Big Boy," said the white hat, but Poke kept his attention on Country. The devils in him were turning the screws now, tightening the drumhead, and slowly they began to beat out an impelling cadence. He swept the three with a disdainful glance.

"You goddamn punks betta let 'at boy alone," he said, and looked back at his friend. "C'mere, Country. Walk awn over heah."

"Aw, Poke, these ole boys ain' go' hurt nobody. Dey jus' playin' aroun', man." There was no conviction in Country's voice. The bartender was still trying weakly to avoid trouble.

"C'mon, you guys," he said anxiously, "lay offa this stuff. You-all gonna git me in trouble. Look — whyn't you-all take a drink awn th' house, an' fuh-git this mess."

Nobody even looked at him. Poke was standing silently, watching the whole array in front of him; and as the pounding inside him reached a crashing crescendo, the taut spring in him snapped and he sent his hard, angry fist smashing into the leering, confident face in front of him. The man's eyes went back, showing only whites, and as his body sped backward it crashed into the bar, upsetting glasses and a cardboard cigarette advertisement. Country turned to attack the man behind him, but was met by a vicious kick in the groin that doubled him over in excruciating pain.

The man who now faced Poke reached toward his white handkerchief, but Poke grabbed the hand, and as he twisted the fist in his vise-like grip, the unopened knife it held rattled to the floor. Having lost his weapon, the white hat lifted his knee to kick at this devil of a man, but as he did so, Poke sidestepped adroitly, grasped the uplifted leg, and lifted the cursing man off the floor to send him crashing down beside his unconscious companion.

He had only time to throw up his hand to ward off the blow he saw coming at him, out of the corner of his eye, as he turned toward the man who had kicked Country. The bottle glanced off his upthrown elbow and crashed to the floor as he lunged forward and grasped the man by the collar of his coat with one hand. With his free hand he drove a hammer-like blow into the terrified face, and as he reversed the direction of his fist he crooked his arm and hit the bloody mouth a hard blow with his elbow and again with his fist as it followed the elbow outward and down in a piston action that rained blows all over the broken face he held before him.

And as he pounded, the release came suddenly in him and he felt free and satisfied. He let the man fall from his grip and for the first time became aware that Country and the bartender were pulling at his arms, attempting to stop him.

By this time the room was full of excited people, and fear came suddenly on the heels of the great peace he had begun to feel. Country was pleading with him, almost crying. "Poke," he was saying, "Poke, c'mon an' le's git outta here. Damn, man, the law gonna be all ovuh this place." He turned dazedly to look at Country, whose face had been kicked in the fracas. Blood was streaking the corner of his mouth, and there were deep lines of pain around his eyes.

The bartender was cursing and groaning over the damage. Outside, a police whistle sounded, and as though it were a special signal, the crowd ran out into the street to disperse. Instantly, Poke too was

alert and ready for flight, and at last gave himself over to Country's urging.

They were running toward the back of the room even as the police car's siren lowered to a growl at the front door. They heard the hammering on the locked door of the lavatory as they slid over the window sill and dropped to the ground. Somewhere a dog was barking, and as Poke ran through the alley he had a vague feeling that he had done all this before, in precisely the same way. A pistol shot should come next, he thought, and as he and Country separated at the end of the alley, he heard a shot and the bullet pinged off the bricks overhead. He reached down to his thigh and was surprised to find he had not been hit. In daylight the police might not have missed.

When he reached the avenue, Poke slowed to a steady, panther-like gait. He crossed the street against the lights and carefully moved toward the next avenue. He tried to formulate a plan as he walked along, but flight was too strong in him still for his imagination to call up anything but the most familiar of faces and feelings.

He reached up to pull his hat further down. Something in the gesture made him halt, burning him with the impossibility and futility of hiding. He turned and looked up and down the dark street and then moved again, aimlessly now and with less purposefulness in his stride, certain that the police would be alert and hunting for him everywhere. The heat and drive of the fight had dwindled now and gone out of him; and the old fears and confusions were flooding back into his consciousness, taking the place that the opiates of anger had so briefly filled.

He began to hear the arrogant voice of the judge droning blamefully through the courtroom, Jessie's repressed weeping, and the clumsy, mumbled words of Country's indignation and sympathy. Already he could feel the terrifying loneliness of the womanless prison cell. He kept walking, and the dead click of his heels was accompaniment to his old, cruel sorrow; and as he huddled away from the chilly night air, he shrank deeply into himself, feeling small like a child, and hurt, and wanting somehow to find a way to let himself cry.



THE PLIGHT OF KING LEOPOLD

by ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

1

FEW kings in modern times have started their reigns under more favorable auspices than Leopold III, King of the Belgians. Son of a popular and heroic father, husband of the charming and gracious Queen Astrid, and a personable figure of a man himself, Leopold began his career with what would seem like every advantage working for him. His first bad break occurred with the tragic death of Astrid in an automobile accident while he was driving. But the events which have led him into exile in Switzerland can be ascribed not so much to bad luck, or even to guessing the future wrong, as to faults within himself. And these events, regardless of the possibility of his recall as a result of the recent elections, will assuredly cause him to go down in history as Belgium's sorriest monarch.

It is now established that he and his family were not carried off to Germany, before the Allied invasion of Europe, without his consent. Had he been liberated along with his country, he would have had to

face the music as soon as the legitimate government returned. But whether he himself elected to postpone the showdown or whether the whim of the Germans did it for him does not much matter. In any event he and his family were liberated early in May, 1945, by American troops in Austria, near Salzburg.

It will always be debated in Belgium whether Leopold would have succeeded in regaining his throne if he had returned at once, braved the inevitable storm, and confronted the people with a defense of his conduct during the war. True, his return at that juncture might have upset the government and retarded the recovery of the country. As the Belgians were just then emerging from the trials of a particularly cruel winter, the disturbance created by his return would not have added to his popularity. But a bit of firmness might have won the game for him if he had acted swiftly before public opinion had a chance to form itself into blocs for and against him.

There had been a general, unwritten agreement in the Belgian press not to discuss the problem of the King until he was safe and had a chance to state his case. This was broken only once, to the best of

Music critic of the *Boston Herald*, ALEXANDER WILLIAMS entered the U.S. Army early in 1942 and, rising from Private to Captain, made a distinguished record as one of our Civil Affairs officers, with his headquarters first in London and then in Brussels.

my recollection. The corpulent and amiable burgo-master of Brussels, M. Van de Meulebroeck, went to London for a Lord Mayor's ceremony and took the opportunity to make some flattering allusions to Leopold III. For this he was roundly called down by the Communist paper, *Le Drapeau Rouge*, which said caustically that among the many things the people desired when peace should come, the return of Leopold to his throne was not high on the list. Once again the press relapsed into silence, until the liberation of Leopold by the Americans released a tempest of argument.

There never was any question of the monarchy's survival in Belgium. In principle, the Communists would doubtless have preferred a different form of government, but even they did not urge this among the many protests and plans they were in the habit of making. The great majority of Belgians firmly believe that the monarchy is the binding force in the country to hold the Flemish and Walloon elements of the population together. There is, to be sure, a vociferous group of Walloon separatists who have wanted the French-speaking part of the country tied politically and economically to France. But the present desperate and unhappy state of that nation does not give much support to their cause.

Like Holland, Belgium is satisfied with a constitutional monarchy. If Leopold III is not fit to reign, then his son Baudouin could succeed, and operate under the regency of Leopold's brother, Prince Charles, until his coming of age. This solution, if Leopold had agreed to abdicate, would have satisfied everybody except the extreme right wing of the Catholic Party and the collaborationist elements, who might hope for softer treatment under Leopold.

Leopold's actions, after his decision not to return immediately, took on a considerable air of mystery, not to say comic opera. On May 12 he sent the following letter to the Regent: —

MY DEAR BROTHER: —

As a result of the captivity which I have endured, my state of health does not permit me to return immediately to Belgium. I infinitely regret not having been able, since the liberation, to be with my people. During my captivity all my thoughts have been with them. I beg you to have the goodness, until my re-establishment, to continue the mission which you assumed in the interests of the nation.

Your affectionate brother,

LEOPOLD

This seemingly innocent missive amused the man in the street not a little. Your ordinary Belgian is a pretty shrewd fellow. After all, he has twice in a generation had to spend a large part of his time in trying to double-cross the Germans. So he did not really believe that the King was too sick to come home. He also suspected that the hand of Elizabeth, the unpopular German-born Queen Mother, would reveal itself. The personal relations between Prince Charles and the King have always been good, but it

is noteworthy that the Queen Mother had always arranged it that Charles was invariably kept out of any functions which would have placed him in the limelight and thus might have created a focus for opposition against his brother.

Meanwhile, for nearly a year, Prince Charles had been very much in the public eye as Regent, a job he did not want but in which he acquitted himself with tact and conspicuous success. The functions of state bore him, and he would like nothing so much as to regain his personal liberty. Yet he has played his by no means easy role with consideration both for his brother's position and for the welfare of the country. In this task he has had little but annoyance from the King and the King's supporters, and not much help from his mother. Presumably he could be bitter about the treatment accorded him, for he was the only adult member of the Belgian royal family whose attitude during the occupation was completely above suspicion. Certainly all the others were far too careful to keep clear of being identified with the Resistance.

2

POPULAR suspicion that Leopold's illness was less a real condition than a political maneuver to gain time received a distinct fillip from the somewhat tactless statement of an American officer, General Wade Haislip. The Associated Press reported the General as saying that King Leopold was in perfect health and that there was nothing to prevent his return to Belgium. "I dined with him myself two days ago," said the General, "and I could then say that his state of health left nothing to be desired."

The Belgian press printed this story with glee, under a picture of the King in uniform in the company of his pretty wife, the Princesse de Réthy. But the government hastened to deny this frank report and issued a bulletin stating that the King was suffering from cardiac trouble necessitating the attention of an American Army doctor, and that it was impossible for him to return. The people formed their own opinion. In the political game King Leopold had elected to play, he had lost the first move.

There then began that series of official journeys to and from Salzburg which ended in disgusting the people with the whole business. To an outsider it all looked very much like *opéra bouffe*. The Regent, the Queen Mother, members of the King's household, the Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, and various Parliamentary delegations shuttled back and forth, while in Belgium the public had little more than rumors to feed their curiosity. Some of these were amusing. For example, at one point in the negotiations it was said in Brussels cafés that Leopold would abdicate all right, but that he was holding out for such high wages that the government was forced to delay and to bargain. It was also noted that every afternoon the King seemed on the point of agreeing to abdicate, but that he would then return to

his handsome young wife and on the morrow was again firm in his resolution to retain his throne.

A word had better be said about this lady, whether or not she played a part in the King's obstinacy, for she is certainly one of the reasons for his unpopularity. The Princesse de Réthy was a Mlle. Liliane Baels, the daughter of the Governor of West Flanders, who was suspected of being too friendly with the Germans, who was removed from his post by the King in 1940, and whose dossier was spirited away from the Ministry in charge of it — by the connivance of this royal consort. Mlle. Baels's brother was said to have done propaganda against the legitimate Belgian government in Spain and Portugal throughout the occupation.

Queen Astrid had been very popular; so any new wife would be looked upon with a highly critical eye. Yet Leopold, who had become deeply religious after Astrid's death, to the extent of contemplating retirement to a monastery, abruptly married this girl from a suspect family and created her Princesse de Réthy, the name which everyone knew he and Astrid had always used when traveling incognito. The people did not object so much to the fact that she was a commoner as to her suspicious background. The belief was widespread that she was an *intrigante* who had trapped the King into marriage. Leopold met Liliane Baels playing golf and asked her for a game at the Palace course. It is generally believed in Belgium that she played on his religious scruples by pleading that their child must be legitimized.

Certainly the public was astounded to learn by an announcement in the churches on December 6, 1941, that the Cardinal had married the King and Mlle. Baels during the preceding September, an action which not only gave rise to rumors but also in itself involved a host of petty illegalities. The Prince Regent's nickname for Leopold is said to be "Catastrophe," in recognition of the fact that nothing the King has done since Astrid's death has turned out well. On this occasion Prince Charles's comment is supposed to have been: "Have you heard the latest on 'Catastrophe'? He's got himself married."

Worse still, the King had announced as his reason for remaining in Belgium that he was the head of the Army and would be "the first prisoner among you." This was all very fine, but everyone knows that prisoners are not permitted to marry lovely girls during their incarceration. That the King of the Belgians should do so while his subjects were suffering under the hated Germans hardly seemed in the best of taste.

At first the comings and goings between Brussels and Salzburg were followed with deep interest. The papers reported everything connected therewith, to the extent that their very restricted size allowed. The political parties lined up for and against abdication. The Liberals, Socialists, Communists, and a new party, the Union Démocratique Belge, came out for abdication. The extreme right-wing Catholics were pro-Leopold. This sharp division leaves ordi-

nary Catholics faced with the dilemma of supporting a figure who, if he returns, will be King of the Catholics only, and not of the Belgian people as a whole.

To an outsider this struggle looks like the familiar one between Church and people; but, although the Church naturally supports the Catholic Party, and its leading prelates are pro-Leopold, it would be a mistake to say that the party is unanimously for the return of the King. Another pro-Leopold faction whose attitude disturbs the wisest statesmen among the Catholics is the collaborationists. There were some 300,000 *inciviques* in Belgium with the return of voluntary workers from Germany after the war, the prisoners shut up or awaiting trial for collaboration, and the relics of the two Flemish and Walloon fascist parties. These undesirables have concluded that they stand to lose nothing, and have the possibility of a good deal to gain, by the restoration of Leopold to power.

The Catholic Party is anxious not to lose the power which it has enjoyed in Belgium for more than half a century. It lost its share in the coalition government over this question of King Leopold when the Socialist Prime Minister, M. Achille Van Acker, brought it to a debate in the Chamber of Deputies. The King had found himself unable to form a government; and since he would not abdicate, there remained no other course than to debate the subject in the open. In mid-July, therefore, the Catholic extremists forced the more liberal Catholics in the Cabinet to resign; whereupon the extremists lost control in the Chamber, and Van Acker won a vote of confidence.

3

I HAVE mentioned so far only one reason for Leopold's unpopularity — the story of his unfortunate second marriage. But this is far from the whole truth, and it is only fair to the Belgian people to say that more serious reasons were given prominence in the public discussions. Chief among these is the suspicion that, if not pro-German, he was at least fatalistic in his belief that the Germans had won and had come to stay as the power in Europe. This view was due possibly to his own inclination. His pride led him to trust his flattering pro-German advisers and his German-born mother, rather than to give ear to more far-sighted and patriotic counselors. At one point he went to Berchtesgaden to talk with Hitler, an action that has been variously explained, though never fully by the King himself; so it looked to many people as if he meant to tie Belgium to the "new order."

The Socialist paper, *Le Peuple*, stated without mincing words that in 1940 "Leopold III led us unwittingly — even though now he protests that his conscience is clean — to the threshold of treason." The royal military adviser, General Van Overstraeten, was certainly convinced that the Germans were going to win and was mightily impressed by their war ma-

chine. He even permitted himself to be photographed with Princesse Marie José, Leopold's sister, and a couple of German officers, being shown over the fort of Eben Emael, which the Germans had so successfully surprised and circumvented in their drive in 1940. A Belgian friend of mine, who is far from being a radical, keeps that photograph on his mantel-piece to remind him of how Belgians close to the King could dare to commit so outrageously unpatriotic an act.

Further, it is held against Leopold that he never lifted a finger to aid the Resistance or to manifest enthusiasm for the Allied cause. He insisted, of course, that he was a prisoner and must keep himself isolated from all politics; but many people felt that he could all the same have done as much as did the similarly situated King of Denmark. He is also properly blamed for not having followed his government into exile as did his neighbors, the Queen of the Netherlands and the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg.

Leopold maintained that, as head of the Army, it was his duty to stay with his troops, but we have seen that he could turn around and regard his role as "first prisoner" in a singular fashion. Moreover, by the Belgian Constitution, the King is obliged to obey his Ministers. And his Ministers specifically advised him to follow them and form a free government in London. In not complying, he committed an arbitrary and unconstitutional act.

Meanwhile, as the country discussed, the papers began to publish odd and unsavory bits of evidence: a letter from the King's secretary to a notorious journalistic collaborator; a telegram from Hitler thanking the King of the Belgians for his congratulations on the Führer's birthday. The highly conservative paper and chief protagonist for Leopold, *La Libre Belgique*, argued that the telegram was a typical German dodge in response to a nonexistent message and that Count Capelle, the King's secretary, had written the letter without his master's knowledge. It was hinted that these items were part of a radical plot to overthrow the monarchy itself. Actually the items were printed by the eminently respectable and ordinarily politically unbiased paper, *Le Soir*. If these revelations did not do the King's case as much harm as everyone thought at the time, they certainly did not do it much good.

From his Austrian retreat Leopold now proceeded to commit a series of blunders which further weakened his position. His handling of the ministerial and Parliamentary delegations was not smart. He set up a court, with observance of forms and precedence required, and then disregarded them, with the result that there were hurt feelings. His treatment of his brother, the Regent, is said to have been very chilly. One well-known Minister emerged from the audience chamber and, in response to a question as to the reality of the King's illness, shrugged his shoulders and said, loud enough to be heard by a good many people, "I know only that he is a perpetual fascist."

It was certainly also a blunder not to dismiss the unpopular members of his household back in Brussels until it was too late to do his cause any good. Then he chose as his closest personal adviser Jacques Pirenne, the son of a celebrated Belgian historian. M. Pirenne was, naturally, an ardent supporter of Leopold, and perhaps it is hardly to be expected that someone from the opposite camp would have been chosen.

It must be borne in mind that the purpose of this adviser was to inform the King of the true state of opinion in Belgium. It therefore annoyed the Belgians a good deal that M. Pirenne had spent the occupation and liberation years in Switzerland and could scarcely be expected to know much of internal Belgian affairs and the state of mind of a population which had endured four years of German occupation and nearly nine months of liberation, with all its emotional and physical ups and downs, plus a drastic reinvasion of the native soil. M. Pirenne was not a happy choice for this post.

4

TOWARDS the end of June the notion that the King's health prevented his return to Belgium was abandoned and he had an interview with the heads of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, from which emerged a message to the people. The Catholics had all along maintained two points which carried some weight with the people. One was that it was unfair to debate in Parliament the question of the King and hence pass judgment on him when he was not allowed to be present to defend himself. The second was that the United States Army had kept the King virtually a prisoner and had in fact issued instructions to prevent him from re-entering Belgium should he make the attempt.

The Belgian government categorically denied that the King was a prisoner, and SHAEF hastened to reassure everyone that facilities would be granted to pass the King up to, but no further than, the Belgian frontier. SHAEF considered this a Belgian problem in which the Allies had no right to interfere. And in fairness it must be said that all the Brussels-Salzburg trips were accomplished with Allied military aid.

There was undoubtedly more point to the first of the Catholic charges, so that the King's message was awaited with considerable eagerness. When it came, it proved to be a damp squib. Critical comment on the message pointed out the hollowness of its sentiments. By implication the Van Acker government was attacked. Parliament was thanked in flattering terms, though Leopold had not concealed his prejudice against it on the occasion of his first interview with the Ministers and had left its congratulatory message of May 8 unanswered. There were greetings to the Resistance, to which Leopold III had never deigned to give the least encouragement during the

occupation. There were compliments to the Allies, whom he recognized as such for the first time since the capitulation. And there were reassuring allusions to the Constitution and to democracy.

In brief, Leopold made a bid to let bygones be bygones. His failure in the subsequent weeks to persuade anyone to form a government with him on the throne, to replace the Van Acker Cabinet and the Regency, is probably evidence that the Belgian people were not then ready to bury the past.

M. Van Acker had his way and the royal question was debated in Parliament. The debate as such was interesting for the feebleness and occasional peevishness of the royal protagonists' arguments. The opening by M. Van Acker was remarkable for its restraint and its deadly scoring of points against Leopold. His success was the more to his credit because his Flemish-accented French is the source of considerable mirth in political circles in Brussels.

Probably the best speech was made by the Minister of Foreign Affairs (now President of the United Nations), M. Paul-Henri Spaak, who is the ablest orator in Belgium today. One of his more telling points referred to the King's advisers. Characterizing them as a "terrible mistake," M. Spaak went on: "The regime of the counselors cannot occur again. The only advisers of the King must be his Ministers. The King has not had good luck with his advisers. They accepted no responsibility. There were often some among them whose names were not known. Above all there is now with the King a secret and intimate counselor who exercises on him an influence regrettable for the State." (This was M. Pirenne, but a listener might have thought it could be Mlle. Baels.)

There is yet one more factor which militated against Leopold's reinstatement at that time. By May, 1945, Belgium, unlike France, was clearly on the upswing. Her food situation was greatly improved. Her industry was beginning to hum. While far from normal, her general economic health was being more rapidly restored than that of her liberated neighbors. The last thing the country wanted was a red-hot political row, which the return of Leopold III would have precipitated. At first the royal problem aroused keen interest, but as the comic opera proceedings unfolded, the people grew thoroughly fed up with it. Feelings were not helped by gangs of boy scouts and children, egged on by Roman Catholic priests, disturbing every public gathering with shrill cries of "Leopold!"

The Regent finally no longer appeared in public, so tiresome did these demonstrations become. The peo-

ple wanted nothing more than to get back to the all-important work of reconstruction, and all these political disturbances were not good for business. After all, the national dignity became involved. The Belgians did not enjoy the sensation that their country was again in an unfavorable limelight, talking politics when there was much more vital work to be done.

The elections of February 17 of this year were something of a surprise to those of us who thought last summer that Belgium would go to the left. The Catholics, largely through the solidity of their power in the Flemish provinces and the fear of Communism which German propaganda has so successfully implanted in parts of Europe, won back more than the seats which they had in 1939 in the Chamber and nearly as many in the Senate. Of course, the two fascist parties, Rex and VNV, were not represented, inasmuch as collaborators and their families were not allowed to vote.

But even so, the Catholics by themselves have not a majority in Parliament. They are the largest represented party, but could be outvoted by a coalition of the other parties. The issue of King Leopold would very probably bring about such a united front. If he continues obstinate and raises the issue of the monarchy, rather than his personal reign, by continuing to refuse to abdicate and by not yielding up his son, Baudouin, to succeed to the throne under the Regency, there is no telling what might happen. Parliament would then have to make a much more difficult choice.

It was Belgium's misfortune at the start of this war not to have great leaders. In 1914 she had King Albert, Cardinal Mercier, and the famous Burgomaster of Brussels, Adolphe Max. In 1940 she had Leopold III and Cardinal Van Roey. Whatever the altered circumstances, the fact is that Leopold took precisely the opposite course from his father's. Cardinal Van Roey won unpopularity among patriotic Belgians and the approval of the Germans by publicly protesting against Allied bombings before D Day. The retort of the people to this ecclesiastical protest was to say that "you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs."

The Cardinal's remarks may well be forgotten, and the response to his party at the polls probably indicates that they have been. But Leopold III is still persisting in the position of asking the country to accept a tainted and discredited leadership. Strangers will marvel if the answer does not continue to be "No." If at any time it should be "Yes," the causes will have to be sought elsewhere than in the personality and recent history of this monarch.

THE BOOKS NOBODY REVIEWS

by PHILIP M. WAGNER

I

LET me begin by excusing the ladies and gentlemen of the "Atlantic Bookshelf" for their failure to notice my latest book, *A Wine-Grower's Guide*, containing chapters on the past and future of wine-growing in America, the management of a vineyard, and the choice of suitable wine-grape varieties. They also failed to review its several predecessors. I used to be a book-reviewer myself, and still am on occasion; and I know what they are up against. If these omissions were sins, let them take comfort from the fact that, save for a few inexplicable exceptions, they shared these sins with the editors of all the best Bookshelves from coast to coast. For them all, blessings and forgiveness.

I am thus free with my forgiveness because, in a sense, Mr. Knopf and I planned it that way. I had been badgering him for some years to let me write a book for him on the rosy future of wine-growing in America. I had facts and figures, and the evidence of my own small vintages, to show that the future is fairly *rosé* not only for California, where most of our present wines come from, but for many other parts of the country as well. Mr. Knopf had doubts that such a book would be a highly profitable venture (and so had I). Doubtless, over the years . . . but he couldn't see much in the way of an immediate market. Nor could I.

But then, one day in the summer of 1944, he let slip a remark to me that proved his undoing. His besetting problem was paper. The paper shortage being what it was, he could imagine no calamity greater than to be caught with a howling best-seller.

"What I want," said Mr. Knopf, "is good sound books, even brilliant books, that will have no sale in the beginning but will add luster to my permanent list and sell modestly but steadily for years to come."

I saw my opportunity. Once again I outlined the

book on wine-growing which I had in mind, and assured him that it would (1) not embarrass him by becoming a best-seller, (2) add luster to his list, and (3) sell modestly but steadily for years to come.

Mr. Knopf reflected upon these arguments, and at length concluded that they had merit. "*Touché!*" he said, in French. So then it was up to me to write the book; and this, the subject matter being familiar to me in all detail, I did in a couple of months of noon hours. Mr. Knopf found a patient lady to correct my capitalization, my place names, and my literary allusions; and in due course the book appeared, nicely printed as all his books are, and containing only one typographical error that I know of. And in one respect, my most sanguine expectations have been exceeded, for I had feared a smattering of notices written by persons who didn't know what they were writing about. Instead of a smattering of uninformed reviews, the book has had, practically speaking, no reviews at all.

Which brings us to the interesting question, Why do the book-reviewers not review the books that they do not review? Or, to put it in a sentence less confused by negatives, Why do they review the books that they do review?

No honest book-reviewer likes to answer this question, however it is put. He doesn't even like to think about it. He doesn't like it any more than the newspaper editor, confronted by the indignant representatives of a worthy but neglected cause, likes the recurring question, What is news? He doesn't like it because, when he seeks to provide a rational or at least a plausible answer, he invariably finds himself involved in a mass of contradictions and inconsistencies and is driven ultimately to the unpalatable conclusion that he doesn't know *what* he thinks — about book-reviewing or about much else. I can say this with some assurance, because for a space of five or six years I had to manage a weekly page of book reviews; and on the last day of this chore I was as unsure of my object as I was on the first.

A conscientious book-reviewer has many troubles.

Author and editor, PHILIP M. WAGNER, who graduated from the University of Michigan in 1925, now guides the destinies of the *Baltimore Sun*. In his salad days he took his turn as literary editor and leading reviewer of that famous paper. He knows the dilemma which besets every conscientious reviewer of new books.

These troubles arrive in every mail, in neat brown-paper packages, from the publishers; and they have their ultimate origin in the mysterious impulse that makes people write books about so many different things. If only people would confine themselves to revaluations of Henry James and the Brontë sisters, and first novels, all would be well. But they don't. And even when the reviewer has numerous assistants at his beck and call, apparently embracing among them every conceivable human interest, he is constantly being unhorsed by high-minded and deserving volumes on such subjects as, let us say, *The Hormones in Human Reproduction*.

I single out the excellent little book which bears that title because, as it happens, my own experience with it (in the days when I had to put together that book-review page) throws some light on the troubles of book-reviewers generally. Its author is Dr. George Corner, the urbane and distinguished embryologist; and I agonized a good deal about his little book when it came in. After all, Dr. Corner is a Baltimore man; and one of the few fixed rules in the science of book-reviewing, provincial book-reviewing at any rate, is that books by local authors are News.

A month or two after his book had been published, Dr. Corner wrote me, more in sorrow than in anger, to inquire why it was that we had not noticed it. He had written it, he said, out of a firm conviction that responsible medical men could best counter medical misinformation by taking the trouble to write careful books themselves. Yet his book hadn't even been noticed in his home town!

My reply was both courteous and candid. We had not reviewed the book because neither my fellow drudges nor I had felt competent to. I pointed out to him that we should be only too happy to publish reviews in the field of sound medical popularization if only we could persuade some sound medical men to write them. I ended with a tactful appeal to his better nature; which is to say that I invited him to become our occasional medical book-reviewing drudge. This he consented to do, with the result that for a number of years our book-review page was exceptionally strong in medico-biological subjects.

2

BUT only infrequently is there a Dr. Corner just around the corner. Thus it happens that most "special" books, including many a book which the reviewer himself suspects to be a very good book of its kind, are pushed aside to await the day when the public library is invited to haul the accumulation away. Having thrust these worrisome books out of sight, the reviewer then turns with a sigh of relief to the things which interest *him* — indeed which nine times out of ten first lured him into book-reviewing. We all know what these are: literary criticism, fiction, poesy, biography, philosophy of the easier sort, history, and an occasional crossroads

book (Education at the Crossroads, Democracy at the Crossroads, Science at the Crossroads — books with titles like that) to give him the feeling that he, too, like other journalists, has his finger on the pulse of the times.

All honest book-reviewers will recognize this as a just statement. Most of them will admit that if they were deeply interested in the role of hormones in human reproduction, or in plant geography, or in the application of statistics to social research, they would not be book-reviewers. They are interested in writing as writing, and in books about writers and writing, and in books about books about writers and writing. These seem to them to be more important than books whose only connection with writers and writing is the fact of their having been written. Gradually, and quite unconsciously I am sure, the things which interest your book-reviewer become, not *more* important, but important *tout court* — and whatever else appears between covers becomes, therefore, *unimportant*. There is a book-reviewers' category for such books. It is "miscellaneous."

Perhaps I am unjust; but I think not. Let me illustrate by reference to an interesting list of books which was compiled and recently published in the *Nation* by that capable and conscientious book-reviewer, Miss Margaret Marshall. (I choose this list not for any lack of admiration for Miss Marshall but simply because it is at hand; any similar list would do as well.)

Miss Marshall's list is compiled in response to the request of a soldier lately returned from the wars for a list of "the more important" books published during his exile. She compiled it on the reasonable assumption that "there must be many others who are wondering which books, of the thousands published since they went away, *are worth their attention*." (Italics supplied.) She adds that the list "is limited to the humanities — after all, there's a war off." Then follows a carefully considered choice of titles, broken down into the usual categories but not including the category "miscellaneous."

Within its limits, an admirable list: on that, all who have seen it will agree. But do these categories represent the limits of the humanistic tradition? Is nothing else in the way of books "worth the attention" of the humane ex-soldier? Or is it, perhaps, that all unconsciously Miss Marshall has come to identify the "miscellaneous" with the unimportant?

"Literature" and "the humanities" are large words. As used by book-reviewers, too often they become synonymous with printed essays in the Higher Tripe. Properly considered, they embrace a whole lot more. What I drive at will be made clearer perhaps by reference to another list, a list of great books, or classics, which has had some attention in the press. This is the "List of Great Books" which was compiled for the use of students at St. John's College in Annapolis.

St. John's has come in for a good deal of criticism for being too narrowly "bookish" in its approach to

education. A good many have found it hard to believe that youths who are fed on an exclusive diet of great literature can possibly develop into balanced individuals capable of assuming roles of leadership, and leading the Good Life, in the Good Society which (they hope) is in the offing. Life is too miscellaneous for that.

But such critics only reveal that they have succumbed to the book-reviewers' special notion of what is literature. If we take the trouble to examine the St. John's list of the great books, conceived to be the clotted cream of all the literature which has nourished the tradition of humanism, we are driven to an astonishing conclusion. We are driven to conclude that a very large proportion of these books *are not literature*. A good many of them, if published today, would, I fear, be consigned by book-reviewers to the category "miscellaneous," and forgotten.

Let us look at a few of the titles. There is Euclid, expounding geometry; and there is Strabo on geography. Would Miss Marshall have included these in her list if they had been published lately? Harvey writes *On the Motion of the Heart* and Gilbert *On the Loadstone*; Boyle contributes the *Sceptical Chymist*; Virchow his *Cellular Pathology*; William James his *Principles of Psychology*; and Galen his work *On the Natural Faculties*. All eminently miscellaneous subjects. The St. John's list even has room for a piece of miscellany called the Constitution of the United States.

I venture to guess that not one of these titles, had it been first published last year, would have found its way into Miss Marshall's list. Her list did not find a place for that contemporary document which is called, in English, "The Charter of the United Nations": how then can we suppose that it would have included the Constitution of the United States? She did not find room for the Smyth Report on nuclear fission; would she, as a book-reviewer, have judged that such miscellaneous items as *On the Sizes and Distances of the Sun and Moon*, by Aristarchus, and *On the Revolutions of the Spheres*, by Copernicus, were worth the attention of those who value her judgments?

No. Her five-foot shelf of latter-day classics has room for *Black Boy*, and Mr. Henry Miller's *Sunday After the War*, and *1 x 1*, by E. E. Cummings, but not for the Constitution of the United Nations or the Smyth Report. Yet as the stream of literature flows grandly along, which will ride the crest and which will be stranded presently on the banks? The book-reviewer's judgment does not accord with the judgment of the generality of humane men.

3

Thus it turns out that the book-reviewers, the professional fishermen of the literary stream, have as a class a rather narrow notion of what is worth fishing for. They concentrate their attention on the smelts

and the sardines, the seasonal run of herring, and the endless shoals of cod, and disregard the rarer species as being too difficult to handle and requiring special equipment, until finally they forget the very existence of these rarer species. Sometimes they even overlook a Whale.

Can anything be done about this? *Ought* anything to be done about this? Probably not. Our literary fishermen are not by temperament explorers. They are a body of modest and diligent craftsmen who stick to the fishing banks they know. Their calling is a hard one, their rewards are slender, and they dare not come back empty-handed. Let us not ask them, as they steer their craft through great billows of verbiage while the words of the last previous best-seller scream through their rigging, to desert the straight course for Gloucester. Enough if they can keep a firm grip on the tiller!

And besides, the rarer fish, the good "miscellaneous" books, have an uncanny way of reaching the people who want them. There is a curious tropism which turns the book to the man and the man to the book; and it is functioning constantly, quietly, between millions of volumes and millions of men. Publishers are aware of this phenomenon, and respect it; they are always discovering that a most unlikely little title needs only a reprinting to go quietly about its business for another five or ten years.

Any publisher will name you dozens of such books, well-fashioned, sturdy, pretty nearly indestructible — so nearly indestructible that, even when one of them is "superseded," it has a good chance of survival. If it lives long enough it presently slips unnoticed from the category of "miscellaneous" to the category of "classic." The oldest connected work in Latin that is still extant is just such a miscellaneous title: Cato's still-useful treatise on the management of a farm. Some of those books in the St. John's list achieved their metamorphoses in this way.

But at the moment I am thinking less of those which have by their great age achieved classical respectability than of those books, infinite in number, which occupy a halfway ground between miscellaneousness and classicism. I will give you two such titles offhand. One is W. W. Rouse Ball's *Mathematical Recreations and Essays*. It was published in 1892 and has been reprinted so often that the publishers have lost count. Is it still miscellaneous, or is it a classic?

Another, as rich in allusiveness and entertaining digression as it is in precise exposition: E. Heron-Allen's book on fiddle-making past and present. Anyone who habitually ventures in his reading beyond the Grand Banks of the book-reviewers can summon up his own examples of the kind of book I mean. Not a year passes but a few such books slip quietly into print, to stay there indefinitely. The reviewers rarely spot them. But it makes no difference whether they are noticed by the reviewers or not. If they have the sturdiness and vitality that I speak of, they find their readers and their readers find them.

JOHN ADAMS HIS BOWL

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

1

THE bowl sat on a pedestal in the middle of the auction gallery. There was no glass over it, no lock or key. Big and round and fragile and cobalt blue, with the shield on one side. "Diameter 14 inches," the catalogue said. "Script initial J [for Jefferson, surmounted by a helm, and having a banderole with motto *Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God*. Lowestoft pitcher *en suite*. Both bowl and pitcher are understood in the family to have been given by Thomas Jefferson to President John Adams."

There was no need for me to consult the catalogue. I knew it by heart. Had I not studied it over and over while stretched on a bed of influenza? I was writing a life of John Adams, second President of the United States. Every object pictured in that catalogue, from the genealogy on page one to the Early Federal Mahogany Card-Table on page thirty-nine, had been a matter of passionate interest. Two ladies, it seems, living in the environs of Boston and bearing names in which figured the words *Adams* and *Quincy* — these ladies were selling off, at a whack, a big crowded roomful of stuff that would cause a watering in the mouth of every antiquarian, collector, and museum director from here to what John Adams would have called the Western Waters.

For two years, by day and by evening I had been pursuing Adams J. and Adams J. Q. with all their relatives, connections, and ramifications. My book would open with John Adams's birthday in 1735 and I would carry him through (God helping) to his most glorious death in Quincy on July 4, 1826 — the very jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary, of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson died, as all the world knows, on that same day. For a year, this dramatic coincidence had threatened fair to overwhelm me. When the hour should come that I must face that scene, what guarantee was there, what hope even, that I could write it — telling it quite simply, with no slightest trick of embroidery?

A musician and biographer, CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN is a Philadelphian (the Drinkers were keeping diaries long before the Revolution) who had the temerity to invade the precincts of Boston in search of one of its greatest men, Mr. Justice Holmes. Readers will well remember her *Yankee from Olympus* and should look forward to her forthcoming volume on John Adams.

Wie es eigentlich gewesen, old Ranke had said — tell history as it actually happened.

I had read that death scene a dozen times, and never without weeping. Even the stilted rhetoric of Adams's grandson brought a dampness to the eye: "The setting sun spread its rays over the dispersing vapors only to give a more serene majesty to the golden splendors of the sky. . . . Mr. Adams' last words . . . so far as they could be gathered from his failing articulation, were these: 'Thomas Jefferson still survives.'"

Survives? John Adams never said "survives." He said *lives*. He wasn't writing a book. He was dying. And besides, he was always a bluff talker. Not a man of taste. Not "refined" except, as he would have said, in morals. A blunt man, passionate, willful, vain. Honest to the very farmer-Puritan marrow of his well-covered bones. And a patriot "as disinterested," Jefferson had said, "as the being who made him."

For two years I had scarcely read a piece of print that had not to do with John Adams. And it seemed to me that nearly all these commentators, these Fourth of July orators, and even the historians, missed the point of John Adams, overlooked his greatness entirely. Especially the ones who wrote before 1900. Or they slid off into outright dislike of the man; they twisted his words, misquoted him to his ruin. The most recent of these writers called it "strange" that Jefferson, recommending Adams to a friend, described Adams as "so amiable, that I pronounce you will love him."

Strange? In heaven's name what was strange about it? I know exactly why Jefferson wrote those words. I too could not but have loved John Adams, this short, plump, anxious, cocky, fearless man who said what he thought and said it much too quickly with a tongue that rasped and cut.

"But why Adams?" my friends had been asking all along. "Why that old reactionary? Wasn't he a monarchist? Why don't you write about Jefferson or Franklin?" The answer would, I hoped, be found in my book.

The trouble was, I had been too much shut in libraries. It was time to push out, begin the field work, the second phase of biography writing. I must

see the Adams houses in Braintree and Quincy. I must see what was left of Abigail Adams's house in Weymouth. I must go to Worcester, where John Adams taught school. And I must begin now, next week, and visit every monument, every museum and gallery, every local library and historical society that possessed Adams relics, Adams prints, Adams furniture, Adams anything. I would get out my fat folder marked *Things to Do*, and start at the top of the long, scribbled lists.

It was an exhilarating thought. I could begin on Monday with this heirloom sale in New York. I wouldn't go to the actual auction. I would buy a stopover ticket for Boston, and on the way I would see this preview. Beforehand I would study the catalogue so that when I walked alone into that room, I should not be a mere admirer among *objets d'art*: I should know and recognize and there would perhaps be stirrings within me.

The catalogue was full of photographs. Gilbert Stuart portraits—three of them. Josiah Quincy, whom I loved; the third Josiah, the one that was president of Harvard, “at half-length seated in a red upholstered chair.” Mrs. Josiah. How handsome they were and how elegant! “Paul Revere teapot and stand,” enchanting and grave with its shining fluted sides, its honest straight spout. The Tutor Flynt cup. But they couldn't be selling the Tutor Flynt cup! There it was, photographed back and front. Obverse and Reverse, the catalogue called them. “Domed cover with a series of stepped ring moldings and finished with a knopped urn finial.”

My goodness, I thought, what fancy language. A knopped urn finial. Tutor Flynt surely never heard of one. “With the inscription *Donum Pupillorum Henrico Flynt, 1718.*” Tutor Flynt was uncle to Dorothy Q. Very odd and very much beloved, he taught at Harvard fifty years; Father Flynt, his students called him. I turned the pages. Miniatures, furniture, laces, autographs.

And at the end, with a full-page picture all to itself, the Lowestoft bowl.

2

ADAMS-QUINCY Sale?” the elevator man said. “Fifth floor.”

For no reason at all I got off at the fourth, and was immediately lost in a forest of Chinese furniture, French furniture, Victorian furniture. Scroll and gilt and tasseled ornament, curly sentimental children looking out of fat gold frames. I found the wide staircase and went up, my damp shoes squeaking. In the whole huge building there seemed to be nobody but me. Maybe, I thought, because it was raining; maybe because it was Monday morning.

At the top of the stairs I turned right, where a long room opened into the hall. And there it was, not twenty paces ahead on its pedestal. Jefferson's bowl, big and round and cobalt blue, with the shield facing

me. I walked slowly to it and stood looking down. At the bottom, in the center, was a little gilded spray, deliciously faded. Round the top edge was a pattern. “Diaper pattern,” the catalogue said. “. . . diaper pattern rim in underglaze cobalt blue pendent with fleur de lis. White lemonpeel glaze. Between the exterior sprays are two shields with blue and gold star borders and script initial J surmounted by a helm, and having a banderole with motto. . . .”

I bent down. There was the shield and there, sure enough, the brave initial J, delicately traced. *Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God.*

The emotion that swept me was absurd and I knew it was absurd. What right had I to feel this way? I was not an Adams, a Quincy. I was not even a Randolph from Virginia. An attendant strolled in, a pleasant colored boy in a green suit with brass buttons. “Can I help you?” he asked. “No, thanks,” I said, and added idiotically, “Is this the Adams-Quincy room?”

It was a Thurber question, a Stephen Leacock question (Sir, is this the bank?). All round was evidence as familiar to me that Monday morning as the evidence of my own country threshold.

The room was oblong, softly lighted through a glass ceiling. From the wall Josiah Quincy looked down, handsomer even than in the catalogue. Mrs. Quincy young, and Mrs. Quincy old and very distinguished in coat and lace mantilla. A dashing, dark-haired young man whose name I had forgotten as one forgets the names of one's own cousins a generation past, but whose faces remain familiar.

Beyond the bowl, in a lighted case, were laces, wide adorable flounces of Brussels and Milan. Against black velvet their fragile patterns stood out. A garden with paths leading to a dolphin fountain. Urns and baskets of flowers, all traced with delicate precision. Near me, gravely alone in its glass case, stood the Paul Revere teapot, its curved black handle worn bare. Directly across the room was the Tutor Flynt cup and at my right hand a long case full of silver. Bowls and basting spoons, an egg warmer, a soup ladle with a deep scoop and long, light-colored wooden handle—indubitably the pleasantest thing in soup ladles I had ever seen. I looked it up. *Number 31. “George I Silver Rattail Soup Ladle made by Chas. Jackson (?), London, 1724. Length 17½ inches. Fine plain oval scoop with pointed rattail molded upon the reverse, the tapering shank inset with a long pearwood baluster handle.”*

I wandered back to the Lowestoft bowl. It drew me, its magic was strong. *Rebellion to Tyrants. . . .* Was this Jefferson's own motto or had he borrowed it from Benjamin Franklin? Or did it, perhaps, have something to do with Charles the First? When I got home I would look it up in Bartlett.

So Jefferson gave this bowl to John Adams. But when did he give it? I could hardly bear not to know. The room was full of burning questions, and where could I find reply? Not from the colored boys in green suits nor the auction woman at the telephone

desk. Obviously, the bowl did not change hands early, when Adams and Jefferson were in France. It must have been after 1800, after Jefferson's administrations, after Mr. Madison's War. Along in the 1820's, when the Chinese trade was flourishing. When the two old men had resumed correspondence, prodded by Dr. Rush to a friendship now historic.

Of course! Jefferson must have sent the bowl from Monticello as a pledge, a token. "*Mr. Jefferson and I have grown old, and retired from public life. So we are upon our ancient terms of good-will. . . . He wished to be President and I stood in his way. . . . But if I should quarrel with him for that, I might quarrel with every man I have had anything to do with in life.*"

*'I love my friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view.'*"

So John Adams had explained it, an old, old man, to young Josiah Quincy, and so Quincy had reported it.

The bowl then, must have made the long journey from Monticello to Quincy, Massachusetts. By stage and coasting sloop and wagon. Or had Jefferson simply sent it by his own private express with a note scribbled hastily, no copy taken? A Negro servant, easy in the saddle, making the journey in summer, following the winding dusty roads northward to where marsh water showed below the blue hills of Quincy.

3

So I stood dreaming, while somewhere a clock struck the hour. It would soon be time for me to go. I turned slowly round. Would I remember this room? Falling in love does not always mean remembering. The satinwood desk and table, the silver, the portraits — could I keep with me all this spare shining beauty? Among it all, not a superfluous line. An elegance and an honesty. A way of living, of valuing, thinking — sparse, austere yet somehow crowned with grace. Remote from Louis XV downstairs, remote from Queen Victoria. And remote — how very far away — from 57th Street in the rain, where I was going.

Extraordinary that the philosophy of a whole century could speak so loudly in the tongues of — *things!* 1718: Tutor Flynt's cup was sturdy and plain as befitted an era when plank floors, carpetless, were good enough for anybody. Three generations later, and the Paul Revere teapot is delicately fluted, delicately engraved. Time now for decoration laid on sparsely, by a craftsman's hand still humble with the nearness of a Puritan God. (Behind a Boston window, candles burn late at the desk; men's voices are earnest. "I see, Mr. Adams, you are determined to explore the constitution . . . in defence of your liberties as you understand them." A quill laid down, a paper folded, newly dry . . . "*with submission to Divine Providence, we never can be slaves.*")

In the gallery someone spoke and I jumped. Two

women had appeared from nowhere; they were standing by the Quincy portrait. One of them had a lorgnette in her hand; she leaned close to the picture, peering. She and her companion were tall, dressed in tweeds. They wore low-heeled overshoes and there was that about them which spelled Adams-Quincy.

My heart gave a great bound in my chest. Here, at last, would be the answers to all my questions. These pleasing, distinguished ladies with their lorgnettes would certainly know all about Art in the Eighteenth Century. All about furniture and silver; they could tell me why American Hepplewhite was so much more agreeable than English Hepplewhite. I myself had decided it was because living was harder here than in England; Massachusetts weather was colder, the mere fight to exist more grim; and grimness chops down ornament. Or had it to do with techniques, with words like *knopped urn finial*, and *brides picotées*?

The two women were talking; I caught names familiar to the Adams-Quincy legend. Perhaps — perhaps these ladies were cousin to the fortunate, the fabulous owners of all this magic that surrounded me! The lady with the lorgnette was speaking; her final words emerged clear, clipped with the accents of Beacon Hill, and in that quiet room startlingly decisive. ". . . so she gave the house to her sister to save taxes."

Texas, she pronounced it. To save Texas. But these two ladies knew everything! They might even be able to tell me the date when Jefferson gave the bowl to John Adams. . . . The lady with the lorgnette had turned; she walked — oh, dazzling motion — straight toward me. "Can you tell me," she asked, "where I can find a catalogue for the Adams-Quincy sale?"

Quinzy. Quinzy. I pronounced it that way too, but always with an effort, as when in Boston I had once learned to say Abiel Holmes, to rhyme with *style*. I smiled eagerly; words poured from me. "Catalogue?" I repeated. "You can have mine. I don't need it. I — I know these things by heart. How they look, I mean. But I don't *really* know anything at all. I'm not from New England. I'm from Philadelphia. I want awfully to know — could you please tell me — there are a lot of questions —"

She looked over me, unsmiling. Above me, that is. Not through me but above me at a point somewhere on the opposite wall. "Thank you," she said. "But I believe I see some catalogues at the desk, through that door." She was gone, and her companion with her.

I could have torn her tongue from her throat and made it into hash for witches. She had hurt my pride — but hurt pride was not what moved me to this muttering fury. I was jealous. Furiously, unreasonably, crazily jealous. That woman had shut me out. Until this moment I had been at home, here in this place. I had belonged; this room was mine, and everything in it. By the grace of heaven, perhaps also by virtue of grubbing in libraries, by hard

work, by long days of search, I, a stranger to the Parke-Bernet Galleries, had walked upstairs to this room and immediately I had been part of it. I had been *in*, as the children say.

I cursed the Adams-Quincy woman, fluently and long, and then turned again to the room. To the cup, the teapot, the portraits, and the bowl. It was as I feared. They sat staring, speechless, cold, unfriendly. Tagged and numbered: 64, 65, 31. What wild illusion had seized me, to think myself a part of this — to think, indeed, that I could write a book about John Adams, about the eighteenth century? Oh, might that woman burn in hell and all her children's children with her! Damn her eyes and teeth, her lights and liver!

4

SHE had come back, and brought the colored boy with her. They stood by the Tutor Flynt cup; the boy unlocked the case and the woman took the cup in her hands.

I doubt if I have ever been more surprised in my life. But of course — this wasn't a museum, this was an auction gallery. We could touch these things, handle them. Why, they were for sale!

I turned and walked — ran — through the next room to the desk. I would take something away from this sale if I had to die for it. The auction woman was telephoning. I leaned across the desk, I could wait no longer. "Number 64," I said. "Could I have the sale estimate? Adams-Quincy heirlooms."

The girl nodded, thumbing expertly through a pile of papers, the receiver still quacking at her ear. "Number 64 — here it is," she said. "Lowestoft bowl. Fifteen hundred dollars. Number 65, pitcher to match. Seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"And 31," I added quickly. "A soup ladle. Could you please tell me 31?"

"Hundred and fifty dollars," the auction woman said.

I thanked her. There was a telephone booth in the hall; I couldn't get there fast enough. A few blocks south was the office of my literary agent. I would call him and adjure him to come to this sale on Saturday and buy me that ladle if he had to outbid the Metropolitan Museum and all the Adams-Quincy ladies in New England. My eye was filled with a pleasant picture of my agent — a New Hampshire man himself and very good at trading — outbidding the two ladies with the lorgnettes. What if bidding for soup ladles was not the business of a literary agent? I dialed and waited. I felt wonderful.

"Hello, Harold!" I shouted. "I'm at an auction gallery. Listen, there's a soup ladle here. I want you to come up and bid on it, Saturday. It's Number 31. Have you got a pencil? A hundred and fifty dollars, asking price."

"Soup ladle?" my agent said. "Soup ladle! Where in God's name are you? I thought you were in

Philadelphia writing your book. You didn't say a hundred and fifty dollars, did you? You can't afford a hundred and fifty dollars."

But I was ready for that one. "A hundred and fifty dollars is nothing at all," I said loftily. "What I really *need* here is a bowl. A Lowestoft bowl that costs fifteen hundred dollars. And maybe a pitcher to go with it at seven hundred and fifty."

There was a pause. "I think I'd better come up there right away," my agent said. He sounded tired. "Where did you say you were? — Now don't move from that booth. Just sit quietly and don't" — his voice rose — "don't talk to anybody until I get there."

Talk to anybody! The trouble was, nobody would talk to *me*. "Oh, never mind," I said bitterly, and with finality. "Never mind. Just forget the whole thing. I'm catching a train for Boston. Good-bye."

I hung up and wandered down the hall. There were people coming and going now; the Adams-Quincy room buzzed with talk and movement. Those two men in overcoats were, plainly, commercial dealers. Their talk was swift and professional; they had jewellers' glasses with which they examined not the portraits but the frames; they ran their fingers over the inlay on the satinwood desk, calling to each other jovially across the room. They paid no slightest attention to anybody. I stood a moment in the doorway, my heavy coat trailing from one shoulder.

The auction woman came in from the desk, walking swiftly, purposefully to the bowl. She had someone in tow, a woman in a beret, with a notebook and pencil in her hand. The woman with the notebook said loudly, "There is a crack in this bowl."

The auction woman shook her head. "Those are age cracks."

"No," the other said. "No! This long crack, I mean. It goes all the way across, don't you see? The bowl has been broken and mended. Mended all the way through."

By now I was standing with them. The auction woman reached out and flipped the bowl with thumb and forefinger. And the bowl sang. Sent out a clear, calm protest that died briefly on the air.

"That crack," I asked. "Will that crack bring down the price?"

The auction woman shook her head. "Wouldn't think so. Historic piece. Belonged to Thomas Jefferson." She flipped it again, and again the bowl spoke. "Hear that?" she said. "Wonderfully clear, isn't it?"

She stooped, peering. "Rebellion to tyrants," she read very slowly, spelling it out. . . . "*Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God*. . . . No, that crack won't bring down the value."

The two women walked away. Nobody stayed long in this place. It was time for me to go too, but I could not go. There was a man outside the door in the hallway, in full sight of the room. With my coat and umbrella and bag in a bunch on my lap

I sat down. People strolled by; the elevator door clanged. The two dealers moved past me, their hats on their heads, the jewellers' glasses hidden away. At the stairway they stopped. "Bidding's going to be brisk Saturday," one of them said. "The portraits will be slow but there's already been two bids on that Lowestoft bowl. *Number 65* goes with it, the pitcher. Personally I think they've estimated too low on the pitcher. It'll bring twelve hundred if it brings a cent."

5

I FELT sick, defeated utterly. Beyond them, down a brief flight of stairs, I could see the auction room, with the stage and rows of chairs, waiting for Saturday. Oh what, I wondered wearily, was this about possession? It had never troubled me before. Two hours in this place and I had persuaded myself that I owned the bowl, the pitcher, the soup ladle, Josiah Quincy and his lady, the Paul Revere teapot, the lace flounces with the urns and the fountain.

Why was I so greedy? I had never owned a piece of old Lowestoft in my life. I had never, in fact, especially wanted to own one. Nor had I collected anything, either Hepplewhite or Sheraton; in our house we sat in the chairs that had belonged to Aunt Eliza, or we went out and bought something comfortable. There was no use in taking too high a tone about this. After all, I never owned the Winged Victory, or "Venus Rising from the Sea." Beauty, the philosopher said, was in the eye of the beholder. Was it not, then, as splendid merely to walk through this gallery or that museum — to look upon beauty and pass on, unpossessing?

No! It was not as splendid. That bowl — that was Jefferson's bowl. John Adams's bowl. If I had it I could look at it every day. I would put it in the center of my small dark dining-room table, and each time I passed through the room I could look down into it and see the faded gilt branch in the middle. I could stoop, and under the shield I could read the motto, *Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God*. If, passing, I put out my hand and touched it, a magic would flow to me.

Sitting in the bleak hallway I argued thus with myself, while downstairs, lights went on in the auction room. Odd, that I had walked right by this morning without seeing that theater; the door on the landing must have been closed. Or was it, I wondered

suddenly, my mind that had been closed — my own mind that refused to realize this was a *sale*? Not a poem or a temple but a sale. These things were here to be dispersed. Somebody needed money and would sell; somebody had money and would buy. And who was I to make an angry moral issue of it?

I had walked into that Adams-Quincy room this morning cautiously, getting off the elevator at the floor below on purpose — I knew it now — so that I could come at these things slowly, find them myself by virtue of recognition, not be led by a crowd. I had hoped merely to recognize a portrait, a bowl, a cup. And I had walked wide-eyed into — what? An illusion, a dream more real than reality. Over that threshold I had stepped into another place, another century — the very place and time I had been seeking month after month, day after day, on the dry shelves of libraries.

Immediately, I had been part of it. It had been mine, with no need to touch or buy. But of course! I saw it now. Does one buy a friend, a daughter? And by that same token, does one lose a friend at the first threat, the first hobgoblin with frosty Boston manners? What I had needed this morning was not an agent to bid on bowls but a philosopher to teach me sense. *Possession!* It was a difficult concept, not to be defined singlehanded; it raised questions not to be answered by the likes of me. But all the same, if beauty was in the eye of the beholder, might not possession be there also?

I pulled my coat and bag up on my lap and leaned forward, looking straight into the Adams-Quincy room. At this lunch hour it was empty save for the two young colored men in their green suits with brass buttons, smart yellow stripes down their trouser legs. How well they suited the room; they looked just right, standing there. In knee breeches and white stockings they would look even righter. How quiet it was and how beautiful! It was good to sit here alone, with all the people gone. What was it John Adams used to write in his diary back in the 1760's, before the fighting began, when Britain and America were, as he said, staring at each other? "*At home today, thinking, searching . . .*"

I got up, put my things carefully on the chair, and made ready to go. I felt fine, walking down the hall to the elevator. I hitched my coat up round my shoulders and rang the bell. There was a lot of work to be done on this Adams book. I'd better get at it, and soon.



TROLLOPE TODAY

by CHARLES MORGAN

1

THE *Autobiography* of Trollope has enduring value as an indirect revelation of a lovable man and of the mid-Victorian age in which he lived. It has, too, what may be called a recurrent value as a mirror in which each new school of literary taste may examine its own features. When the book first appeared, the Aesthetic Movement was in the flood of its reforming enthusiasm, and, like other movements in that state, was extremely intolerant of its immediate predecessors. The result was a violent collapse, after Trollope's death, of a reputation that had already declined during his later years, and a period of contemptuous neglect which even those who do not call themselves Trollopians now recognize as having been unjust.

Since then, time has had its revenge, as it always has upon literary cliques. The aesthetic writers in their turn have been ostracized by the apostles of "starkness" and "social consciousness"; it has been fashionable to speak scornfully of them all, from Walter Pater to George Moore; and even Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," which do not belong to the Aesthetic Movement, have until very lately been treated, because their approach to art was primarily aesthetic, as being irrelevant to modern judgment.

A later group, called the Georgians, among whom Brooke, Flecker, and Nichols were conspicuous, has suffered a like fate. Having flowered in the second decade of the twentieth century, these poets were trodden down in the third and fourth with the same ferocious prejudice as was visited upon Trollope in the eighties and nineties.

To anyone who can praise Shelley without damning Pope or who can acknowledge the virtue of Whitman's free verse without despising Gray's "Elegy" as old-fashioned, this traffic of the coteries, so like the shunting of suburban trains in and out of a terminal railway station, may not seem a good cause for

hatred or the hanging out of revolutionary flags; but we have to recognize it as one of the ways in which literature works out its destiny by a process of selection, wasteful and clumsy though that process may seem to be, and not complain about the latest folly of the latest enthusiast any more than we complain when our daughters fall in and out of love. They will marry, bear children, and die; the race will continue, the fittest will survive, and the passionate preference of last Tuesday will be forgotten.

So will the extravagant hatred and the equally extravagant exaltation of Trollope be forgotten, and he will quietly endure, or fail to endure, on his merits as a storyteller. Avowed Trollopians will cease to worship and anti-Trollopians to denigrate him. Indeed they are already ceasing. Trollope is no longer a party feud. His reputation is settling down, and a reader of his *Autobiography* may enjoy it for its own sake and take of its writer a calm, steady view not, perhaps, greatly different from the view that men will take a hundred years hence.

Trollope, in brief, is almost, though not quite, in his niche. He will be mentioned in the textbooks of future generations, and sometimes one or two of his many volumes will be read. The question is: Which will be read and with how much respect or affection? There is reason to believe that the *Autobiography* may be among its writer's principal titles to such immortality as is accorded to him.

It was written, like everything else of his, as part of a laborious routine, but, unlike everything else, without a view to immediate publication. In 1875 he went to Australia, finishing *Is He Popenjoy?* on May 3 at sea. Having reached Australia in early June, he began at once another book, *The American Senator*, and finished it on September 24 during his return voyage. When he came home, the state of his production was this: *The Way We Live Now* (2 vols.) had been published in July; *The Prime Minister* (4 vols.) was about to appear in monthly numbers; and the two books finished at sea, which together would make up six volumes, were in reserve. Even Trollope may not unreasonably have thought that the demands of the press upon him were not urgent.

During that winter the indefatigable man hunted more than ever, buying fresh horses and "always

Educated as a naval officer and at Oxford, CHARLES MORGAN served in the Naval Division, 1914-1918. He is known for his novels, translated into sixteen languages (*Portrait in a Mirror*, *The Fountain*, *Sparkenbroke*, *The Voyage*); his essays, *Reflections in a Mirror*; and his play, *The Flashing Stream*, which, after six months in London (1938-1939), has been since April, 1945, the outstanding success of the Parisian theater.

trying to resolve that I would give it up," and occupied his writing-hours in what one likes to think was almost the recreation of his *Autobiography*. It occupied him for seven months — a leisurely pace for Trollope — and was finished on April 30, within a week of his sixty-first birthday. Then, as if he had loitered too long, he allowed himself one day off and began another three volumes, *The Duke's Children*, on May 2.

2

WHEN his *Autobiography* was done, Trollope had rather less than seven years to live. He died on December 6, 1882, and the *Autobiography* appeared in the following year. It was condemned because in it he made no claim to inspiration or genius, acknowledging without shame, and indeed with pride, that he wrote for so many hours a day and counted upon producing so many words an hour. He was extremely interested in the money paid for those words, and in 1879 added to his *Autobiography* a table showing that his forty-five books had, with "sundries," earned for him £68,939-17-6. It was a great sum even then; a modern author, having made allowance for taxation and the increased cost of living, would have to earn roughly half a million pounds in order to enjoy an equivalent purchasing power.¹ But it was not Trollope's success that offended his opponents so much as the laborious means by which he had attained it.

When he began a book, he prepared a diary or plan, decided when the book should be finished, and assigned to himself, as a regular task, so many words a week. The lowest assignment was 5000, the highest 28,000, and the average 10,000. A reader, who is unaccustomed to reckon in words, may be assured that this output of imaginative writing is prodigious. Trollope accomplished it while performing steadily his work at the Post Office and pursuing the other activities of his life. The years 1867 and 1868 were, he tells us, his busiest. He had left the Post Office but still had been partly employed by it. He had established the *St. Paul's Magazine*, had stood unsuccessfully for Parliament, had hunted three days a week, and had written five novels.

No one who has not been a novelist and at the same time carried the burden of another task can fully understand how wonderful was Trollope's energy or how firm and courageous his mind. His immediate successors, to some of whom irregularity of life and "bohemianism" appeared as a necessary part of genius, loathed him for his virtues and, even more, for that pride in them which they regarded as dull-minded complacency. They assumed that books

¹This very rough calculation requires a Trollopien footnote. In order to enjoy Trollope's income after deduction of tax a modern writer would have to earn three times as much as he. The tax-free residue would buy three sevenths of what it bought for Trollope. I have therefore multiplied his seventy thousand first by three, then by seven over three. This gives approximately half a million.

produced as he produced his could not be works of art. Within the area of the aesthetic creed, the hostile critics of Trollope were justified; he never wrote an aesthetic novel nor, I would venture to add, a profoundly imaginative one.

But his critics were wrong in condemning him on the ground that his approach to life and art was different from theirs. They failed, as every exclusive coterie fails, to observe that the aesthetic truth which they saw, though true enough, was not the whole truth. No theory of art or of life represents the whole truth; but each coterie and sect assumes that its own theory is a final orthodoxy, and so, in time, is made ridiculous.

Trollope has suffered a strange fate from the sects — being damned in the eighties as commercial and complacent, and as extravagantly belauded some fifty years later as a paragon of perfection. In fact, as a careful reader of his *Autobiography* or of any of his novels will see, he was neither a thick-skinned dullard nor, in any reasonable critical sense, perfect. He was a hasty and often a clumsy writer. His prose is neither elegant, enchanting, nor evocative. He is poor in fantasy; his imagination, though powerful as a spur to his study of character, is wingless, it never leaves the earth — and that, precisely, is where his strength lies: in the firmness of his feet on earth, in the strength and regularity of their tread; in the sense, which the reader has always, that no tricks are being played on him, that the author is not satirizing what he seems to praise or despising what he depicts as admirable, and that he is trying above all else to do two things: to tell the truth about those aspects of men that interest him, and, in telling it, to be "readable." Trollope has many limitations but, within them, he is the least spurious of writers; he never outreaches his own genuine interest; he is sentimental but not highfalutin; he rides his own hunters without pretending that he keeps Pegasus in his stables.

His *Autobiography* unfailingly gives this impression. Mr. Michael Sadleir, who has done more than anyone else to win back for Trollope the place he deserves, speaks of it as "this queer bleak text-book of the mechanics and economics of novel-writing," and it is in this queerness and bleakness that Trollope's strange power of not falsifying anything is made manifest. His account of his suffering childhood and youth is neither self-pitying nor a deliberately brave avoidance of self-pity. His account of his success is equally candid, being given in terms of those things which genuinely pleased him: money, comfort, the pleasant sense of being someone, the joy he had in his popularity at the Garrick Club, above all his satisfaction in working hard and competently.

The truth seems to be that though, in his early years, Trollope was without self-confidence, he gained it as the years passed. In this gain, and in the visible and tangible evidence of it, he was happy — or as happy as an inwardly diffident man can ever be. He

did not count his money because he was a miser, or his words because he confused quality with quantity. He counted both because he had once been afraid of life and because every thousand pounds earned and every day's work punctually accomplished told him — what he most needed to be told — that he was not a failure. He did not step beyond the limits of what he thought it proper to tell, and these limits were, by Rousseau's standards, narrow, but a reader would be uncommonly insensitive who, while reading "this queer bleak text-book," did not grasp that it was abnormally true, and feel himself to be in the presence of a genial, blunt, boisterous man in whom resided always a surprised and alarmed gratitude for whatever good the world yielded him. Trollope was not content to be supinely grateful; he hunted that good seven days a week. To him success was both a reassurance and a sport, and he did not hesitate to say so.

3

THE Trollopian veracity is like no other veracity. It is by no means a simple product of a desire to tell the truth, and even less of a Rousseau-like determination to tell the whole truth — that was far from Trollope's polite design. It springs from his limitations as well as from his honesty, from his negative as well as from his positive qualities; it is both deliberate, because he was pugnacious, and involuntary, because he was ingenuous as so many of the solid Victorians were ingenuous; and veracity was, so to speak, squeezed out of him by the conflicting pressures of his nature. The point is that, unlike the veracity sought by the Realists, his was neither cultivated nor exhibitionistic; it was a part of himself, of his extremely restricted self, and therefore a part of his style.

It is to be expected, then, that it should appear in his novels as well as in his *Autobiography*, but the effect, in the two instances, is different. In spite of an undeniable artificiality of contrivance and, sometimes, a plodding heaviness of treatment, the novels are saved from the charge, to which the work of so many of his contemporaries lies open, of being spurious. Trollope, like the rest, wrote for the then almighty circulating libraries; he conformed as dutifully as any to the negative demands of his public, and when, in *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, his object was to "excite not only pity but sympathy with a fallen woman," he did so with extreme caution and, in a preface reprinted in his *Autobiography*, gave defensive answer to the question "whether a novelist, who professes to write for the amusement of the young of both sexes, should allow himself to bring upon his stage a character such as that of Carry Brattle."

What an opportunity for his enemies in 1883! The single admission that he professed to write for the amusement of the young of both sexes was enough to condemn him as both trivial and hypocritical.

And yet Trollope was neither, for the good reason that the limitations imposed by the circulating libraries upon fiction closely corresponded with the limitations imposed upon it by his own taste and by what he would have called "manliness." The circulating-library readers (when they read fiction, though not always on other occasions) wished to see the world between blinkers and they happened to be the blinkers which suited Trollope. He did not wish to look round them; so little did he wish to look round them that he seems not to have grasped how Thackeray, his adored master, was tormented and quickened by a desire to do so. Nor was he capable of penetrating deeply into what he did see. But, between his blinkers, he observed the conduct, the manners, the pretenses, and the honesties of men and women accurately, and, accepting the good and the bad with a shrug, had no impulse to falsify his report.

So it has happened that he, who was in many respects a romantic novelist, was raised up fifty years after his death as the idol — or, rather, as the pet — of an anti-romantic school of criticism. Meanwhile, the great body of novel-readers began to read him again because they found that, unlike the anti-romantics themselves, he was genial, vigorous, readable, and, within the area included by his blinkers, persuasive.

Thus what has been called his veracity recommended him at the same time, but for different reasons, to the sects and to the general public. Whether it will give immortality to his stories is extremely doubtful. They have none of that intensity which, in a work of art, pierces the heart and mind of readers remote in time and enables them to reimagine it in terms of their own lives. Many have had pleasure in the company of Lily Dale; in Trollope's day his readers besought him to let her marry Johnny Eames in the end; but has anyone, because of her, rediscovered his own love or, for the sake of any novel of Trollope's, reinterpreted his own life? If the answer is "no," it may go hard with Trollope's stories as the generations pass. Veracity between blinkers and an absence of spuriousness, though they are qualities which link him with Miss Austen, are rarely enough to keep novels in print.

Nevertheless the same veracity, applied not to fiction but to fact, may well continue to safeguard the life of the *Autobiography*. The further it recedes in time, the more remarkable it seems to become. There is a pressure within it that is not to be felt in the novels, and it is by no means improbable that a young man today or a hundred or two hundred years hence may lay it down, and stare, and reimagine his own experience in the light of it. Trollope's plainness was exceedingly odd; he was both pugnacious and accepting. That these seeming contradictions are not mutually exclusive — indeed that no human quality is exclusive of any other — is one of the truths that each opinionated generation has to learn afresh, and the lesson has never been more straightforwardly taught than in Trollope's *Autobiography*.

THE COUNTERFEITERS

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

SOME months ago in these pages I said that a people's adoption of new words or phrases usually revealed something about the state of culture and the temper of the times, and I instanced the verb "to contact" as implying certain evil passions in the users. I was, of course, exaggerating for emphasis; just enough, apparently, to provoke a number of challenges to explain myself, which now bring me back to the subject.

The theme is not a trivial one. We have only to remember the role that fit words played in the war leadership of our late President and Mr. Churchill to recognize that language — mere phrasing — is a powerful, indeed an indispensable instrument of government. Expression is not, as lazy people think, an optional frill, a luxury added to the plain substance of a fixed meaning. Meaning is never fixed, not even after it is incarnate in words, for these once uttered have yet to be understood. And since understanding requires that speaker and listener possess a common fund of ideas, associations, and usages, the relation between linguistic and political unity is close and reciprocal.

This is the reason why Milton, master of the two arts of poetry and politics, put the keeper of words next in rank to the keeper of the state, affirming that in a country where speech is "unhandsome . . . offensive . . . debased and wrongly uttered," the inhabitants are "already prepared for any amount of servility." And in a happy image that has a modern ring, he calls for a "detective police of ears" to help preserve native idiom and native freedom.

We need this policing more than ever. With only occasional rousing from our public men, we are all too likely to sink into the morass of Business English. And we have more to contend with than Milton had. He fought the debasement of language due to canting religion, bad journalism, and common ignorance. We have to fight all this and Progress too: grade-

school literacy, pseudo science, advertising, and official verbosity — not to mention that silent enemy, the protective deafness we all acquire in the war of attrition between our nerves and our improved means of communication.

No wonder many of us are too tired by the end of the day to do any Miltonian detection. At the office we endure the neurotic strain of the memo, and on the ride home the car cards finish us off with their attack upon our common sense. We are then rotten-ripe for the radio and its propaganda. Even so, let us not ask how soon, having become dictaphones, we shall be ready for the Dictator. Let us rather muster our forces of resistance ahead of time.

In this enterprise as in so many others, the secret of success is vigilance, and the foe to watch against is vulgarity; not what commonly goes by that name, but the vulgarity of pretense, of affectation, of false colors exhibited in speech. Mark Van Doren tells the shocking story of meeting a young soldier on a train and finding out that the boy had once had longings to be a writer. "But," the boy explained, "I never could remember the rules."

"What rules?" asked Mr. Van Doren.

"All the rules — like having to say 'also' instead of 'too.'"

This is the vulgarity instilled by the schoolmarm, out of a desire to be genteel by external application. The feeling, as Milton said, is but a step from servility, and though it did not take root in that one youth, it must have plagued dozens of others with the guilt of an imaginary offense or the search for a nonexistent refinement.

I return to my original instance, this being, again, "to contact," which seems to me to fit into this same pattern of vulgarity: the attempt to impose on others or on oneself by verbal fraud. If I am right, it is not surprising that "contact" means so much, to both users and abstainers. "Contact," says Nero Wolfe to someone who found the usage sanctioned by a dictionary, "is not a verb under this roof." Why not?

Since Wolfe does not say, let me list the bare associations aroused in my mind as I think of the word: "contact" is like "process" when applied to human beings — a would-be technical term, vague, important, "scientific." Like "funeralize," which

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means "bury" plus all the gadgetry, "contact" suggests elaborate contrivance; all this besides the honest affectation of those who say "to music" instead of "to play music" and "to plane" instead of "to take a plane."

In short, the vulgar feeling embodied in "contact" is that of false economy, of which the speaker is unreasonably proud. When you say "to contact" you are subtly sure of being up to date, professional, terse. In comparison with "contacting," the behavior denoted by the common words — write, call, see, get in touch with, notify — seems as obsolete as a 1912 typewriter. Contacting is aggressive and masterful, whether it is done in person or by command to one's general staff: "Contact X and tell him to go to —."

You may argue that I am making all this up, and that most users of the word simply pick it up in current speech, with no such feelings as I describe. I disagree: however faint, the feelings are there and impel the choice which, when multiplied, makes for the word's popularity.

Anyhow, the single word is only the representative of a species, of which the distinguishing mark is pretentiousness. See the specimen and its next of kin in a letter now before me: —

We tried this morning to contact you and tell you something about our business, thinking you might be interested to the extent of making an experiment with us. . . . Firstly, we sell one product only — men's neckwear. Not any and every grade of neckware, but just one intensively specialized quality. For years we have been marketing this one good quality and this intensive concentration has resulted in a tie no one else seems to match at our price. . . . We urge you to check off a set as a get-acquainted proposition. This offer is an extra special example of what we can do.

This letter, in turn, is a fair sample of what grade-school literacy allied to business vulgarity can do. It is very much of the twentieth century. Note the "experiment" and the repeated "intensive" and "specialized" appeals to our imagination. The offensiveness of the letter does not consist in mere error or inelegance, nor in the desire to persuade and sell, but in the false front, the aggressive imposture "resulting in a tie."

To clinch this point, compare two errors of syntax which superficially look alike. Shakespeare's "the most unkindest cut of all" is tautology, and so is the advertisement "a masterpiece of unified blending" — since to blend *is* to unify. But whereas Shakespeare's words pass simply as emphatic, the "unified" imparts to the other phrase a condescending, dust-in-your-eyes quality, which proclaims in fact the gullible reader's incapacity to resist smooth three-syllable words.

Advertisers have much to answer for. No doubt the world will soon forget, among worse atrocities, that a wartime invention was sold as a "Black-out safety luminous gardenia," but I wonder whether posterity will overlook the debased verbal instincts

that allowed us to turn two admirable words — collaboration (which means working together) and appeasement (which means bringing peace into the heart) — into marks of opprobrium. We can blame the newspapers, but they act on prepared minds, and it is often a step upwards from billboard vulgarity to journalese.

2

THOUGH often decried, journalese has seldom been rightly represented. It too is vulgar because it is an imitation, but its special tone comes from what it imitates, and that is the literary imagination. For example, the Associated Press dispatcher who wrote of President Truman's return from San Francisco wanted to leave with us a striking image of a whole chain of events. So he alluded to "the part played by the President in the drama of a United Nations conference which wrote a script for peace." It will pass; or rather, read it again, and see what counterfeit meaning is. Away from the typewriter, the journalist knows as well as we do that scripts have nothing to do with peace, nor drama with a wordy conference in which Mr. Truman's "part" was to come at the end and say good-bye. But the writer counted on our inattention in order to make us believe for a moment that we were sweeping the human scene with a playwright's eye.

The born writers among journalists create and give currency to admirable phrases. But these soon become threadbare in the hands of others, too hard pressed by the needs of their trade. The man who writes all the time, as John Jay Chapman says, intensifies his mannerisms, and the mannerism of the journalist is that he plays up to the idea of the "powerful stylist," just as the businessman who "contacts you to finalize an agreement" plays up to the idea of the Napoleon of finance.

In both, moreover, one can also detect the faint caricature of that modern hero, the scientist. Note the word "experiment" in that necktie trap, and the other suggestions of technology and "special" manufacturing skill. Journalese trades on the same kind of snobbery, and there exists besides a whole parasitical literature of pseudo science. Here, for example, is a booklet of which the absurd title — "Basketball Research in Fatigue" — is almost enough to make my point. The pretense of scientific worth is rendered by the tone of heroism: "This research is based upon sound established physiological facts. It required severe exhaustive efforts and intense prolonged periods of clerical work to correlate these figures." Mark how "intensity" dogs our lives, and read on to the climax of jargon double strength, aping the stern precision of technical prose: "The information contained herein becomes a guide in severe physical activity for the furtherance of structural and functional health of American youth."

How far this is from Euclid or Ostwald or Darwin, no one who reads scientific literature, past or present,

needs to be told. For science, too, has its canons of style, and neglect of them opens the way to error, fraud, and confusion. Too many people assume that science is a work not of words but of facts. Indeed, some scientists themselves believe their duties end with the investigation, but fortunately, most editors of scientific journals think otherwise.

In one famous center of research, there is a qualified professional who does nothing but rewrite scientific papers; and it is well known that the Royal Society sends back annually many communications whose wisdom comes smothered in incoherence. Hence it is still necessary to argue, as did Sir Clifford Allbutt in his excellent "Notes on the Writing of Scientific Papers," that scientific prose, like every other form of human knowledge, has to rely upon proper words in proper places.

I said "every form of human knowledge," so as to include in my rapid survey of verbal vulgarity the important department of art criticism. To be of use, criticism must be as precise and as accountable as any other type of discourse; and because art presents human feelings in finished forms, comments upon these forms should, for clearness' sake, be especially free of emotional falsity. We may think that this candor is automatically insured by the normal standards of professional writing: a critic could not earn his living if he wrote like a salesman. Yet this fact is no guarantee, for there is concealed as well as blatant vulgarity. Take this "appreciation" quoted from the bulletin of a great museum: "His work is rooted in the best traditions of his art. His vision is potential. His work is pure. It is direct. It does not rely upon tricks of process. In whatever he does there is applied intelligence. . . ."

What does it all mean? Who is being gulled here? "Pure" is undoubtedly the clue. To the critic of art who has never studied the art of the critic, or who is bottling up impulses toward random aggression, the best refuge is the pose of superior certainty. The oracle tantalizes the layman with riddles, or guillotines his rivals with double-edged words. Other artists, it is implied, are not "pure" or "direct," not in the tradition or not "potential." The terms depend upon the clan the critic belongs to, but they are always conjugated in the defiant mood.

All these dodges and devices suggest insecurity, both of judgment and of expressive power; hence I think it fair to conclude that the commonest emotion of the man with a pen in his hand is Fear. How will it look? What will people think? We instinctively

and rightly feel that words reveal our character, breeding, and present purpose. When we suspect that any of these cannot bear the light of day, we hide behind a verbal screen — and the vulgarities spring up in our path as we run, whoever we may be: teacher, merchant, journalist, research man, or critic.

The most frightened species, because the most exposed, is of course the politician, of whom the variety Diplomat has, out of its perpetual panic, developed a language that transcends vulgarity by being truly technical. But when in our day diplomats must address the multitude, they are bound to fall back into claptrap. Rebecca West once deplored, in a review of a book on international affairs, that the dove of peace should always speak in pigeon English. Yet what else should we expect from our most timid birds? What can they say except this kind of thing: "The genius of man has devised the plan and completed the instrument, and we fervently hope that the spirit of coöperation will always guide its operation in order to achieve its lofty aim."

If we were more vigilant, more accustomed to exercising Milton's detective police of ears, we would sensibly refrain from using up paper and print to record what His Excellency the Ambassador said after the conference. We would know that the man did not dare say anything, though that nothing could not be made plain. Unluckily, "plain talk" in politics is also a counterfeit, made up of short dull words that merely resemble true speech: "We have taken a stand and we will stick to it. Nothing can prevent us from reaching the goal we have set. But we will of course meet any fair-minded proposition half way."

In modern states, where the people are being continually harangued under pretense of having their pulse felt, this prevailing windiness, long or short, is a real evil. What a democracy requires from its leaders is not flawless prose, any more than it can require pure reason from the newspaper or the tax collector; but it can and should demand a manly tone springing from a decent use of words — words that arouse if need be, and convince, but which stick close to real intent and which, whenever necessary, buck the current of make-believe emotions. This is what made the verbal powers of Mr. Roosevelt, and at moments like the retreat from Dunkirk, those of Mr. Churchill, irreplaceable aids to our survival as nations. Though politicians, they spoke of high matters in words that told. They rose to statesmanship by resisting the contagion of vulgar posturing.





Accent on Living

This Month

A Scottish reader wrote us a letter some months ago which we have been pondering ever since. It was a complaint against an argument of David Cohn's which had appeared in this section of the *Atlantic*, entitled "For a Revival of Dueling"—a serio-comic plea for dueling in the absence of effective libel and slander laws, as a defense against those who lightly blackguard a public figure. The main tenor of his argument was that insults and abuse are not funny, not to be laughed off.

"We may note, by contrast," Mr. Cohn wrote, "that the case is otherwise in Great Britain. The humorless Britons do not think it is funny to ruin a man's or a woman's reputation, or to permit journalists to bring down the contempt of the community upon the heads of others. . . . These stuffy people, tradition-ridden, still cling to the quaint concept that to besmirch a man's name is almost equivalent to taking his life. . . ."

The letter from our Scottish reader falls into the category of difficult, if not insoluble, mail. He begins by denouncing Mr. Cohn as an advocate of "anarchy and chaos." He continues: "He says the British are humourless. Because we have progressed beyond the custard-pie stage in our humour, it is no reason to be called humourless. We are merely different from America. . . ."

"Tradition-ridden, I grant Mr. Cohn, we are. But then tradition has many things in its favour where it is founded on experience gained over centuries."

We hope our literal-minded Scot will not read Howard Hayes's "Keeping Up With Spring" in this May *Atlantic*, for he would find it an impractical case, no doubt. A program of travel beginning in the South and moving northward at a rate of ten miles a day would strike him as out of the question. The ten-mile move might land the traveler in the middle

of a cane field or some inadequate suburb. Where would one spend the night? What if no rooms were available? And how could anyone make his schedule fit in with the "last killing frost"? As to Mr. Cohn's new proposal, that our corporation executives should disclose more candidly their views on the life of the spirit, and their own inner thoughts about themselves, our Scottish reader will probably reject it.

We mention all this because it illustrates the fine little muddle which a non-regimented section of light writing is bound to encounter sooner or later. One way of avoiding it would be to turn out each month a staff-written section, to depend for the material on a capable, even inspired, battery of the same authors. If the Scot did not understand them, he would at least get used to them. The other choice, which appeals to us, would be the constant search for new writers and their unexpected ideas. Vehicles for light writing are all too few, we believe, and we take satisfaction in having brought into the *Atlantic's* Accent on Living some dozens of new writers each year. Its contributors approach a total of 150 since July, 1942.

It's foolish for any editor to try to explain what he does not want to publish and why. He will barely have done so when some reader will show him up in the next mail and confront him with a rejection-proof piece on the very subject which the editor has just tabooed. If he has announced his determination never to entertain a text on pets, or on the eccentricities of grandfathers or hired girls, family reminiscence, or hobbies, the unbeatable exception will be staring him in the eye within the week.

So far, our record is clear with respect to the light side of domestic service, senility, and the family memoir, but two months ago we found ourselves publishing an account of the odd dogs a man used to own — something which we should not have believed possible in view of our prejudices in that direction.

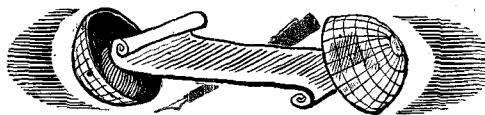
If we ever do commit the comedy hired girl to print, it will touch off such a volume of writing as to dominate our affairs for months to come. Far better to have faith that our readers can come up with something better than the hired girl, or Grandpa's spells.

The decision to depend on our readers and contributors rather than on schemes of our own still holds good for this part of the *Atlantic*. Its results have been just as surprising to us as to anyone else. *Accent on Living* has contained, for instance, an explanation that corn is really a grass and not whatever else we may have thought it was; the diet and folkways of the burying beetle have claimed our space; we have published the demerits of processed cheese and slick magazine stories and have praised the recorder or vertical flute and the sugar-cured method of roasting a leg of lamb. Supporting drip coffee and William S. Hart, we have opposed unlisted telephone numbers and Roy Rogers. We are

for the helicopter, against the tone of voice which most ministers assume for radio purposes.

These attitudes seem to us correct, worth expressing; but for them we are indebted not to our own editorial initiative but to the numberless enthusiasms, misgivings, prejudices, and drolleries of our readers. We could not have thought them up and prescribed them as subjects even if we had wanted to. Once in a great while, we'll make the effort, but then only to help an energetic author without a subject in hand.

Two years ago, a man came into our office on his way to Peru. "Have you any subjects in mind which I could try out from Peru?" he asked. The only thing we could think of to reply was, "Vicuña." Very well, our visitor would send us a piece about vicuña. It arrived in fine order the other day, just too late to catch this May *Atlantic*, but it will supply, in the June issue, the information so greatly needed about vicuña.



Success Story in Delhi

By DAVID L. COHN

IT CAME about in a curious way. If I had not forgotten the telephone number of the beguiling Indian lady whom I had met at dinner the night before, I should not have come upon the success story of Baghittar Singh Bawa — "Great Business Magnate."

And this was as it should have been; for, born myself in the drowsy South, I have always felt that those who adhere to the sterile doctrine that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points — salesmen, say, and engineers and chiropractors and ambitious mothers of debutante daughters — are a dark patch upon the earth and shall surely perish before their time, if indeed they have ever lived.

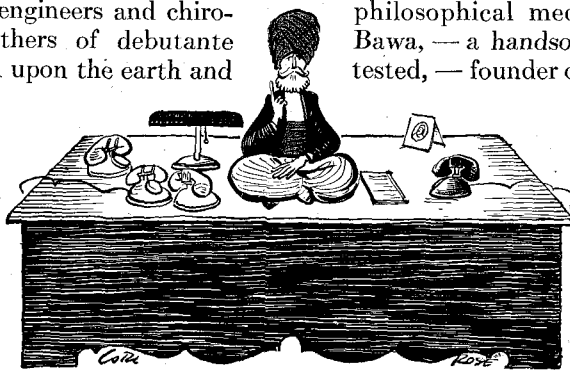
It follows, therefore, that since a man is the sum of the suns that have shone upon him, the earth that has nurtured him, and the tides of circumstance which have lapped him, I found myself quite at home in India without becoming a tearoom mystic or contemplating my navel — a practice which is not only aesthetically unrewarding but requires in the novitiate a high degree of physical exertion to which I am too lazy to give myself. Thus, un-

like so many of my more practical countrymen who constituted the India-Burma theater of operations, I liked the tangential, dilatory, far-wandering ways by which Orientals conduct their affairs with accompaniments of tea- or coffee-drinking and polite, stylized, ceremonious evasions of the matter in hand. Consequently I was the more pleased that I had come upon Baghittar Singh Bawa, whom I have never met, by the indirect intervention of a lady whom I had met only once before.

Thumbing through the Delhi telephone directory for the lady's number, I ran across a full-page advertisement devoted to the business achievements and philosophical meditations of Baghittar Singh Bawa, — a handsome old man as his picture attested, — founder of the Bawa Glass Company. It

began with a statement startling to American eyes long accustomed to the sign-the-coupon-now technique of our advertisers: "A brief review of his *Life's* sketch taken out of his autobiography as detailed in his valuable and literary writings '*Vachittar Gita*' and '*Dundakari*.'"

I vainly tried to imagine Mr. Macy of Macy's, Mr. Ward of Montgomery Ward, or Mr. Procter of Procter & Gamble, beginning an advertisement designed to sell shirts, ice-cream freezers, or soap, with a recital of their personal views on the desirability of wife-beating or chinning oneself twelve times before breakfast. Yet here was the president of the Bawa Glass Company using paid space to air, not the virtues of his product, but his personal views on the life



In the closing months of the war, DAVID L. COHN made a long trip through Europe and the Orient as a special correspondent with credentials from General Somervell. Here is an oddity encountered during his travels in India.

of the spirit — a commodity distinctly non-bankable even in India.

But I could not dismiss him as a fool, for he is an eminently successful businessman who was forced to become an executive at a time in his life when boys of well-to-do American families are attending Kent and writing letters to the remote Heloises of Farmington. "His father," I read, "died one month before his birth, and when he was at school his elder brother too died and left upon him the burden of his big family and hereditary Timber business in critical position at Ferezepore (Punjab). Within a very short period, however, he proved himself capable and the foremost businessman in his line."

I now knew that in India, where anything can and does happen, even the formulae of Horatio Alger Singh may be reversed. This was no case of Phil the Fiddler rising from rags to riches because he worked hard, saved his money, and was kind to others; but of the rich young man making good, the young man who had sense enough to choose wealthy parents and increase his inherited wealth. The career of the Great Business Magnate was in refreshing contrast with that of our magnates, who invariably boast of their lack of prenatal sagacity, and I was disposed to buy anything he offered for sale even if his advertisement had not satisfied a longing in me which is never satisfied by our native advertisers. It is the longing for a touch of intimacy between vendor and vendee.

All my life I have been buying things from anonymous corporations such as the A&P, Swift & Company, and Remington Arms. We are, they tell me, intimately bound up together. They exist solely for me, the Consumer. Their lives are dedicated to pleasing me and — such is the effect of a daily dose of hyperbole — I am their Boss. One would suppose, therefore, that we are on the friendliest terms; that we often exchange letters and ask one another around to the house to have a cocktail with the family.

But not at all. For all our alleged bow-and-arrow relationship, useless one without the other, they remain the anonymous sellers and I the anonymous buyer. I am distressed that I have never met the president of any corporation which I support by my purchases, but encounter him only through the impersonal agency of his local representative, who himself has never met his employer and cannot satisfy my curiosity about him.

I found in Baghittar Singh Bawa a warming intimacy because he is a man who tells you all about himself with few reservations and no coy modesty. Thus, in 1932, "he entered into a partnership in a Glass business firm at Delhi and soon created a miracle in Glass business in the whole of Northern India." By 1938 he had left the partnership and set up on his own. Blandly and innocently, in a manner horrifying to us, he confesses not only that he had achieved a near-monopoly of the glass business around Delhi, but that he wanted a complete monopoly and hoped to get it by going to Japan and setting up offices there!

"In the very first year," he tells us, "this firm ranked first among the equals, leaving behind all the other old colleagues and gained the monopoly of more than half of the Glass business in Delhi. . . . Two months before the declaration of the present war, brisk preparations were complete for the voyage to Europe and Japan to establish permanent offices there . . . and secure the first-rank position among the traders of the world. But the war clouds forced him to postpone that programme to a later date."

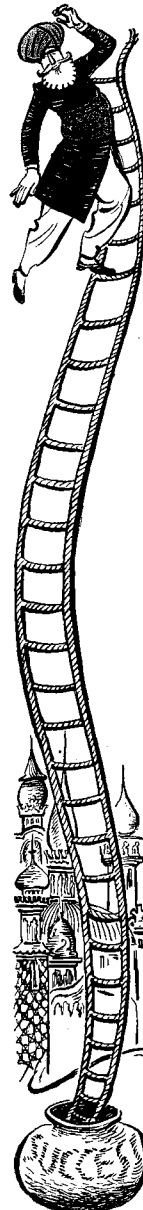
Baghittar Singh Bawa is no ordinary man. It is true that his "marvellous talents in business attracted the entire business community of Delhi," so that he headed almost every committee in town you could name; but he also "has been taking keen interest in and presiding over various Hindu, Muslim, and Sikh deliberations held in Delhi." Yet he is not one to overdo things politically and find himself perhaps in a British jail. "He is a staunch nationalist as well as law-abiding." He is, we are told, "an

apostle of Hindu-Muslim unity," and as befits a man of his eminence and public spirit has counseled with the highest in the land and "has discussed this question with Mr. M. A. Jinnah and Tara Singh several times."

Up to his ears in business and politics, Baghittar Singh Bawa has nonetheless found time to "edit a holy and literary book 'Vachittar Gita' in which he has exhaustively depicted his personal experiences to purify the soul and to reach Him while engaged in worldly affairs." It is not true, then, that one cannot serve two masters? It is possible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven? There is nothing irreconcilable between monopoly and mysticism, so that one mounts to the stars on wings even as one rises in the esteem of one's stockholders?

The Christian community has long been torn by these conflicts, the echoes of which still resound occasionally in luncheon club speeches, but Baghittar Singh Bawa has serenely resolved them and announced his meditations to the world not, in the approved orthodox way, from a cave or a mountaintop, but in an advertisement in the Delhi telephone directory. If this should offend the pious or cause the skeptical to raise their eyebrows, let them remember that the gods are everywhere, they reveal themselves variously, and in their infinite wisdom they speak to men in whatever manner they may be reached, whether through the winds, the music of flutes, or paid space in a telephone directory.

Firmly believing that the life of the



spirit and the life of the flesh may go harmoniously together, and first having shown his customers how to achieve the beyond, Baghittar Singh Bawa then shows them how to be successful here in "another equally valuable book 'Dundakari' for the benefit of business people." Based upon his experiences as a "great business magnate, landlord, and banker," it is "most valuable for the failed or new business people and serves just like Aladdin's Magic Lamp." There is a legend abroad in the world that it takes money to make money, but it has, according to our comforting mentor, little validity. "Financial aid usually brings about success but this book teaches how to achieve success without that aid."

Here, then, is a success story without parallel. A rich young man, despite the handicap of wealth, becomes richer. As he does so, he discovers that one may simultaneously store up wealth on earth and merit in heaven, while he teaches the penniless How to Make Money Without Money. And, being a lover of mankind, desirous that all should be able to do what he has done, he has had his books "printed in thousands for free distribution and those who need them may have a copy from Bawa Glass Co., Fathepuri, Delhi." Suppose, however, that you find it inconvenient to go to the offices of the Company? Suppose you would like to meet the Great Business Magnate and saint for a personal consultation about your affairs? In that case you are invited to go to his residence, 6 Hailey Road, New Delhi, where you may get copies of the books or "seek personal advice."

I commend the example of Baghittar Singh Bawa to all our presidents of corporations, chairmen of boards, directors of sales, and writers of advertising copy, as one who has achieved heaven and earth, mass production and individualism, profits and poetry, the aloofness of the stars and the warming human touch.

May his ship always proceed safely around Taprobane and white birds sing in his garden.



The Penitent

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I do not go with humble grace
To this tribunal I must face.
Reluctant, cursing, crying even,
I turn my back on cheated heaven.
Through towering lies, profane, uncouth,
I march alone to tell the truth.
I go to tell the truth, afraid
Of that remedial killing blade.

Keeping Up With Spring

By HOWARD HAYES

IT WON'T be long now before we shall be able to make time stand still. Just a few more miles an hour in a jet plane and the sun will never set on a fellow. Or rise on him either, if that's the way he wants it. Then a few more miles on top of that and our master timepiece, the sun, can be thrown into reverse.

But what I am thinking about is spring, or the vernal equinox, or Flora. I shouldn't mind making spring stand still for a while — and not only that: I actually think I can do it. What could be more wonderful?

The truth is that spring is not hard to keep up with. In the United States, if you are willing to do a little traveling, on foot if necessary, you can enjoy a steady festival of spring for about four months.

Now the sun, as we all know, hits about 1000 miles an hour in our latitude. That is too fast for me. On an east-and-west basis I'll let the aviators keep up with it. But on a north-and-south basis it is a different story. As the sun moves northward, spring comes at such a slow and easy pace that you can keep up with it on foot.

Brushing aside some minor points, the lovely change in the seasons that we know as spring moves northward at about ten miles a day.

Thus, if you start out anywhere along the Gulf of Mexico and move northward at this easy rate, you can keep step with spring right up to the Canadian border. You should begin about the middle of February on the Gulf and arrive in Canada by June.

At that pace you won't miss a thing. You'll see every peeping violet, every wildflower and fruit blossom, and your amateur gardener in a dither over his tiny seeds and his wobbly tomato plants. A good many very pleasant little songbirds will be with you most of the way. It will never be too cold (your northward movement is that of the average last killing frost), and you will not be in any great danger of a heat stroke. In effect, you will have made spring stand still for four full months, and by that time you will perhaps have had enough of it.

A native of Michigan, HOWARD HAYES has worked on newspapers in Detroit and Paris and now lives in New York.



FOOD

Summer Soups

By CROSBY GAIGE

I ALWAYS like to quote from the works of Dr. Sam Johnson because it saves argument. The bald statement that Dr. Johnson said the dinner hour is, in civilized life, the most important hour of the twenty-four is not likely to get much back talk even from those who prefer lunch or breakfast. Another authority is Casanova, who, finding in England neither soups nor desserts, reported, "An English dinner is like eternity; it has no beginning and no end."

In most civilized homes, soup starts the meal; and as soup goes, so goes the dinner.

A book on etiquette published some hundred years ago, describing the proper course a dinner should take, lays down the law as follows: "When all are seated, the gentleman at the head of the table sends soup to everyone. If you were to decline soup, you would place both yourself and your entertainer in an awkward position. You cannot be helped to anything else. You should, therefore, always receive the plate, and toy with the soup, if you do not use it. For a similar reason you should not ask for soup or fish *twice* (you may be sure that they will not be offered twice); it keeps the rest of the company waiting."

Nineteenth-century etiquette was something that my forthright grandmother would have called "nasty-nice." Just imagine anyone stupid enough to "toy" with a plate of good soup. The question of asking for a second helping is debatable, although I have often yielded to temptation.

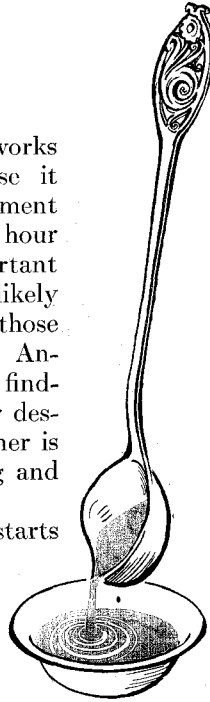
Nothing that comes to the table lends itself more readily to the imaginative touchstone of the creative cook than the soup pot. A household blessed with such a cook could well have a different soup every day of the year, and for many more years than one. Hors d'oeuvres, those mislabeled appetizers, may come into fashion as the preface to a meal or they may go, as I think they should go, into oblivion, but good soup is ever welcome.

Upon examination I find that most cookbooks stress the hot soups and present little variety in the cold and jellied sorts. Compounded with skill and presented with an eye to color, the cold soup can be the outstanding feature of a midsummer meal — creamed, consommé or broth, jellied, or fruit. Perhaps the most publicized of the cream soups is Crème Vichyssoise Glacée, which, under the stigma of the

unpopularity of the Vichy government, became temporarily Crème de Gaulleoise.

My scholarly friend William Rhode avers that Vichyssoise had its genesis in the Scotch "Cock-a-Leekie." Perhaps it did, but if so it has traveled a long way from the highland brew of pullet, leeks, and prunes that Scott extolled in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, where King James IV said, "And, my lords and lieges, let us all to dinner, for the cockie-leekie is a-cooling." Prunes no more belong to a proper Vichyssoise than do the carrots that are sometimes added by the unjudicious.

I have before me *Cooking à la Ritz*, presented to me by Chef Louis Diat of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York. It is his recipe for Vichyssoise Glacée that I offer as the authentic and classic formula: —



- 4 leeks, white part
- 1 medium onion
- 2 ounces sweet butter
- 5 medium potatoes
- 1 quart of water or chicken broth
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2 cups medium cream
- 1 cup heavy cream

Finely slice the white part of the leeks and the onion, and brown very lightly in the sweet butter. [Actually, the onion and leeks should not be *browned* at all, but allowed to melt in the hot butter until soft and of a golden yellow color.] Then add the potatoes, also sliced finely. Add water or broth and salt. [Incidentally, chicken broth, either canned or brewed at home, makes a finer soup.] Boil from 35 to 40 minutes. Crush and rub through a fine strainer. Return to the fire and add 2 cups of milk and 2 cups of medium cream. Season to taste and bring to a boil. Cool and rub through a very fine strainer. When the soup is cold add the heavy cream. Chill thoroughly before serving. Finely chopped chives may be added before serving.

To me, the chopped chives are a *must* — emerald beads upon an ivory bodice. A pleasant variant is to blend four cups of Vichyssoise with one cup of tomato juice.

Sorrel is one of my favorite summer greens. Before I grew it in the garden, I gathered it as the common narrow-leaf dock from pasture or field, where it flourished as a stubborn and hardy weed. One may make an excellent cold cream of sorrel by wilting three tablespoons of well-washed sorrel leaves, cut with the shears into fine green ribbons, in a saucepan with an ounce of sweet butter. Blend the sorrel with four cups of Vichyssoise, simmer for ten minutes, and serve very cold with just a touch of grated lemon peel to garnish.

From Andalusia in Spain comes what might be called a real salad soup for sultry days in summer. Its name is Gazpacho. A Gazpachero is not only the soup maker but the person who takes buckets of this healthful beverage along with loaves of bread, some cheese, and jugs of red wine to the laborers in the fields under the Mediterranean sun.

Author of many cookbooks, an authority on food and drink, CROSBY GAIGE is equally well known as a theatrical producer. He is the chairman of New York's Wine and Food Society.

It's good to serve for luncheon at home or to take iced in a thermos jug for a picnic. Here is a stylized version of Gazpacho as we make it at Watch Hill Farm:—

- 6 good-sized ripe tomatoes
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 sweet red pepper
- 4 small fresh cucumbers
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons finely grated raw carrot
- 2 tablespoons finely grated Bermuda onion
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Parsley

Wash the vegetables. Dip tomatoes in boiling water and remove skins. Chop fine, saving all the juice. Remove seeds from red pepper and mince fine. Do not peel the cucumbers, but cut them in quarters lengthwise and scoop out the seeds with a spoon. Chop cucumbers fine. Thoroughly mash clove of garlic. Mix all the ingredients in a glass bowl, season to taste with salt and freshly ground pepper. Put in the refrigerator and chill well. Serve in glass bowls or cups with an ice cube in each and a sprinkle of finely chopped parsley.

The variations that have been invented in the realm of fruit soups are infinite, and most of them seem to have stemmed from the fertile brain of soda-jerkers driven to the verge of mania from overdoses of maraschino cherries. In my humble opinion, fruit soups should not be thickened with any starch or flour, but should be companionate blendings of fruit juices with or without a touch of gelatine.

Here is luncheon refreshment for four:—

- 3 measuring cups of freshly squeezed orange juice
- 1 measuring cup of fresh lemon juice
- 1 pint of ripe strawberries cut into small pieces
- 1 tablespoon of Kirsch
- 3 tablespoons of gelatine
- Sugar

Heat enough orange juice, about 1 cup, to dissolve the gelatine. Mix all the ingredients, including the juice from the strawberries, in a glass bowl and sweeten with sugar to taste. Chill in the refrigerator until firm. Break up with a fork and serve in glass bowls or cups garnished with a large strawberry, stem and all.

Beets can be the foundation of a delicious and refreshing soup. Most Americans who have suffered from the Soviet sour-cream concoctions of amateur bortsch makers may be dubious, but I will give you an easy formula that will please:—

- 6 medium-sized beets
- 4½ measuring cups cold water
- ½ bay leaf
- 4 bouillon cubes
- 2 tablespoons gelatine
- 2 ounces lemon juice
- 1 dill pickle
- 3 hard-boiled egg yolks



Take six medium-sized beets fresh from the garden. Remove the tops and tails and wash thoroughly in cold water. Pare the beets and cut into small pieces. Put the beets with the bay leaf to simmer slowly in 4½ cups cold water. Never allow the soup to come to a hard boil or you will turn its nice ruby color to a rusty brown. When the beets are soft, drain off the beet liquor through a piece of muslin. Take a cup of the hot broth and dissolve in it 2 tablespoons of gelatine and 4 bouillon cubes. Add this to the rest of the beet broth along with the lemon juice. Taste the mixture to see if it needs a bit more salt. Put the brew in the refrigerator to chill. When ready, break up with a fork and serve in generous bouillon cups garnished with grated egg yolk mixed with finely diced dill pickle. An alternate garnish might well be fresh, crisp cauliflower buds.

Jellied consommé, either amber in color or red with tomato juice, is getting to be a pleasant summer habit in most well-run American homes. Excellent sorts can be had at the grocer's in boxes or in cans. Many of these carry their own seasonings and all you have to do is to follow directions. However, here is a chance for the wishful cook to improvise, to invent, to create something new and exciting in an age-old art. Sometimes at Watch Hill Farm we mix a plentiful portion of chopped sweet onions with the jellifying tomato bouillon just before it goes into the refrigerator. What you yourself add is no affair of mine.

In the Beginning

By DAVID MORTON

THE thin green of the woods
 Begins . . . is tentative,
 Is trembling into buds
 That learn to live
 On light, on greening air,
 On less than leaves require;
 And so no leaf is there,
 Only the shy desire
 That presently will be
 Leaves in the wind and sun,
 And we shall see
 The summer's will be done,
 All in good time. . . . But now,
 In the beginning, buds
 Are less than leaf on bough,
 And here the lighted woods
 Are thin, are tentative
 With green, learning to live.

An Revoir, Mr. Chips

By J. J. O'MALLEY

THIS is an absolutely true story, and I think a touching one, about a bond between a great Eastern university and one of its alumni, a bond so strong that it was not parted even by death. For a number of reasons, all cowardly, I am withholding the name of the great Eastern university; but I feel free to reveal that I am the alumnus in question.

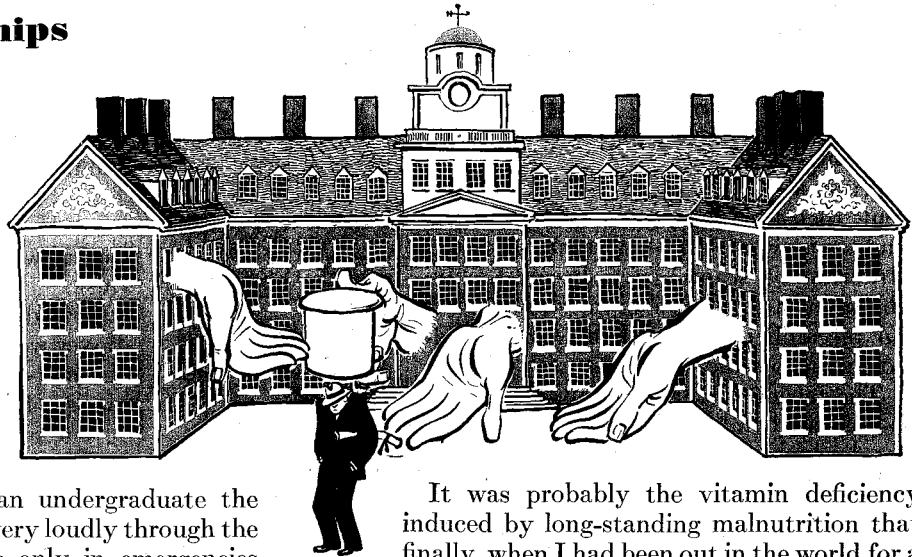
During my four years as an undergraduate the name of O'Malley never rang very loudly through the fabulous ivied halls. Athletic only in emergencies and thoughtful only during sleepless nights, O'Malley was gently sneered at by even such minor collegiate celebrities as the assistant manager of the hundred-and-fifty-pound crew. God loved him, no doubt, but nobody else made much of a fuss. A dismal bird of passage, you would have said, and one not likely to be remembered long after he had passed by. But how wrong you would have been!

Well over a decade has passed since my graduation, and I don't suppose there has been a month in which I have not heard from Alma Mater, in the person of the class secretary, the class treasurer, the class president, the alumni publication, the college club, the custodians of this and that fund.

I lump them all together as letters from Alma Mater because they were all alike in tone, and, for that matter, in subject. After a few mellow and wistful paragraphs about the good old days, — intended, presumably, to soften me up, — there would be a crisp reference to financial matters. Alma Mater, it seemed, was pretty hard up. To be sure, she owned some of the juiciest slum property on the Eastern seaboard, enjoyed immunity from almost all forms of taxation, and for countless decades had been accepting conscience money from robber barons; nevertheless, it was pretty hard for her to raise any quick cash.

I soon gathered that the trouble was that most of Mater's money was given her under hampering conditions of various kinds — stipulations that it be expended on scholarships, professorships, various monuments and memorials, and so on. I could see, of course, how galling it would be for a university to have the price of an astronomical laboratory, say, and not be able to spend any part of it for a chocolate ice-cream soda; but I couldn't see how I could relieve this distress in any very adequate way. Later communications reassured me on this point.

"Do send us *something*," said one chatty letter, "if only a few hundred dollars."



It was probably the vitamin deficiency induced by long-standing malnutrition that finally, when I had been out in the world for a full three years, drove Mater to the point of reminding me that I had never paid for my education; not *really*. "You will be the first to admit that the amount of your tuition didn't represent the value of what you got out of your four years at college," she wrote. As it happened, I had begun to think the same thing, and had been thinking of inquiring about a refund, if only a few hundred dollars. In the end I decided that the best I could do was accept the stalemate.

In addition to making me feel guilty every time I laid out \$6.60 for a pair of theater tickets, Mater got me upset about political matters. Pathetically confident that four years under her care must have imbued me with wholesome political convictions, she addressed me, through the college club in my home town, on the subject of the 1936 elections. "It is not enough to vote yourself," she said. "You must be sure that all your friends vote, too." The sad thing was that she took my choice of a candidate for granted, little dreaming that I was one of that tiny group of malcontents who did not vote for Alf M. Landon.

The way my life has worked out, I have never discarded a mistress. I imagine, though, that communications from such an unhappy creature would be not unlike the communications out of my blameless collegiate past — full of a somewhat cloying sentimentality, and always nag, nag, nagging about money. At length I chose the coward's way out — death. Across the face of the next letter that bore the college seal, I wrote, in a firm and steady hand, "Deceased." I dropped the letter into the nearest mailbox and bade good-bye to that phase of my life. Prematurely, as it turned out.

The letters now arrive, in unabated spate, addressed to my estate. You've no idea what that can do to you on a rainy Monday morning. I am now hunting for a good unethical lawyer who might be willing to tell Mater that the estate is hopelessly tied up and unable to part with even a few hundred dollars. As, indeed, it is.

J. J. O'MALLEY is a pseudonym.

HOLLYWOOD

How to Stuff a Shirt

By GORDON KAHN

IF INDEED clothes are portable architecture, and a cloak on a pole becomes a tent, then the Hollywood male, in season and out, wears the most promiscuous structure of seams since Joseph's polychrome ulster. It is a weird and wonderful piccalilli of Swiss chalet, horse paddock, and butane gas works.

The façade of this reservoir of threads is the Vagabond jacket. Beneath it hangs the dewlaps of a camisole called the Rogue shirt, which is worn directly over the Californian's skin, cosmetically braised under a quartz lamp and vibrating with cologne and pomander.

His loins are girded in a lava-lava called a Scamp, which serves at once as foundation garment and abdominal support.

His feet are shod in a pair of Loafers; and upon his proud head, bisecting the brow at an angle of 45 degrees, sits a tarboosh marketed under the name of Haut Beau hat.

Around his bronzed column of neck he may wear the Navvy, a pocket-sized square of silk knotted under the left ear; the Apache, slightly larger; or the Toff, which is long enough for a lynching and is figured with mottoes such as "Oh You Kid!" and pictures of girls telephoning on their backs.

Rogue — Vagabond — Scamp — Haut Beau — this mummery is spreading. You may see François Villon gandy-dancing in full fig down Boylston Street, and groups of vested beachcombers any day at Second and Elm in Spoonbread, Alabama.

At a distance there appears to be nothing outlandish in the cut and set of the Vagabond jacket; no more so than the jerkins worn by the assassins of Thomas à Becket. It is likewise reminiscent of the formal gentleman's doublet in the engravings by Albrecht Dürer.

Then, suddenly, you discern that it has no sleeves, or no collar, or no lapels, being frequently just two front panels held together, like your coat and mine, with cowrie shells or sardonyx frogs. The pattern, on the other hand, may be a little racy, running mostly to checks — hound's tooth to shuffleboard. That touch of bright color on the breast may be the escutcheon of Winchester, Dolor, Harrow, or William McKinley High, from the dealer's large stock of heraldic sunbursts.

Some of the newer Vagabond jackets — and it may be a trend — have no front at all; merely a back, which is cinched across the withers like a saddle.

The Rogue shirt is a more classic garment. Here



the designers (and we shall come to them, let me assure you) have adapted the chlamys that Cincinnatus wore to the severer drape of the Minute Man's nightshirt. The tails of this item are bobbed, and its blunt ends are worn outside for spectating at sporting events, informal teas, and workaday gadding about. But only a barbarian would leave his shirttails out after dusk.

It is down in the minutes that Charles Boyer wore the Rogue shirt first and irresistibly on the screen in 1938, when, in *Algiers*, he implored Hedy Lamarr to come — come with him to the Kasbah.

The rayon garrote known as the Apache was introduced by Edmund Goulding, according to the swells in the artists' agencies on the Sunset Strip. To Ronald Colman they give the palm for the less constricting boa, the fluffed ruff with the bounced flounce.

The napless busby that goes with Rogue wear appears to have come off the same drawing board as the LST invasion craft, with only a slight modification in design. Except among actors who are compelled to wear the mouse, or toupee, the hat is a sometime thing which enjoys only flurries of vogue.

In footwear, Hollywood high style once sponsored the plaited Mexican sandal. But no longer. The moccasin is now the basic pattern for the Loafer shoe. And it had better be loose because of the approved hose. These must be of wool, in the Argyll pattern and thick as a miner's drawers.

In Hollywood perforce, more than anywhere else, the sidewalks echo to the clop-scrap-clop of men proceeding in a risky pavane on their elevator shoes. When Brian Donlevy is vis-à-vis a leading lady who's stacked like a grenadier, he may be standing on an apple box instead of these cobbles. But when Crosby gives tongue with hymn or hotcha he is usually teetering on a pair of shoes built up to the height of a paving block. In actual courtship these "personal platforms," as advertised, are sovereign medicine, but they certainly complicate a Vagabond ensemble.

It would be imagined that for habiliments like these, the designers (pretty soon, now) would go to the angelfish; to the quetzal and tanager among the birds; to the desert and the incarnadined mountains for exotic colors. Instead, they have come up, so far, with nothing more exciting than Bambu, Tabac, and Sandune.

And in the looming of these Vag-rags it appears that no animal is sheared or trapped for its pelt, nor is any plant harvested for its fiber. Being neither wool nor cotton, the materials are brewed — in vats, like beer — and given names such as Gooskin, Snofo, Anzacuna, Fijiana, Finegora, and — Buddyserge.

The spectacle of an errant client in a wrap-rascal called an Acapulco, spot-welded out of Coquimbo

Our readers will have to judge for themselves whether Hollywood styles, as described here by GORDON KAHN, are the cause or effect of other peculiarities in that neighborhood.



Once More on Course

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With regard to your notice in the Florence Chronicle, Poet Dante—
 have you not heard that modern thinkers believe questions pave the
 road to success? Here at Chateau Lejon, as Kipling did, we "Keep six
 honest serving men . . . Their names are What and Why and When,
 and How and Where and Who." Brandy-making is one-half science
 and one-half art but always exacting. It is only by constant delving
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cloth, is maddening to the honest draper. Custom tailors are making only enough topcoats to keep the franchise while their tears fall on every yard of selvage. Their former patrons are wearing Battlefront Jackets, Don Cossack Dolmans, and Eisenhower Duo-Casuals. Ask your tailor to make you a Partisan Jumper with Hawkskin front and Gabeteca sleeves, and sitting there, cross-legged in the correct position for it, he may be tempted to an act of slit-belly with his own shears.

This mutation from the decorous to the gamin is simply an epidemic and is bound to pass. But for the record, it is useful to find out where it originated: in California, of course — specifically in the hothouses of the Guild of California Dons. This is not a brotherhood of Spanish noblemen, but an association of manufacturing tailors clustered in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

They are cunning analysts of the only clothed animal extant, and exploit the male primarily as the more bedizened of the species.

Nobody holds the Guild of California Dons responsible for the recent launching of a shaggy horror called the Gorilla, which is half sweater, half poncho. They can't, however, deny that a Hollywood member of their fraternity has published to the trade that he is making jackets "with exclusive ball-bearing shoulders."

Arctic Gardens

By ELIZABETH LUKENS FLEMING

MR. GIBSON was setting out cabbages at 2.00 A.M., his head well covered with a mosquito netting. This apparently peculiar action did not show, as one might have supposed, that Mr. Gibson was in any way abnormal or mentally unbalanced. It simply meant that Mr. Gibson lived one hundred and twenty miles north of the Arctic Circle, where in summer the sun shines all the time and the mosquitoes are very bad. His working at that hour meant, also, that he had been too busy at the school to do his transplanting earlier, for Mr. Gibson is Principal of the Anglican Residential School at Aklavik and his energies for the preceding week had been concentrated in getting his hundred and ten Louchoux Indian and Eskimo pupils returned — many by boat — to their respective families for the summer holidays. Gathering in the children in the autumn by the same method would be an equally arduous undertaking.

ELIZABETH LUKENS FLEMING travels in the Arctic each summer with her husband, who is the Episcopal Bishop of the Arctic, with a diocese which occupies one third of the Dominion of Canada. It takes the Flemings three years to cover the diocese. Last year they traveled in the Western Arctic in the MacKenzie River area.

Mr. Gibson's garden adjoins the school property and the Principal's house. In it are neat and thriving rows of cabbages and kale, spinach and Brussels sprouts, carrots and turnips, beets and peas, and several varieties of lettuce. The Archdeacon of Aklavik has a similar garden down by the mission house, and he too can often be seen working not only in the daytime but in the brilliant sunshine of the wee small hours. Both gardens are irrigated with water from the near-by river. In summer the heat, the lack of rain, and the nature of the soil all combine to create excessive dryness, which can only be combated by watering one half of the garden each evening. It is not unusual to have the hose and sprinkler running for six and seven hours at a time.

One of the greatest problems is that of the permanent frost line. Normally it is only ten to twelve inches below the surface of the ground. As an experiment the Bishop of the Arctic sent to the mission at Aklavik a tractor which is proving most helpful in this connection. Each year the tractor plows down a few inches deeper, until by now the permanent frost line is eighteen inches below the surface. When it reaches a depth of twenty-four inches people can, according to the authorities, grow anything suitable to the climate.

Of course neither vegetables nor flowers can be started outdoors, as the season is far too late and the sun so strong that they would never have a chance to develop roots, but would run entirely to weedy tops. It is hard to realize the great force of the Arctic summer sun; and the fact that it shines right round the clock means that it does double duty so far as growing plants are concerned. But mission and school alike have greenhouses in which, in the spring, the flats are set out. An even temperature is maintained with a wood-burning stove — no small feat in itself, as firing has to be done day and night. Then in July the seedlings are transplanted to the open ground. Most of the ordinary vegetables do very well and provide a wonderfully welcome change from tinned foods. Mr. Gibson has had great success too with tomatoes, although these have to be kept in the greenhouse. As yet potatoes seem to be too variable a crop at Aklavik to be relied on. Some years they flourish and provide an abundance, but other years they are an almost complete failure.

At Fort McPherson we had turnip tops for dinner, and no greens ever tasted better. The tops were



pulled when the rows were thinned. The remaining turnips will never grow to full size, but they will be sweet and sound. At Fort McPherson the situation is quite different from that at Aklavik and more favorable to gardening. The settlement is further inland from the Arctic Ocean, more protected, and has a better soil. The missionaries in charge, Mr. and Mrs. Dewdney, have perhaps the most successful garden in the Arctic.

About the first or second week in April the Dewdneys start the season's gardening. The first step is to bring earth from the greenhouse into the kitchen to be thawed out. With the ordinary winter temperature staying at 20 degrees to 30 degrees below zero, with periods of dropping to 40 degrees and 50 degrees below, this thawing is imperative. Within a week after the seeds are planted they are up, and from then on there is not a moment to spare. For almost all the vegetables and flowers, the sequence is from greenhouse to cold frame to open ground. Cabbages, cauliflower, kale, Brussels sprouts, onions, and lettuce progress in this way, but string beans and tomatoes never get beyond the cold frame. They seem to need the intensified heat. Peas, carrots, chard, parsnips, spinach, sage, and parsley are sown in the open ground and do well. So also do beets — although, like the turnips, they never grow beyond a tiny size.

From the first of June to mid-September there is, generally speaking, no frost at Fort McPherson; but even so, it has been found that beans and corn are too easily touched to be worth the labor involved. There were some healthy-looking rhubarb plants and equally healthy-looking raspberry canes. The latter have looked well for five years but have not yet borne any fruit. Last year blossoms appeared, so the hope is that they are becoming acclimatized.

Last year Mrs. Dewdney bottled from their own garden thirty quarts of carrots, fifteen quarts of turnips, ten pints of beets and ten pints of peas. Having this amount of home-grown produce to use during the monotonous, dark months makes all the difference to the winter larder. Sometimes, too, there are a profusion of wild blueberries which can be bottled and small quantities of red and black currants.

All the seeds at Fort McPherson are provided by the government as part of the work of the series of Experimental Stations that are being developed.



There are now thirty of these coöperative stations in the 1600-mile stretch from McMurray to Aklavik, and all keep careful and accurate records. As part of the experiment at Fort McPherson several early varieties of wheat and oats have been planted, some of the seed having been sent in and some having been saved from the "crop" of the preceding year. This matter of acclimatization is very important in the Arctic and applies to chickens as well as to plants. Mr. and Mrs. Dewdney have been very successful with New Hampshire reds which they have raised themselves. They were setting about eighteen eggs this summer, and if any of these chicks hatch, they will be much hardier than those that are sent in.

The fertilizing of the soil is experimental also. One half of every row has been enriched with a mixture sent in by the government. The other half of each row is supplied with leaf mold that has been carried in sacks from an old lake bed a quarter of a mile distant.

By the flag post at the Fort McPherson mission house there was a beautiful, vigorous clump of delphinium, its tall spires of blue rivaling the sky in intensity. The delphinium stays out all winter despite the cold. The warm covering of deep, deep snow protects it, and each succeeding summer it shows forth again.

In the Eastern Arctic there are gardens, but of a very different sort from the Western Arctic described above. The Hudson Bay area and Baffin Land are too cold, barren, and sterile for anything to grow in the open ground. Indeed it can scarcely be said that there is open ground. The best that can be done is to cultivate lettuce, radishes, and parsley in cold frames made from the storm sashes of the houses. When this double protection is taken off in the spring, the glass is converted into cold frames. As each row of green appears, it is watched with earnest hope and great expectancy, for that tiny harvest provides the only fresh green available the whole year round. The day that the first radishes are served, or the first salad, a record is made in the diary!

There is scarcely a house in the Eastern Arctic that does not manage to grow a few flowers to make it look like home. A bit of living color in that snow-clad land means more than a hothouse full of bloom "outside." At Lake Harbour in Baffin Land there were a dozen bright blue cornflowers on the table; at Wolstenholme a miniature bouquet of Phlox drummondii. Flowers there do not, however, always behave as one expects. Some dwarf nasturtium seed sent to the Anglican hospital at Pangnirtung has two years in succession reached the ceiling of the kitchen and bloomed at the top of the window instead of on the sill below! This was not from any mistake in the labeling of the package. Rather it is a vivid illustration of the strength of the midnight sun. Its compelling power pulled the little dwarfs up and up and up.

RADIO

Studio Audience

By R. J. HICKS

I HAD never realized the comic possibilities of names until I happened to turn on the radio the other day and got a quiz program.

The announcer, after a brief genuflection in the direction of the sponsors, urged a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to step up to the microphone. They did so; then:—

ANNOUNCER (*with a premonition of ecstasy burgeoning in his voice*): Mr. Wilson — what's your first name?

WILSON (*bashfully*): Warren.

ANNOUNCER (*voice rising*): Warren! Warren Wilson! (*Great applause and some laughter.*)

Hullo, I said to myself, this is something.

ANNOUNCER (*rather archly*): O.K., Warren, good for you. Where you from?

WILSON (*still bashful*): Brooklyn.

ANNOUNCER: Brooklyn!

The audience screamed. Some, from the sounds, were already rolling in the aisles.

ANNOUNCER (*rounding off general merriment with a creamy chuckle straight out of a realtor's property box*): Brooklyn, eh? Brooklyn! How long you lived in Brooklyn?

This wowed them. They really roared. In just under a minute this miracle man had reduced those present to a state of happy prostration. And at 8.31 A.M., E.S.T., too.

Mr. Wilson's answer was lost in the uproar, but the announcer kept kidding right along.

ANNOUNCER: How long you been married?

ANSWER (*from Mrs. Wilson*): Twenty-seven years.

That was practically the end — it was cruel. It hurt them to laugh so hard. Boy, did they laugh. But this announcer had an answer to that one.

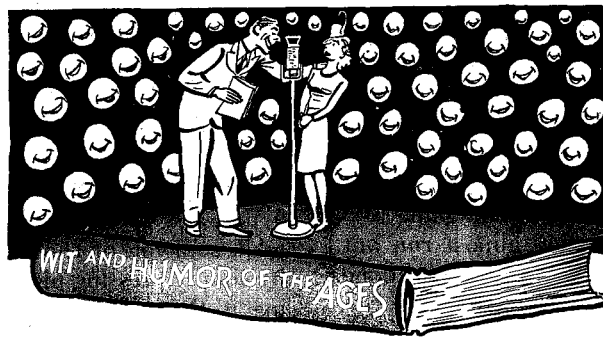
ANNOUNCER: Isn't that nice?

Pandemonium! No one had expected that sort of sally — it just wasn't fair. I hadn't expected it either. But, I hadn't heard anything yet. Still poised and lentil-soup-voiced, the announcer continued.

ANNOUNCER: Where you go for your honeymoon?

ANSWER: Brooklyn!

They took the roof off. They raved. They bayed. They stomped. It was sheerly terrific. The announcer came right in on the tail of this noise, and there was something about a surprise prize which consisted of guessing how many men called Jones there were in the U.S. Army. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson both guessed (Mrs. W., 44,000; Mr. W., 9000) and then the announcer threw a wicked one at Mrs. Wilson.



ANNOUNCER: If you were facing north and made a three-quarter turn to the left, followed by a half turn to the right, which way would you be facing?

MRS. WILSON: East.

ANNOUNCER: No, West.

But it didn't matter — she got a prize just the same. And while she was trying to make up her mind what to pick, Mr. Wilson murmured something to her. Quick as a flash the announcer rapped out:—

ANNOUNCER: Say, who's boss in your family?

MRS. WILSON: I don't know.

ANNOUNCER: I know!

That set the audience off all over again. They loved it. They ate it up.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson went away with their prizes, to be succeeded by a young lady named Lorraine Hestler.

ANNOUNCER (*with luscious premonition*): Where you from, Lorraine?

LORRAINE: Brooklyn!

ANNOUNCER (*rising to the occasion*): Brooklyn!

Hysteria.

ANNOUNCER: Say, Lorraine, what color is that dress you're wearing?

LORRAINE: Peach.

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks peachy on you!

Applause. Not only is this man a regular guy, but he's a wit.

ANNOUNCER: How old are you?

LORRAINE: Eighteen.

ANNOUNCER (*drooling, in a nice way*): Eighteen! Are you engaged?

LORRAINE: Yes.

ANNOUNCER: Well, it's a nice dress to wear to a wedding. What's your first name again?

LORRAINE: Lorraine.

ANNOUNCER (*taking a chance on duplicating a former triumph*): Oh, isn't that nice!

He's justified. The audience still loves it.

ANNOUNCER: Are you here with a friend?

LORRAINE: Yes.

ANNOUNCER: What's her name?

LORRAINE: Elaine.

ANNOUNCER (*rocked*): WELL! Elaine and Lorraine!!!

The audience, temporarily sobered, applauds solemnly and prolongedly. There's a certain mysticism about this sort of coincidence.

ANNOUNCER: Now, Lorraine, you've got to complete some pretty tough similes. "As brown as a ——"?

LORRAINE: Berry!

ANNOUNCER: Good, very good. And "As white as ——"?

LORRAINE: Snow!

Pandemonium renewed.

R. J. HICKS is the nom de plume of a well-known New York newspaperman.

ANNOUNCER: What's meant by the saying, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity"?

LORRAINE: It means you feel kind of hot and sticky.

ANNOUNCER: Do you like the humidity?

LORRAINE: No.

ANNOUNCER: Neither do I!

Shrieks. The audience had fancied itself surfeited, but this crack got it weak and red-eyed again.

The allotted fifteen minutes had almost run out, and with a last few formalities the program was done. It left me thinking.

The Rebel

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

MY MOTHER worked awfully hard to teach me politeness, courtesy, and common everyday good manners. "Always say 'thank you,'" she told me, "and 'please.' Don't tread on people's toes, and don't jostle old ladies. Keep your elbows in when you cut your meat, and don't toy with the silverware. Never blow bubbles in your milk, and don't make comments about the food. Always modulate your voice, don't point, and never make personal remarks. Consider others before you speak or act."

I have tried to behave nicely, but I find now that it was a total waste of time. Wherever I turn, no matter how much I modulate my voice, keep my elbows in, and refrain from blowing bubbles in my milk, I seem to arouse wrath and antagonism on every side.

When I get on a bus, if I hand the driver a dime and ask him politely for change (keeping my voice nicely modulated and remembering to say "please"), he turns on me and shouts, "What's da matter around here? Don't nobody never have da right change?" He then proceeds to curse me roundly, not quite under his breath, while I cringe and creep to the back of the bus to lick my wounds.

Sometimes the bus is crowded up front, and there's plenty of room at the back, but a large, elderly woman is in the way. My mother told me never to jostle old ladies, so I try to squeeze gently past, but the elderly lady is made of too too solid flesh, and not even an eel could get by. The bus driver stops the bus, turns around, looks directly at me, and yells, "Fa Crise sake, step to da back of da bus, will ya?" I try once again to squeeze past the elderly lady, and



she turns on me, glares, and starts to mutter, "Well, I must say, young people nowadays —" Everybody is mad at me.

I go out in the morning and ring for the elevator. It does not come. I remember my mother's warning, "Always consider others before you speak or act." Perhaps, I think, the elevator man is busy delivering a package, and he will come soon. I wait. Meanwhile someone on the floor below rings for the elevator by simply pressing his finger on the button and keeping it there. Presently the elevator arrives at my floor. I step in. The elevator man turns his face away from me and mutters angrily, "Ring, ring, ring! For God's sake, what do they think I am anyway?" He thinks I did it.

When I go to a restaurant for dinner, after I have ordered my meal, I usually ask the waiter to bring my coffee with my main course. I always remember to say please, and I keep my hands folded in my lap, but no matter — he acts as though I had just attacked him with a meat cleaver. He casts his eyes up to the ceiling, flings up his hands in a gesture of utter despair of the foibles of humanity at large, and me in particular, and goes off shaking his head with disgust and quietly emitting oaths. I cannot understand why it should be so much harder to bring the coffee with the main course than it is to bring it with the dessert. All I can make of it is that there are things my mother didn't teach me.

Occasionally I stop at a newsstand to buy a magazine. I stand there as my mother taught me, head up, chin in, gloves pulled on nice and smooth, the hem of my dress even, and my stocking seams straight, and I ask pleasantly, "Do you have a copy of such-and-such a magazine, please?" The news dealer wheels around, rage in his eye, like a dog that has just been deprived of a bone. "It's all sold out," he yells out of the side of his mouth. "Sold out this morning!" he shouts, as though it were a calamity equal in horror to the bubonic plague and all my fault. He turns back to his stand, muttering. "What do they think anyway," he says, "I got nuttin' to do all day but save old magazines?" He looks as though he were muttering to the piles of newspapers, but I know who he's mad at, all right. It's me!

One day I needed a pair of shoes, and accordingly went to a shoe store. A salesman came over. "What do you want?" he said. "I'd like a pair of black shoes, please," I said. He stared at me as though I had just murdered his wife and five small children. "What size?" he asked. "Seven and a half, please," I said nicely, the way my mother taught me. His face flushed with rage. "Seven and a half!" he shouted, baring his teeth. "We don't have any shoes in size seven and a half," he yelled in disgust. If I'd asked for size seven, or even size eight, his tone implied, he might have had some shoes, but I had to walk in and waste his time asking for size seven and a half!

I don't like to suggest that my mother's advice wasn't the best, but — from now on I'm going to blow bubbles in my milk whenever I feel like it.

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a New Yorker whose work has appeared in several issues of the *Atlantic*.

"The Bish"

By ROBERT C. GORDON

ON THE afternoon of July 7, 1943, with a small group of men from the U.S.S. *Helena*, I stumbled onto the beach of Vella Lavella Island in the Solomons. We had lost our ship in the Battle of Kula Gulf, fought in the early morning darkness of the day before. She had been torpedoed by Japanese destroyers; and after she went down, those of us who could not be rescued by our own ships had to be left to drift among those contested islands, wondering whether we should first encounter friend or enemy.

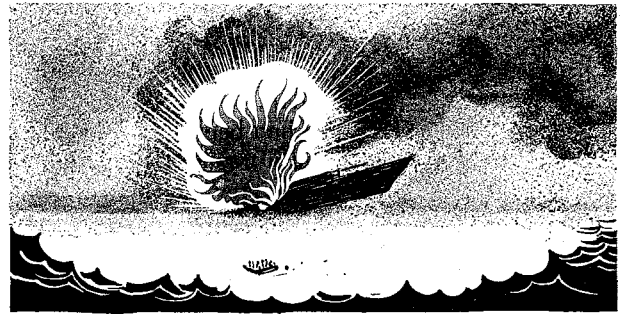
Sometime in our second night of drifting and hoping, a current began to carry our raft in the direction of Vella Lavella. We knew nothing about the place except that, being north and west of New Georgia, it should have been occupied by the Japanese. We saw it looming in the darkness, a very ordinary-looking blob of land. The dawn revealed it as a rolling, densely vegetated, lonely spot; and we prepared ourselves for the worst, for in our hungry, oil-soaked, weary condition we were helpless.

Our raft eventually struck coral at two o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately we were surrounded by black natives with broad grins and fuzzy hair, who helped us over the sharp coral onto the sand beach.

Some of them spoke a strange pidgin English. "Japs that way, you go that way," were the first words I heard. "White ma', white ma' that way." One of these men (there were no women to be seen), Mickey by name, grinned, scratched his belly, and pointed vaguely into the jungle. Then they let us rest under a coconut palm for a while, giving us cans of meat from our own ship, which Providence had allowed to reach the island before us. There were twenty of us, nineteen enlisted men and myself. We were pretty tired, having been on the raft for thirty-six hours, and the meat tasted wonderful, but they soon rounded us up and led us away, single file down the beach.

We followed trustingly enough but we had plenty to think about. Were we the first survivors on the island or were there others? Were Mickey and his friends as honest as they looked? Who was this white man they said they were leading us to?

We walked gingerly. The coral pieces were like sharp stones under our feet. Sooner than I expected, however, we headed into the jungle, and the coral gradually gave way to a thick black ooze. The jungle was dense, the air soon became heavy with the smell of green plant life, and the atmosphere seemed saturated by the moisture all around us. For about a half mile we followed, pausing only once to bathe in a fresh-water stream. Then we began to climb. Some of the men had raw, salt-water sores behind the knees, and they suffered with each step. No one spoke. We just dragged along thinking vague thoughts.



After climbing a hill that seemed to grow steeper with each step, we came to a clearing. Here we saw two fairly large wooden huts, and were encouraged to discover a small party of *Helena* men who had arrived before us and were obviously safe and recuperating. We soon met the owner of the huts, who turned out to be a grinning Chinese with a passable command of English. One of the huts was his, a one-room affair with a large, very hard bed and some rustic tables. His name was Sam, and we learned from him that this was an outpost of a large copra plantation still technically owned by a Sydney food products firm, and that he, his family, and a few Chinese friends were the only employees of the firm that remained on the island.

"White man go, 'ceppin' for the Bish."

"And who is the Bish?"

"He come soon you see, maybe tomorrow." He spoke like someone about to spring a pleasant surprise. "He good missionary."

During our first two days on the island, while other rescued parties kept coming in, we slept most of the time. Fortunately among the first arrivals to the island were some pharmacist's mates and cooks. The pharmacist's mates were always by the wounded, and their presence at the camp proved invaluable. Sam provided the cooks with a huge old copper kettle, and they soon had a stew preparing, a strange-looking combination of tapioca roots, tara roots, and miscellaneous roots mixed with a small chopped-up quantity of our old friend, the canned meat.

This stew had a peculiar odor and, we were to discover, a more peculiar taste, resembling hopelessly burned stable corn, but it was food. It roused us from our sleep and attracted us like a magnet. There was a fair share of it for all, and it wasn't long before most of us, having greedily satisfied our hunger, began to ask questions and investigate our situation. Now that we were fully awake and strengthened by food, the time was ripe for the arrival of the white man, and he came.

Followed by a small group of natives, he walked towards the camp from that part of the jungle which seemed most dense. He was a small man dressed in khaki shirt and shorts. On his head was an old New Zealand campaign hat. At a distance he looked very much like a Boy Scout. He was soon among us, smiling broadly and shaking hands vigorously. His thin, sharp, sun-browned face suggested at once the Anzac and we learned later that his name was Bishop

LT. ROBERT C. GORDON, USNR, survived the torpedoing of the U.S.S. *Helena* in the Battle of Kula Gulf.

Silvester, that his home was in Auckland, that he was a Methodist.

He was soon talking things over with Lt. Com. John Chew, a small, Scottish-looking, Academy man who had been our assistant gunnery officer. Sam was right. The Bish was a good missionary. His first words were of God. "It was He who watched over you and brought you here, you know." A true evangelist, he spoke as though he knew something so wonderful that he must let others in on the great secret. The brightness in his eyes, and the enthusiasm and sincerity with which he spoke, impressed all of us. We became quiet and a little solemn. If we had hats, we might have removed them.

But there were other questions in our minds, equal at least in importance to that of who had brought us here. Were there any Japs around? Yes, there was a small garrison miles away at the other end of the island, but they were singularly uninquisitive. I observed one of the natives playfully swinging a nasty-looking version of the double-edged machete, and I felt that we were very lucky to have these men on our side. "You see," said the Bish, "when the Japs first came here they treated the natives very cruelly, and the native women — er — in their usual cavalier fashion." On this subject the Bish spoke darkly and meaningfully.

Our next question was inevitable. Was there any means of communication with the outside world? Yes, he had a radio, and the word would soon be sent to Tulagi that a large group of *Helena* survivors were quietly sitting it out under the nose of the Bougainville Japs, waiting for the U.S. Navy to come up and take them away. We were overjoyed to hear about the radio, and greatly surprised when the Bish later informed us that on another part of Vella Lavella, not far off, was a second group of *Helena* men, numbering fifty-seven. This raised the total on the island to 161, certainly enough men for the Navy to risk an excursion up the Solomons "Slot" to rescue us.

The Bish was proud of his natives. "You will receive nothing but kindness from them," he said. As if to prove this, the native boys built a large lean-to to accommodate the overflow from the huts. It was a beautiful piece of work done with strong leaves and thin strips of thread-like fiber from an island vine. It was in this shelter that the Bish held his first service.

He was the last of a large missionary group that had once maintained stations on all the surrounding islands. He had not been home in ten years. We were slowly beginning to realize the extent of this man's unselfish devotion to his God. His service under the shelter was memorable. We were all there, Mr. Chew, our commanding officer on the island, having in-



formed us that "any man who's been through this affair and doesn't go to church is going to have me to reckon with." We went willingly enough, however. The Bish stood under the lean-to, and we all sat around him. He gave us a friendly smile as we gathered, much like any parson surveying his Sunday morning congregation before beginning the service. He then pulled out a good-sized Bible from his pocket and began to read. The words were familiar.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever." Then he translated the text into the Vella Lavella tongue for the benefit of the natives, who were sitting together on a near-by log, looking very much like a choir.

There was a prayer. The Bish expressed his gratitude that he had such an opportunity to serve us. He prayed for victory and peace. His manner was that of an old servant talking to his master, and the roughest of us were moved by the tremendous sincerity of this man. Then came the hymn, "Stand Up for Jesus."

The Bish led off bravely in a high, nasal voice, and we followed along. But our singing was a faltering whisper beside that of the natives. Sometime in the past he had taught them to sing parts, and the unfailing musicianship of the black man had made them respond like robust angels. There was a mixture of tongues. Some of the natives, who had forgotten the words, sang in no tongue at all, just let the tones flow out like a mighty chorus of brass instruments; others sang along in their own surprisingly musical dialect; the rest sang English words.

"Stand up, stand up, for Jesus! The trumpet call obey!" The strong voices, resounding through the jungle, sounded rich and magnificent.

The Bish's sermon was beautifully quiet and simple. There was a closing hymn, and once again the leaves vibrated in response to the voices of the black men. I remember in particular one fine-featured old patriarch with a high, noble brow and a stern chin framed by a tremendous white beard. He looked like a Supreme Court justice or a native Jove.

There remained the benediction. "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you." The afternoon sun sent hazy ribbons of light through the great trees, and there was a mighty hush. "The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace," and it was as if the world had paused in its frenzy to hear this man's softly spoken "Amen."

From somewhere Sam produced two old rifles and a few clips of ammunition. Major Kelly, in charge of the Marine group, organized a watch. With these two weapons, which from rust and disuse were about as efficient as muskets, plus a number of battered

Whether they now own a television receiver or not, it now appears certain that, given a choice, most people would infinitely prefer to see color television pictures to black-and-white, and are willing to wait until they can. Two groups of citizens, one made up of set owners, the other of people who do not own television receivers, have spoken their preference clearly.

To a random selection of 90 owners of television sets Columbia demonstrated its full-color high-frequency broadcast and asked them to compare it with black-and-white. They voted overwhelmingly in favor of color, said they would be willing to pay more for a color television receiver than for a comparable black-and-white set, and favored the further development of color broadcasting even though it might render their present receivers useless within a year.

A second group of 101 citizens then viewed the CBS color television broadcast. They had seen black-and-white television but did not themselves own receivers. When asked to compare color with black-and-white, 7 out of 10 who planned to buy receivers said they were willing to wait anywhere from a year to "indefinitely" for color receivers, even though black-and-white sets were available. Of the total group only 8 said they were "completely satisfied" with black-and-white television, compared with 11 out of the first group of 90 set owners.

The reactions of both groups were impartially and scientifically determined by Columbia's Television Audience Research Institute. For a total of nearly 2000 people who witnessed the CBS color television demonstrations, seeing was believing — just as it will be for you the moment you can get your hands on a color television receiver.

★

The words *mother*, *snow* and *ghost* are only three of many which, when used in connection with radio, don't mean what they ordinarily mean. A *mother* in radio is a term used in electrical transcription meaning a positive recording produced from a metal

master record, and thus very different from a boy's best friend.

Like most of man's specialized occupations radio has developed a precise and special language of its own, borrowed in part from its allied arts and sciences, in part self-invented and designed. You're not likely to find the phrase *cliff hanger* or *inherited audience* in any other field of activity, although *hillbilly* and *dissolve* stem directly from the arts of the theater and motion pictures.

Radio's language is always informative and frequently fresh, picturesque and funny. It has contributed much to the mother tongue and can do likewise to yours if you will run to the nearest bookstore and pick up a copy of a new book called *Radio Alphabet*. It contains more than 600 definitions of terms used in the broadcasting industry, and is illustrated with a certain high abandon. It was carefully compiled and edited by a group of leading CBS lexicographers and is published by Hastings House.



★

Happiness is relative, as the following letter to CBS from a young woman in New Rochelle demonstrates:

"I've been a Sinatra fan now since 1943 and I guess I hold the record for not seeing one show...I belong to about 15 clubs for Frank, have 1200 pictures of him, all his records and about 130 snaps...By sending me two tickets to his broadcast you'd make me the happiest person in the world..."

If you were listening to Frank on April 3, it may comfort you to know that so was the writer of the letter. She was looking at him, too.

★

Oklahoma City's traffic mortality rate shot up 60 per cent in February, 1945, over the same month the year before. So KOMA, the CBS affiliate, went to work and put on a 13-week series of programs called *Save A Life*, and a contest awarding war bonds to school children who wrote the best tag for a sentence beginning "Lives can be saved on public highways..."

It resulted in:

1. A sharp drop in accidents.
2. 13 fewer deaths during the 13-week period of the program than during the same period of the previous year.
3. The comment by State Safety Commissioner J. M. Gentry that the program was "one of the most important contributions ever made in the cause of traffic safety in the state."
4. The award to KOMA by the Peabody Radio Awards jury for "outstanding contribution to the community."

★

A Peabody award in radio is like a Pulitzer prize in literature, drama or journalism. It's hard to get. It's given sparingly. And it carries authority. When the national Peabody Radio Awards jury recently pointed its finger at CBS and said, "You have done the outstanding job among all broadcasters of reporting the news in 1945," they merely confirmed the opinion of millions of listeners who kept their dials fixed on their local CBS stations throughout history's most eventful year.

The citation literally said:

"The Peabody Award for the Outstanding Reporting of the News goes to CBS and in particular to Mr. Paul White, who has brought into action a reportorial team which is pre-eminent. They have done their work with a latitude, a judgment and a sense of responsibility which derives in no small measure from his direction. To Mr. White and his team go our unanimous thanks for such expert coverage."

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

45-caliber pistols, he set up a permanent sentry guard based on the best Marine doctrine concerning the defense of a camp on hilltop. This arrangement gave us a feeling of added security, though we don't know to this day whether the guns would have fired or whether the cartridges contained powder or red pepper.

One day a report came in that a Japanese landing barge had found its way to the beach with a small number of passengers. Major Kelly's sentries increased their vigilance, but the test of arms fortunately never came off. The Japanese walked the beach a little but never ventured inland. They must have felt rather lonely on this island that was supposedly theirs.

Meanwhile the Bish came every day to report on the progress of his radio negotiations with our Tulagi base. He held his service every afternoon, and we continued our devout attendance. The lean-to was his cathedral, and he made it a holy place.

But we received from him something more than the food of the spirit, for on one of his afternoon visits we were amazed to see him come smiling out of the jungle, leading his ever present native bodyguard, who were in turn carrying a huge cloth bag full of meat — real fresh beef. They had killed a cow on one of Vella Lavella's few grazing plots and carried its meat on their backs to us through nearly five miles of the bush. The cooks pounced upon it instantly and soon had it in the kettle. It was like manna.

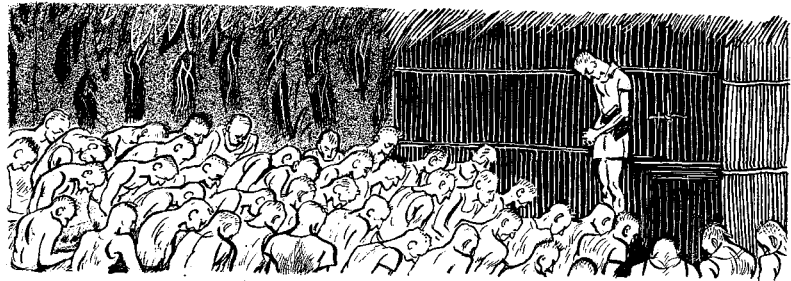
Most important of all, the natives maintained their continuous patrol. The forlorn little group of Japs, who had beached their landing barge, were not left unobserved for a second. They must have known that theirs was an unhappy position, for every night we heard the frantic sputtering of their engine as they vainly endeavored to free their boat.

We were on the island seven days in all. The Bish's message to Tulagi drew a quick response, and an order was issued to all available destroyers in the vicinity. They were gathered in one large force, to which was added two APD marine transports. The word was flashed back to us that we were to be rescued at 2.00 A.M., July 16.

We lived as before, but with renewed hope. We ate our stew, slept a lot, went to the Bish's services, and continued to marvel at him and his achievements with the natives, whom he had made into real, unselfish Christians. All this time we were also trying to persuade him to leave the island with us, but with no success.

Finally, with the appointed hour almost upon us, we gathered the men together, made stretchers for the wounded, and organized for the long walk back to the beach. On the night of July 15 we left the camp, but that afternoon, before we went, we all gathered around the Bish and stood dumb while Mr. Chew tried to express what was in our hearts.

After a final round of handshaking, during which we all begged him for the last time to come with us,



a small covering force was sent ahead under Major Kelly to scout for any last-minute difficulties along the path; and with the coming of darkness, a long file of men began to move out of the camp. Sam, his father, and the rest of the Chinese on the island were to leave Vella Lavella with us. They brought up the rear of the procession and provided the only anxious moment of the evening when a newborn Chinese baby gave a lusty howl just as their group came in sight of the beach.

The final wait seemed the longest, but eventually the cove, which had been selected for our rendezvous, was echoing the powerful roar of incoming Higgins boats. The operation was a success, and everyone was delivered off the island without a slip. Within an hour we were on our way to Tulagi and safety.

But we left the Bish behind. "Someone must stay on, you know." That was what he had said.

Afternoon with Goats

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

My afternoon was full of silvery notes,
I looked over my hill, and there were goats
Light as young deer among my late red clover.
A stripling buck went leaping over and over
The gentle young she-goats with upright tail,
Forever the yearn, the mischief, and the male.

The heavy-uddered dam tried hard to be
The pattern of all staid propriety,
But even she at times could not restrain
The wine of clover in her and made rain
Of slender tinklings, silvery and thin,
For she carried music underneath her chin.

They all moved gentle and yet fast as fever
As though each one that cropped the grass had liever
Be in the sweet and tenderer grass elsewhere;
Half of the time their feet were on the air,
So fast they fed, so lean their twinkling graces,
All of them seemed to be in all the places.

Yet all these slender hungers dancing across
The late and golden light would have been lost
Had not a mother been there with her child
To keep the quicksilver beasts from running wild;
Being the center, she called them, made them mind,
She made the keen kids cousins of our kind.



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AWARDS **FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"**

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts



THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

WE SLEEP lightly this spring because of what is on our conscience. "Macbeth does murder sleep" (for Macbeth read suspicion and belligerency), and the great lines continue: —

"the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course."

But now, when our lights go out, it is not possible to find anything like our customary amount of balm. We drift off, but after five hours, or sometimes six, the problems which yesterday admitted no solution summon us back to consciousness; and in that borderland, before reluctantly we stretch the muscles and are awake, we realize from the snatches of dissolving fog that even in the unconscious the mind has continued its ceaseless grappling with anxiety. If this is true of us who are well fed and beset with a minimum of internal hatred, how much truer it must be of Europe and Asia, weakened by starvation and the threat of civil war.

In war, men sleep from sheer exhaustion, sleep anywhere — in *abris* or foxholes, on deck, sitting upright. Men fall asleep when not supposed to, as I twice did in the summer of 1918 while driving my ambulance back to the front after agonizing runs of 65 kilometers. Each time, as my eyes closed, the Ford swerved off the road to the left, narrowly missed a tree, and brought up in the roadside ditch, from which, as the sun rose, I was extricated by crews of the French seventy-fives. Country doctors have to fight this tendency to nod. I know of one who, as he returns from a midnight call, habitually removes his right shoe. The pressure of his foot

against the accelerator is enough to bring him back to earth.

But in the readjustment after war the strain is on the mind, not the body, and the imagination won't let go. I know, for I have lived with insomnia for twenty-five years.

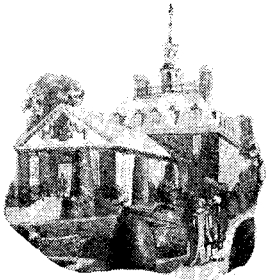
Anyone who works in the evening runs the risk of sleeplessness. This I first discovered as a veteran trying to make up for lost time at college, reading and writing long after midnight. Night work for many of us is like a stimulant: the mind shakes off the inhibitions of day and races ahead, eager, confident, seemingly omniscient. And like a drug, this habit is hard to stop. After two decades of indulgence I have learned a simple rule: if I turn the mind off before midnight (and doctor myself as you shall hear), I'll be asleep in half an hour. But if I pass midnight and force on towards one or two, I know that when I stop, it will take from sixty to eighty minutes *in bed* before the mind comes to rest. Perhaps not then.

As a student, and later when I was courting, I used to "fight the pillow," tossing first to the right side and then to the left, winding myself up in the sheet like a mummy and then springing out of bed to put on more blankets or take off those that made me so hot. By then I was so awake that every night sound was magnified. I'd hear the clock in the steeple strike the hours, my alarm clock would tell its seconds louder and louder, floor boards would creak, and always that petulant inner voice was saying, "You've got less than five hours left — less than four — Boy, how you're going to feel tomorrow!" Bridge-players who have sat up through longer and longer rubbers trying for that finesse which never works, poker players who keep drawing to those two pairs long after the guests — and the winnings — have departed, know what it feels like to be in this squirrel's cage.

Sleep was still an adversary when as an editor I was more and more obliged to read my manuscripts in the quiet of evening. At first I tried to walk the machine down. Fully dressed (but my watch at home) I would pound the pavements, which are certainly deserted at 2.30 A.M. I had heard Robert

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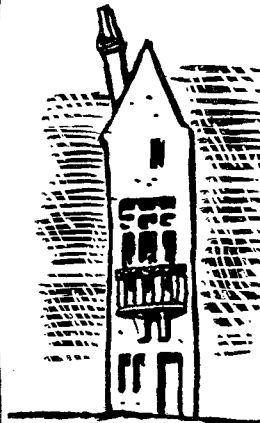
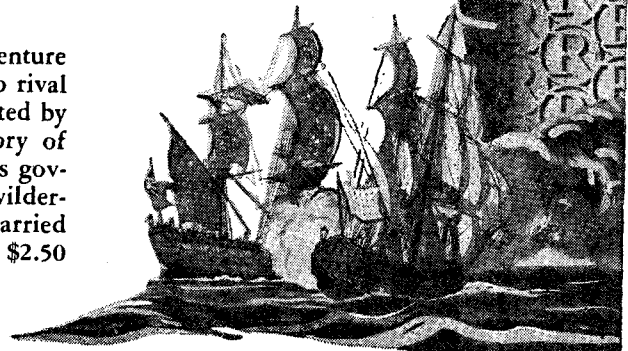
A new novel by the author of THE TREE OF LIBERTY



ELIZABETH PAGE

Wilderness Adventure

A VIVID, authentic story of illicit adventure and the frantic search made by two rival admirers for lovely Lisel Salling, abducted by Indians. Spurred by love and the glory of discovery, five men defied His Majesty's government and met the challenge of the wilderness with wit and courage; their quest carried three of them as far as England. \$2.50



**A long time ago, before
yesterday was born . . .**

Come these legends of the prime of Charlestonian Romance. . . . Dark with the terror of the black man's diabolic beliefs . . .

FOR MANY YEARS, John Bennett, author of the delightful *Master Skylark*, has been collecting stories of old Charleston. Bit by bit he has pieced together these superb tales from old fishermen and washwomen, stableboys and housemaids. The beautiful writing, and the feeling of horror and the macabre will delight the connoisseur. \$2.50

The Doctor to the Dead

By JOHN BENNETT

Frost, a light sleeper, tell how he had tramped out many a poem in the dim hours when town or village lay asleep. But I would come back from those prowls with my senses as alert as a cat on the roof.

About this time I had a lucky encounter with Serge Koussevitzky, the magnetic conductor of our Boston Symphony: we sat side by side in a Pullman, he on his way to a concert, I to lecture in New York. I have often marveled at the energy and spirit with which he leads, and I was curious to know what kind of meal sustained him. "Before the concert only a little porridge," he said; "a little porridge, honey and butter. But afterwards a real supper. Otherwise I could not sleep." I remembered how, at the end of a concert, the veins in his temples seemed to throb with the intense rhythm of the music, and I thought to myself, "Of course. It's as simple as that: the blood must be drawn from the head back to the stomach, and eating does it!"

That was several years ago and I've seldom missed a midnight supper since — applesauce, triskets, milk, prunes, cheese, but always milk. On my lecture tours — block booking with almost every night on a sleeper — I used to go over and over the talk for the next day like a victrola needle that is stuck in a single groove. A little supper stopped that. Now if you hear the sound as of crackers and milk going on behind the green curtains, you'll know who it is, and come right in!

Yes, says the worrier, but what do I do about my troubles, those things I can't forget? My answer is, "Cover them with a picture." We all live with worries. As an old cobbler once said, "I've had a lot of trouble in my time and the worst of it never happened." And it is so easy to imagine the worst when you are trying to go to sleep. Ten minutes before you turn out the light, try to leave a picture in your mind which it will be pleasant to revolve. If you're a reader, try a book like Thackeray's *Letters*, a self-portrait that lifts you right back into the London of Victoria. The sports page is a potion for many men: have the Red Sox at last got the pitching to stop the Yankees? It lulls me to play over a favorite golf course, or to approach step by step the trout pool of my dream.

Donald Culross Peattie told me that when he can't sleep he revisits his collection of waterfalls, the most beautiful falls he has found in the Great Smokies, the Columbia River valley, the Sierras. The best treasurer I know, a man so conscientious that he struggles many a night with the figures of the day, has this simple method of composing his mind: he begins to think his way along the road, remembering the curves, the straightaways, the landmarks from Sandwich to Dedham. He says he never has stayed awake long enough to get to Dedham Village.

The last resort is, of course, the sleeping tablet. I have tried a good many, and the effects of the socks I do not like; after six hours I come to feeling like a sponge that has indigestion. My favorite is a tiny mild sedative which I used in my convales-

cence from shingles and which induces a ten-minute relaxation. Habit-forming? Perhaps. But why not? You use a sulfa spray to cure your sinus and that is a good habit. Chemistry has much to contribute to modern living, and there is no reason under heaven that it shouldn't assist us in sleeping.

And if you miss a night's sleep, don't worry about it. I remember what Dr. William T. Councilman said to me when, as an undergraduate, I was grieving about my loss of sleep. "Well," he said, "losing a night's sleep won't hurt you physically. You can do what you have to do. And it really doesn't matter much to the rest of the world."

The nerve of resistance

Kay Boyle is a Minnesotan who got her bearings as a novelist in the Paris of the Post-impressionists. Like Gertrude Stein and Hemingway, she is a stylist to whom the manner of writing was at first more important than the matter. Her years abroad, in Paris, in Austria, and in England, informed her work with a worldly grace, with a cosmopolitanism which was neither tired nor effete. When she came back to this country in 1941, she brought with her a passionate loyalty to France, and when in 1945 the Army Air Forces flew her back to Europe to see the results of liberation, she went, I am sure, with one end in view: to transmit to millions of Americans who have never known Paris, and never will, the inextinguishable spirit of the Resistance.

In *A Frenchman Must Die* Miss Boyle tells a story that is little known and less appreciated on this side of the Atlantic: the story, true in all its essentials, of the French Milice (the Militia formed January 30, 1943), some 80,000 men, part German, part French, thugs, apaches, black-market gangsters, and collaborationists, to whom American jeeps, uniforms, and weapons became useful props in the poisonous work which they had been left to do after the withdrawal of the German forces. The Milice were commanded by German officers with a perfect knowledge of French and the region in which they operated; they were in touch with the German Gestapo in Spain and Switzerland, and at their head was Joseph Darnand until his capture by American troops in 1945. The ruthlessness of this Fifth Column met the implacable vengeance of the Maquis, and the clash was at its fiercest in the Haute-Savoie, where Miss Boyle found the embers which, as she breathes on them, give fire to her words.

This is a story of pursuit which begins in the tiny mountain village of Ameau, where the Maquis, under the leadership of a Franco-American, Guy Mitchie, come on the fresh scent of a big-time Vichyite. The Resistance knew Charles Pliny as unmistakably as they knew the look of Laval's necktie or Pétain's cane, and they hated him almost as bitterly. The pursuit leads down the mountainside to Lyons, by plane to Paris, to the *bistros*, the radio station, the Ritz, and thence on a mad dash by car to the Swiss frontier. The pace quickens to the run of melodrama,

Lafcadio Hearn's compulsion to wander across the globe, to search out the final beauty, to write the most exquisitely sensuous prose makes his life story that of legendary genius. It was a life of brilliance and frustration, of sadness and betrayal, of intense joy in exotism.

This biography, written with a sensitive appreciation of Hearn's qualities as a man and as a writer, is an absorbing re-creation of an extraordinary and complex personality.

Lafcadio Hearn

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and the intrigue has its romantic stooge in the beautiful but sexless Danielle Monnet. But again and again the story is brought back to earth by the masculine fidelity of the Maquis, by men as sardonic as Bobo the bartender, as pitiable as Louveau the little tailor, as audacious as Mitchie, men as memorably French as Pierre Brossolette.

In writing this novel, Miss Boyle has reversed her technique. Now it is the story which matters first, and the facts — the intense, tragic facts of bankrupt France — which matter second; as for style and femininity, it is as if she said they are incidental in this man-torn world.

If tigers could talk

Man-eaters of Kumaon is the true story of a white hunter, **Jim Corbett**, an Englishman born and bred in India, speaking the dialects and at home in the jungle, who roved through the Kumaon hills in the Himalayas, tracking down the man-eating tigers and leopards which are such a scourge to the tiny villages of the United Provinces.

It is impossible for most of us peaceful commuters to imagine the necessity for such a man, or to estimate the alertness, the power of observation, the physical and nervous fitness which were required of him. In our protected state we tend to sympathize with the tiger; we are more afraid of automobiles than we are of man-eaters. But in the Kumaon hills even today a single man-eater will destroy more people than lost their lives in a year on the highways of Massachusetts. For instance, one tigress which was finally brought down by Major Corbett had been driven from Nepal after killing 200 human beings, and on her rampage through Kumaon had added another 234 to this number. To meet this terror, the government would call in Jim Corbett, and the hunt was on.

Major Corbett tells us that "tigers are responsible for all kills that take place in daylight, and leopards are responsible for all kills that take place in the dark." The SOS would fetch him to the spot of latest bloodshed, and it was then his method to proceed alone and on foot. Human company he found encumbering, "for if one's companion is unarmed, it is difficult to protect him; and if he is armed, it is even more difficult to protect one's self." From years of experience Major Corbett knew that the tiger is invariably aware of the presence of the hunter, and thus the hunt is a stalking match between the two killers. Tigers naturally assume that human beings have the same sense of smell and consequently do their stalking upwind. And when the wind was against him, Major Corbett had the instinctive feeling that his enemy was at his rear; therefore he would proceed through the waist-high jungle in a series of tacks so that he was never completely at the mercy of his adversary.

Thirty-two years spent in the more or less regular pursuit of man-eaters gave him a knowledge of the jungle floor and an awareness of the danger signals of

birds, deer, and buffalo, on which he had to rely as he closed in for the kill. And "close" it was, for in many of the stories recounted in this intrepid book the Major is within twenty yards of the crouching cat before he shoots. In addition he is protected by that sixth sense of impending danger. "I will not labor the subject beyond stating that this sense is a very real one and that I do not know, and therefore cannot explain, what brings it into operation. On this occasion I had neither heard nor seen the tigress, nor had I received any indication from bird or beast of her presence, and yet I knew, without any shadow of doubt, that she was lying up for me among the rocks." And she was.

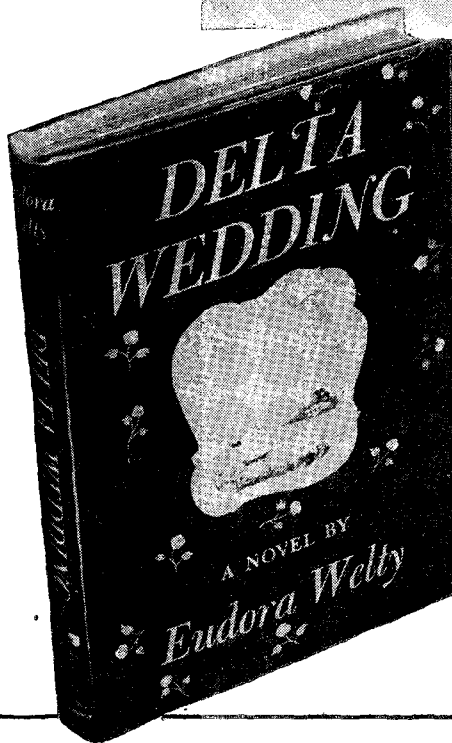
His hunts would last for days, sometimes for an entire month of ceaseless tracking, sleeping in trees, squatting motionless on rock ledges, or forcing his way into rocky ravines and through brush the more terrible for what it might conceal. He never carried more than five bullets — usually three was his quota. In his feud against the Chowgarh Tigers, my favorite tale of the book, when he has reached the bottom of a sandy ravine and has cautiously stepped clear of a perpendicular fifteen-foot slate: "I looked behind me over my right shoulder and — looked straight into the tigress's face. . . . Her head, which was raised a few inches off her paws, was eight feet (measured later) from me, and on her face was a smile, similar to that one sees on the face of a dog welcoming his master home after a long absence."

I admire this book for its knowledge, its modesty, and its fearlessness. And strange as it may seem, it is a disarming plea for the preservation of the tiger. "A tiger," writes the Major, "is a large-hearted gentleman with boundless courage, and . . . when he is exterminated — as exterminated he will be unless public opinion rallies to his support — India will be the poorer by having lost the finest of her fauna."

Southern weddings

To her stories of the South, **Eudora Welty** brings a talent which is as original as it is captivating. She is not a one-note writer. There is range to her work, as we know from her early and memorable stories in the *Atlantic*. In "A Worn Path" she stirred our pity for an ancient Negress; she was touching on eccentricity in "Why I Live at the P. O.," and in "Powerhouse" she was drawing us into the spell of hot music. She is not easy to follow, for there is a sense of mystery about her writing, and she is enough of a poet to lead you obliquely into the fragrant Delta garden of her imagination.

Delta Wedding, which has been serialized at three-quarter length in the *Atlantic*, is a dreamy, odd, beautifully written picture of Southern kinsfolk gathering in 1923 for the marriage of a favorite daughter, Dabney. The Fairchilds are a numerous, preoccupied, and charming family bound together by pride and a kind of cousin-vitality — not too happy about the bridegroom, who is the overseer, not too easy about Uncle George's affairs (Uncle George is



DELTA WEDDING is

"by all odds the best thing she has written"

—THE ATLANTIC

EUDORA WELTY has created a memorable picture of a Southern family in *DELTA WEDDING*, her first full-length novel. Part of the book has appeared in these pages as *The Atlantic Serial*. Readers will welcome the complete story, will acclaim it as a literary landmark, and find it one of the most fascinating and absorbing of novels.

\$2.75

Send them Summer

HANSFORD MARTIN has written a truly remarkable first novel which reveals a fresh, honest talent — one of a new generation of writers. *SEND THEM SUMMER* is the story of what it was like to be young in the summer of 1942, to go to war or to stay home, what it was like to fall in love.

\$2.50

The Canvas Sky

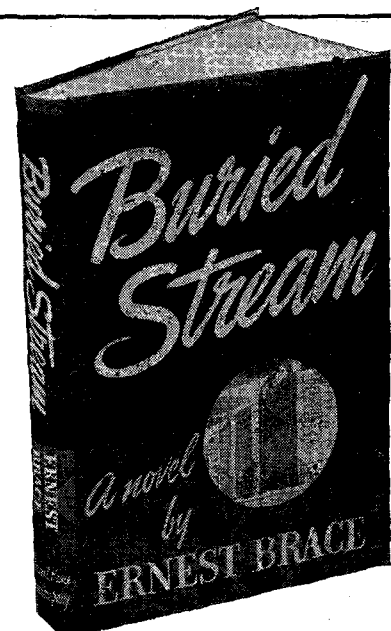
DAVID LIEBOVITZ has captured the sense of wonder of the old story-tellers in this long novel of the circus. Filled with splendid words and wonderful characters, *THE CANVAS SKY* has, as one advance reader wrote, "the basic human relevance of *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*, a humor as American as Mark Twain's, with an earthy, salty infusion of American speech, to which its pages form a vivid contribution."

\$3.00

Buried Stream

By **ERNEST BRACE**. A large audience of fiction readers will enjoy the story of David Rayney, a prosperous New York business man, who finds himself questioning the values of all he has attained. Events occur which impel him to take stock of his own motives, and those of his family, friends, and business associates. The manner in which Rayney struggles, through love and suffering, to an understanding of himself, makes an exciting and perceptive story.

\$2.50



their white-headed boy), but consumed with each other and individually so curious in their affection that the reader, if he is no more critical than little Laura, is soon caught up and enmeshed in the family doings of Shellmound. The beauty of this story is that it is written from the inside out. The vitality in it bubbles up as clear and cool as spring water. Women more than men will enjoy threading the intimate relationships, and to Southerners it will come like a dear letter from home.

For me, Carson McCullers, equally Southern and a stylist of great fluidity, is a different case. It seems to me a pity that a young author with such evident gifts should be so pledged to aberration. In her new short novel, *The Member of the Wedding*, she has set herself the problem of holding the reader's interest in a slight story about a twelve-year-old girl, Frankie, lonely and gawky, who spends more time than is good for her in a sultry Georgia kitchen. Frankie's brother is soon to be married at Winter Hill, and she yearns for the event as a chance to "belong" to the wedding party. The novel is written from the outside in, and to my way of thinking it never penetrates very far. There are plenty of causes for depression in this dismal world of ours, but the trivial gloom which Miss McCullers has spun with such effort about Frankie is hardly worth bothering or reading about.

DID DE GAULLE WEAR WINGS?

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

In the March *Atlantic* I discussed a number of books dealing with the North African campaign in general and with "de Gaullism" in particular. I thought, at that time, that the books reviewed and the memoirs published in American magazines, to say nothing of the course of recent French history, had provided ample material for a proper understanding of the men and events connected with an episode grievously misrepresented by propagandists and woefully misunderstood at home. But even with de Gaulle retired to his tent, the subject will not down.

The month has produced three volumes, one of which is partly, another largely, and the third wholly concerned with North Africa and de Gaulle. These are *This House Against This House*, by Vincent Sheean (Random House, \$3.50); *Casablanca to Katyn*, Volume III of *The Secret History of the War*, by

RICHARD E. DANIELSON served for two years during the war as a General Staff officer in the Military Intelligence Division, and for most of this period was concerned with French African affairs. He was Chief of the North African Section in the African Branch of MID and served two tours of duty in French Africa—a very short one in North Africa and one of five months as Military Observer in French West Africa. No statements in this review are based on secret or confidential information received in any official capacity, and the writer's opinions are his own and in no way reflect the attitude of any department of the government.

Waverley Root (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$5.00); and *I Accuse de Gaulle*, by Henri de Kerillis (Harcourt Brace, \$2.75). Three men of varied experience and background discuss the same personalities and events and arrive at three totally different conclusions.

What *are* we to think? Did General de Gaulle wear wings or walk on cloven hoofs? Were the American State and War Departments honorable or vicious, wise or foolish, liberal or reactionary? Certainly, few people could answer such questions merely from a reading of these volumes, if equal authority were conceded to each author.

Mr. Sheean in *This House Against This House* writes, as always, with clarity, with feeling, and with considerable distinction. His book is like Gaul, divided into three parts—the first is a meditation on the period after World War I; the second is called "Glimpses of the War"—World War II; and the third is "Shadows of the Peace." In the first and last parts, Mr. Sheean deals with hopes and fears, with memories and deceptions, with the dreadful possibilities of the not too distant future, and he handles these matters with the genuine emotion of a thoughtful and honest man.

I found more comfort and satisfaction, however, in "Glimpses of the War" than in the other sections. Here Mr. Sheean, admirable and sympathetic reporter that he is, describes his experiences as an officer of Aviation Intelligence serving in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Europe, and in the China-Burma-India theater. Major—as he was then—Sheean was more aware than most field officers of the dangers involved in our North African landings, and during the campaign he lived through the touch-and-go period in Southern Tunisia when nothing was sure—except mud, C rations, and being bombed. This is firsthand stuff written by an experienced observer. Mr. Sheean's sound common sense is evidenced in his comment on the hullabaloo occasioned by the American support given General Giraud as head of the French Army and the provisional military government in French Africa—the hullabaloo which continues to this day. Mr. Sheean writes:—

This [our policy in North Africa toward the French] was assailed by all the pundits of the press, who, from a safe distance, thought it monstrous of us not to dislodge the established French authorities, flout the opinion of the vast majority of Frenchmen, and by main force install the dictatorship of a group of exiles who clustered around the person or name of General Charles de Gaulle.

When the clouds and smoke have all cleared away this will surely appear to have been one of the oddest fancies of ill-informed quixotic liberalism in our time. We were at war with the most formidable of all military powers. . . . De Gaulle had no position whatever in the constitutional or legal sense: he was merely an officer who felt and said that in him—outside of France—reposed the true soul of France. . . .

But aside from the military necessities, it would have been a political blunder to force de Gaulle on the French. They did not want him. Many units of their



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regular forces would have fought us with passion if we had attempted to bring him in. . . . When we first landed in Africa it never occurred to me that anybody could consider our course wrong. It seemed to me so obviously right — more than right: the only conceivable course under the circumstances — that I never debated the matter. The Gaullistes I knew understood it then (that is, those who were on the spot), and their whole problem was to contain themselves in patience for a few months until we were ready for them. It was only afterwards, in sheer amazement, that I saw the American newspapers and periodicals . . . and discovered that by some occult reasoning the press considered us to have been doing a great wrong. When I first saw some of these press articles I was mystified, as it did not seem to me that any reasonable adult could take such a point of view, and some of those who signed the articles (Freda Kirchwey, Edgar Ansell Mowrer and others) were known to me for years as sensible persons. I could only conclude what is, clearly, the truth, that these critics had no real knowledge of the situation.

This greatly abridged quotation does not do justice to Mr. Sheean's argument but it is typical of his temperate and considered opinion, which refused to be stampeded by excited people. It represents sensible American thinking as opposed to the hysteria which swept French and American de Gaullistes into a crusade which gave little thought to actuality. There was a gallant and inspiring quality in General de Gaulle's revolt in 1940; but too quickly his position assumed mystical properties in his own eyes and in those of his followers. He became a kind of sacred vessel, the recipient — in some obscure way — of the soul of France. As an almost divine leader, he became arrogant and truculent, hypersensitive to criticism, aloof from reality — a dictator in the making. It was quite impossible for ordinary Americans, going about the hard business of fighting a war as best they could, to sympathize with a position which seemed to them preposterous, or with a personality which struck them as too difficult and egocentric for workable relations. This, I think, is Mr. Sheean's attitude and it is a fair one.

His comment on the Italian campaign is equally pointed. For the first — and happily for the last — time our strategy wobbled. How far Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill — rather than the Joint Chiefs of Staff — were responsible for the ups and downs of this unhappy campaign, we do not know as yet. Both the campaign and its aftermaths are sour notes in the triumphant chorus of our war effort. Mr. Sheean's comments on India and China are interesting reading in the light of current events. The whole book is constructive and stimulating, and if the author is left at the end anxiously scanning the skies of the future, aren't we all?

In reviewing Mr. Waverley Root's *The Secret History of the War*, Volume III, I am confining myself to the chapters dealing with the North African episode.

Mr. Root and I part company very early in his chapter "Giraud in North Africa." It is almost instantly apparent that in Mr. Root's opinion only one point of view is possible — that of the out-and-out de Gaullist. Consistently he follows the method of the *Daily Worker* editorial-reporter, or of *Pravda*. Everything that our side does is right. Everything the other side does is a work of darkness; it is immediately suspect, it is inherently sinister. For any Frenchman who did not utterly support de Gaulle, he employs the general term "Vichyite," with the tacit implication that every Vichyite was a collaborationist if not a pro-German, a reactionary, a totalitarian, an economic royalist, and probably a traitor and a crook. I object to this assumption most strongly.

I do not believe that any American has the right to condemn any Frenchman for the decision he made in 1940, either to support what he conceived to be the legal government of France or to break his oath of allegiance and take refuge abroad. It was a cruel choice. Men of the nicest honor and the purest patriotism divided sharply on this issue. A somewhat similar and equally agonizing problem confronted American civil and military officials at the outbreak of our Civil War. George H. Thomas and Robert E. Lee were both Virginians, both officers in the United States Army, both men of unquestioned honor and integrity. Their decisions as to the action they felt compelled to take were diametrically opposed. It is not hard to do your duty. It is often incredibly difficult to know where your duty lies. Good men followed de Gaulle and good men followed Pétain, and sorry scoundrels followed the lines of least resistance into both their camps. Mr. Root cannot make the Vichyite stigma stick to many of the French soldiers and sailors whom I knew, whose only thought was how best could they serve their country.

Mr. Root goes so far as to state that the choice by the American authorities of General Giraud to head French resistance in North Africa must have had the enthusiastic commendation of "the German political strategists." At another point, quoting Secretary Hull's words, "General Giraud, like a true soldier," Mr. Root indulges his editorial opportunities by inserting a mean, smirking little question mark, so that the passage, with Root, reads: "General Giraud, like a true soldier [?]. . . ." There is ample testimony from all the soldiers who knew him that General Giraud was just that: a true soldier and a gentleman, too simple and straightforward and too honest to understand or combat the kind of men and the kind of intrigue which brought about his removal and pursued him with a vicious malignity that has few equals in our day.

It does not seem to occur to Mr. Root that our State Department and military leaders chose General Giraud because he was an honest man and a patriot whose one ambition was to fight the Germans and liberate France. It does not occur to him that they did not choose de Gaulle because they lacked

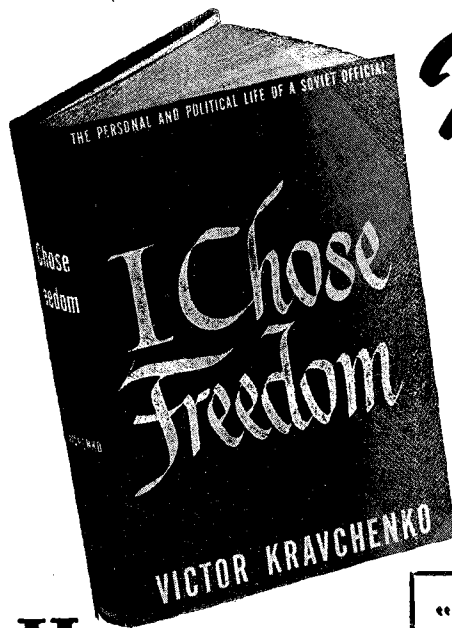
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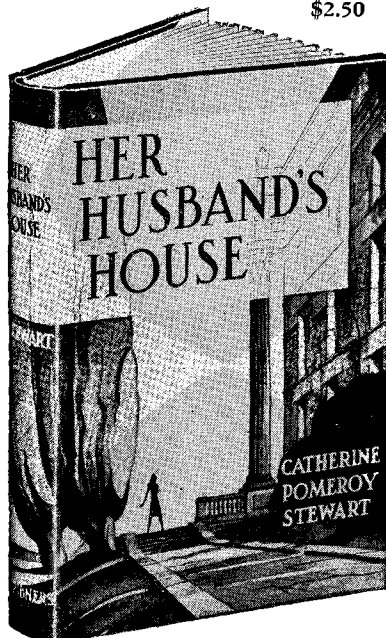
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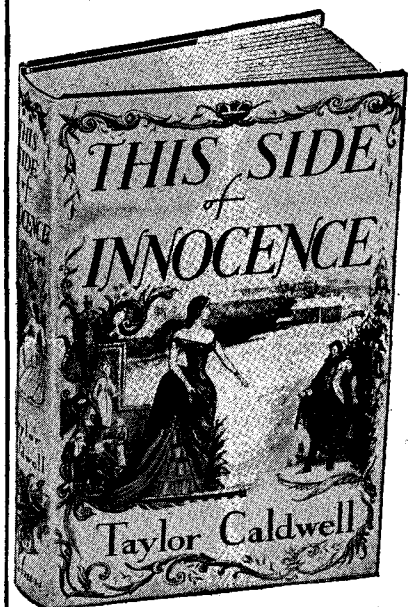
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confidence in his stability, discretion, and character; because they did not wish to become embroiled in political intrigue and French civil war; because de Gaulle was hated and despised in North Africa; and because no secret or confidential communication was considered secure in de Gaulle's headquarters. These reasons are too simple for Mr. Root.

Mr. Robert Murphy and the State Department, he says, looked forward to a post-war France which could be kept at heel. He quotes from a letter of advice he wrote to Mr. Wendell Willkie: "The difficulties and dangers of the State Department policy appear to result from the fact that the Department actually does not want a post-war democracy in France." A sweeping statement, one of Mr. Root's opinions presented as a fact.

He spends pages to bolster up an assumption, his own, that Giraud was backed because our government thought he could be persuaded to yield French sovereignty — and bases — to the United States and England: Dakar, Bizerte, Martinique, New Caledonia, and so on. It was a Machiavellian plan. De Gaulle, we knew, would consent to no such squandering of the French Empire; therefore we opposed de Gaulle. He thinks it was shameful not to tell de Gaulle when and where we were going to invade North Africa. This paragraph is typical: —

The Fighting French had accepted with the best grace possible the combined insult and injury which the Allies had imposed upon them by invading French territory without their participation or their knowledge, and delivering its government over to the political enemies whom they had been fighting on behalf of the Allies for two and a half years, while those enemies had been aiding the Axis.

As for the insult, General Eisenhower and his colleagues undoubtedly considered the life of a single GI of far greater importance than de Gaulle's hurt feelings; the "injury" listed typifies the vice in Mr. Root's thinking. De Gaulle had been engaged in fighting his political enemies, not in fighting Germany. The de Gaullist efforts were concentrated on taking over defenseless odds and ends of the French Empire, in building up in them and in England and the United States a political machine destined to take over France when she was liberated by the Allies. Such sections of the French Empire as were not defenseless — Syria, West Africa, and Madagascar — were attacked in turn, and de Gaullists showed little hesitation in shedding the blood of Frenchmen who were their political enemies, although they sought few opportunities of attacking the Axis direct. The military achievements, — against Germany, — with the exception of the Resistance in France, which can be credited to de Gaulle and his followers, were negligible. It was exactly because the Allied campaign in North Africa *could not* be complicated by warfare between de Gaulle and his political enemies — the existing government — that he was not invited to participate in the initial stages.

A great deal can be forgiven a forensic journalist in the height of a debatable issue. I knew Edgar Mowrer and many others who felt and wrote like Mr. Root, during the North African episode. Even Drew Middleton joined in the chorus of denunciation heaped on Robert Murphy and General Eisenhower. I thought they were wrong then and I hope they know now that they wrote without full information. But Mr. Root, who quotes freely from Mr. Middleton's dispatches of 1942 and 1943 to bolster up his opinions in 1946, is certainly lacking in historical perspective. The honorable imprimatur of Charles Scribner's Sons certifies this document as "History." I am sorry that this is so.

Mr. Henri de Kerillis was a pilot in the last war, a journalist, a member of the Chamber of Deputies who consistently attacked German sympathizers and denounced the policy of appeasement. He opposed the Armistice of 1940, threw in his lot with de Gaulle, escaped to England and later to the United States. Heart and soul in sympathy with de Gaulle, in New York he edited with Mme. Tabouis the de Gaullist journal, *Pour la Victoire*, and was considered one of the chief supporters and publicists of that cause. His disillusion was gradual but profound. The continual growth of political as against military de Gaullism disturbed him increasingly. Repeatedly he urged his leader to take the field, to fight alongside the British and Americans, to cease hating and opposing Churchill and Roosevelt, to stand as a Frenchman for the liberation of France, not as a political Führer, the head of a party. The final break came at the time when the *Richelieu* and the *Montcalm* were in New York Harbor and their crews were being solicited to desert their ships to enlist in the ineffective private navy of de Gaulle. Mr. Waverley Root pooh-poohs these desertions as he does the efforts to make soldiers desert from the French Army in Africa — in time of war and in face of the enemy.

Mr. Root thinks nothing of Mr. de Kerillis. He deserted de Gaulle and is therefore a scoundrel. Mr. Root assumes that Mr. de Kerillis was bought by that ogre and villain, M. Lemaigre-Dubreuil. Mr. de Kerillis, whose son was a martyr of the Resistance, does not, to my way of thinking, write like a hired scribe. He writes as one betrayed by a leader whom he had served with devotion and confidence. His book, *I Accuse de Gaulle*, which has just appeared in an English translation, was written in French for Frenchmen and was published in Canada.

Such an author goes much further than an American could properly go in denunciation of de Gaulle. He follows the de Gaullist expanding political intrigue with growing distaste and dismay. He comes back again and again to de Gaulle's complete preoccupation with politics and his denial of his duties as a soldier. He describes in detail the actual sabotaging of the French Army in Africa because of de Gaulle's needless fear that it would be used against him. He tells how that army — the part of it



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equipped by the Americans — was hustled into the Italian campaign and kept busy dying there; how the de Gaullist army of one division led by General Leclerc, hero of a bloodless desert march, was held in reserve until American blood and armor had cleared the way to Paris — to march in there as conquerors, a praetorian guard to make Paris safe for de Gaulle. He does not forget the fine performance of French divisions in the invasion of Southern France and of Germany. These were a part of a much larger North African Army which would have been equipped and trained by Americans but for de Gaulle's backing and filling.

He repeats the story of de Gaulle's contribution to the Normandy invasion, the withholding of all but a handful of the trained liaison officers who were to accompany our troops. He recounts with horror the cruel malevolence with which "the political enemies" of de Gaulle were pursued, the vile treatment of General Boisson of French West Africa, the tribute by de Gaullists at the tomb of Darlan's assassin, the brutality of the de Gaulle Gestapo, headed by the infamous Colonel "Passy." Of the treatment of General Giraud he says: "The elimination of Giraud was carried out with a cold and meticulous hatred, a fierce and ruthless animosity. He was the rival in De Gaulle's path. . . . Step by step he was driven from his 'co-presidency of the Committee of Liberation' — he was demoted from his position as head of the Army — a Commissioner of War was set over him — he was supervised by civil inspectors and by commissions — his close associates were attacked — he was humiliated, threatened, watched by the police — he was ignominiously kicked out of the Army — and finally an attempt was made to assassinate him."

Chiefly, however, Mr. de Kerillis accuses de Gaulle of seeking and achieving power and place through false promises and illegal means.

Well, he succeeded and became for a time the Leader of Liberated France. Soon enough his instabilities, his "faults of character" caught up with him; unable to endure opposition, he resigned in a fit of petulance after a short reign in which he gave France what has been recently described as "the most authoritarian regime since Napoleon I."

It is not a nice story, but it should be told, if only that our old friendship for France shall not be wrecked through misrepresentation and propaganda. Here are two "histories," that of Mr. Root and that of Mr. de Kerillis. You pay your money and you take your choice. As for me, if I cannot go all the way with Mr. de Kerillis, I can still prefer his story to Mr. Root's. It makes more sense. It is nearer the record. It is more generous. It squares with human values and with known performances. It is not pervaded with that dreadful pathological quality which inspired the de Gaulle *mystique*, that strange disequilibrium which sometimes prevails in periods of revolution and despair. All of us can be deceived. We need not deceive ourselves.

DREISER RECONSIDERED

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE publishers of *The Bulwark* (Doubleday, \$2.75) announce with truth that this posthumous work is the first novel by Theodore Dreiser to appear in twenty years. As one toils through its cumbrous pages, they do, indeed, take one back to the twenties, when the wine of the puritans was being spilled on the ground. Any estimate of Dreiser must be based upon the revolt of which he was the embodiment and which conditions even his latest fiction. But first, *The Bulwark* itself.

The fable is standard. Solon Barnes, scion of a Quaker family, sober, industrious, inflexible, a child of the nineteenth century, marries a sober Quaker wife and rises by industry and frugality to being a minor personage in the banking world of Philadelphia. He rears a family. Convinced that God prospers the righteous, he is troubled by the contemporaneous prosperity of the wicked in the Gilded Age, a doubt that makes him stick more closely to Victorian values as the materialism of capital and the worldliness of Philadelphia society increase.

His children cannot accept the restrictions of the old ways, but their rebellion is disastrous. One daughter goes to live with an artist in Greenwich Village, a son turns out to be a prig, and another son kills himself because, on a wild party, he is involved in the death of a girl. Solon resigns from the bank in protest against shady practice. His death closes the book. One is reminded of the despairing cry of the father in Hebbel's *Maria Magdalena*, "I understand the world no more." Readers of Dreiser will recognize echoes of his earlier books in this plot.

The manuscript might have been written at almost any time in this writer's career. It retains all his peculiarities. A fecund author, he never mastered a style, so that the strength and weakness of *Sister Carrie*, which dates from 1900, are in this regard the strength and weakness of *An American Tragedy*, published in 1925. I open this vast novel at random, find myself in the middle of the Roberta-Clyde love affair, and read: —

And this, in spite of the present indifference of the Griffiths, caused him to walk with even more of an air than had hitherto characterized him. Even though neither they nor any of those connected with them recognized him, still he looked at himself in his mirror from time to time with an assurance and admiration which before this he had never possessed. For now Roberta, feeling that her future was really dependent on his will and whim, had set herself to flatter him almost constantly, to be as obliging and convenient to him as possible. Indeed, according to her notion of the proper order of life, she was now his and his only, as much as any wife is ever to a husband, to do with as he wished.

This is the average level of Dreiser's prose. Can writing be more gray, featureless, lacking in cogency?

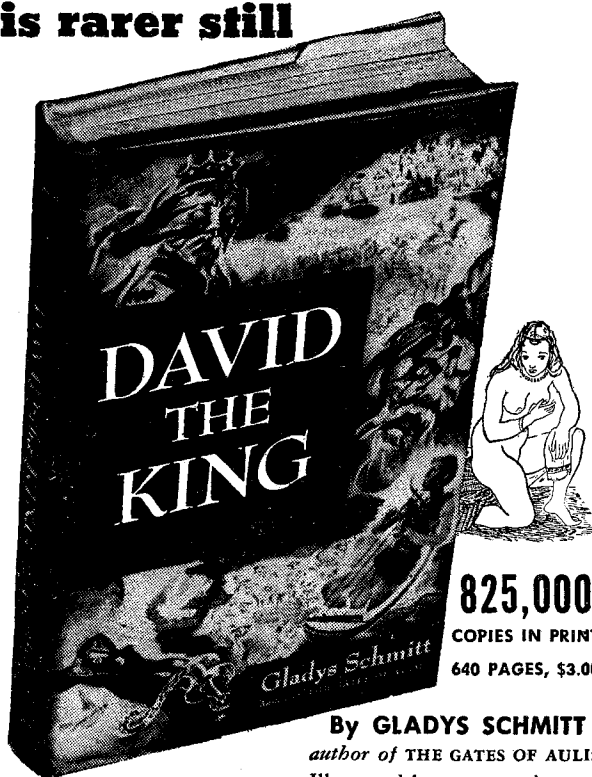
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An American Tragedy is impressive for other reasons, but *The Bulwark*, lacking weight and onset, is not. The style is unaltered. The characters all talk alike. If it is possible to lug in a cliché, Dreiser is led as by enchantment to prefer it to something simpler and more direct. Indeed, *The Bulwark* in theme and style has the air of being a reprint for classes in the history of fiction; one almost expects some scholar to provide an introduction, glossary, and notes.

But the book is not insignificant; and Dreiser cannot be ignored. His clumsy, yet sympathetic, spirit embodies a phase of American thought. He is a characteristic product of our revolt against the nineteenth century. The publishers' instinct is therefore right in calling the attention of buyers to the fact that twenty years have elapsed since *An American Tragedy* was published.

The twenties were the triumph of the revolution against. During the previous ten years young and ardent writers, assembling for a crusade against tradition, began the attack; by the mid-twenties Jerusalem had been conquered. Jerusalem had been somewhat unhistorically defended by an army of "puritans," albeit "puritanism" had no connection with the seventeenth century, a moment of history the attackers never studied. "Puritanism" was a misnomer. The attack was upon the nineteenth century, and its timing simply marked a cultural lag between the United States and Europe, particularly Great Britain.

In England the last third of the last century had seen revolt, the record of which is the writings of Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, the biographical and historical studies of Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, and their kind, and the literary productions of writers as various as Stevenson, Wilde, G.B.S., and Samuel Butler. The Protestant God had been an oppressor (see Gosse's *Father and Son*); everybody therefore argued that if you could get rid of him, you would be happy (as in Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*). The assumption that literature should elucidate poetic justice (as in Tennyson and George Eliot) was so palpably absurd, it was comforting to discover there was no cosmic court of equity (for example, the end of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*). Experimental science was obviously progressive; therefore theology was obviously wrong (as in *Robert Elsmere*). The practice of art and the freedom of the human instinct were better guides than philosophy or social custom (*Studies in the Renaissance*, *The Critic as Artist*, *An Unsocial Socialist*).

In the United States the next century saw a parallel revolt, but the name was different—the "revolt from the village." In 1913 John Macy complained that American literature was "idealistic, sweet, delicate, nicely finished"—that is, devoted to a village concept of poetic justice. It was therefore immature. "Any child," he wrote, "can read American literature, and if it does not make a man of him, it at least will not lead him into forbidden realms." American books "too seldom come to grips with the problems of life."

Dreiser was the heir, not merely of determinism and the revolt from the village, but of the whole anti-Victorian movement. To him Spencer was a dazzling

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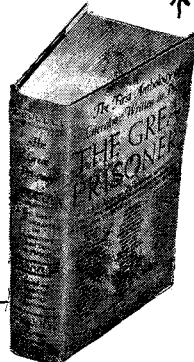
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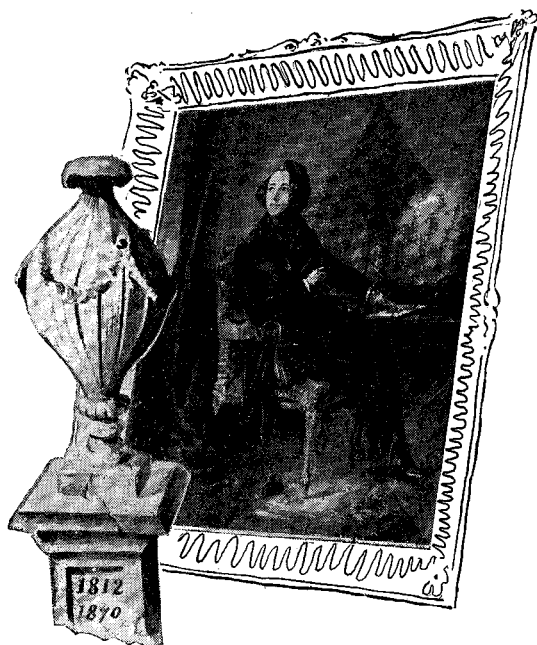
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mind. Oppressed by a Catholic God as Gosse had been oppressed by a Protestant Deity, he adopted the agnostic axioms of Tyndall, Stephen, and the Victorian monists. The passage in *The Financier* in which Frank Cowperwood watches the lobster devour the squid shows how delightedly Dreiser substituted the crudest form of Darwinism for theology. If literary idealism had sophisticated the facts of life, Dreiser proposed to substitute brute fact for literary idealism. Whether his novels can survive the passing of these simple and primitive epistemological assumptions is a nice problem of literary history.

Sister Carrie and *An American Tragedy* seem destined to endure, whereas *The Financier*, *The Titan*, *The "Genius,"* and, as I think, *Jennie Gerhardt* have already faded. The difficulty with these lesser novels is that they illustrate the formula of the revolt they spring from. They exist only as documents. Life in them is merely aimless, merely the product of mechanical and chemical forces. Sexuality, which Dreiser valued highly, is tedious in these books, because it is simple and repetitive. Who now remembers the procession of women in and out of Frank Cowperwood's beds? Or the endless inamorata of Eugene Witla? The paradox of Dreiser's theory that sexual passion is a driving force is that his books lack sexual passion. They only catalogue, they do not participate. These females are mere objects in space like the paintings Cowperwood buys, the furniture he acquires, the clothing of his mistresses, and all that vague, vulgar, gilt accumulation that, despite his affectation of scorn, really titillated Dreiser's imagination.

One can, I suppose, write a novel without believing in God, in art, or in idealism, but one cannot very well write a novel without believing in personality. Cowperwood, Witla, and Jennie Gerhardt are not personalities, but the products of force, themselves metamorphosed into force. The squid and the lobster would do as well. The result is not fiction but algebra. *The Bulwark* suffers from this fallacy. Solon Barnes is as he is because he is. His children are drawn after the same formula, and the climax is not conflict, but collision.

Usually what survives of a literary artist has little to do with his philosophy of the universe. We do not now care for Chaucer's astrological lore, Bunyan's theology, or George Eliot's positivism; but for the Wife of Bath, Apollyon, and Maggie Tulliver. Imaginative vision, the sympathetic presentation of character, it is commonplace, outlast general ideas. There were, I am convinced, two persons in Dreiser: the rebel against nineteenth-century moralism, dogged, brooding, an evangelist of agnosticism; and the reporter, sensitive, sympathetic, curious, all things to all men, who, at certain levels of society (for example, the lower middle class), forgetting that in theory all men are blobs of random cells, took to humanity with Chaucerian delight.

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MACMILLAN

sometimes failed (as it miserably did in *A Gallery of Women*), delight in experience informs the opening third of *An American Tragedy*, wherein, not yet hag-ridden by a social thesis, we experience the life of a street evangelist and the life of hotels. The same delight makes Drouet and Hurstwood credible in *Sister Carrie*. Cowperwood is lath and plaster by comparison.

Take from Dreiser his naturalistic philosophy, and what you have left curiously resembles Dickens—for it is thus the despised nineteenth century brings in its revenge. Like Dickens, Dreiser never comprehended and could not portray cultivated life. But like Dickens he moved sympathetically among the lower middle class, the poor, and the shabby-genteel denizens of that half world between the slums and success where Hurstwood runs saloons that Dick Swiveller would have liked, and Caroline Meeber's career as an actress so oddly suggests The Infant Phenomenon in *Nickleby*. For both writers, happiness was endless vitality, hearty vulgarity; and this sense of well-being could be increased by a Christmas philosophy of gifts. Thus Paul Dresser scatters vagabond kindness as if he were employed by the Cheeryble brothers.

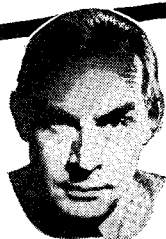
Moreover, Dreiser's delight in melodrama is Dickens's delight; for example, the immense court scene in *An American Tragedy*—one can almost overhear Boz applauding in the wings. Finally, Dreiserian delicacy is like that of Dickens, who never says openly that Edith Dombey is Carker's mistress. So, despite the foolish censors, Dreiser dropped a Victorian curtain over Cowperwood's harem and extracts all the sensuality from *The "Genius."* But *The Bulwark* is without delight; the thesis (as my outline hints) has swallowed up the book.

It is these scattered scenes of imaginative vigor and real warmth that constitute Dreiser's chief claim to immortality. In them the style is still bad, but its badness is venial (like that of Dickens), it does not ruin achievement. Not here but elsewhere does Dreiser fail. The more he reflects, the worse he writes, except that when he tries to penetrate psychology and paint for us motive and impulse, he becomes still more dreadful. But where his problem is one of description and movement; where, as in the case of the biographical sketches and the autobiographical scenes, his purpose is principally to record, not to interpret, then his faulty grasp of medium is less disastrous. For he had the reporter's memory for spoken phrase, though he seems mainly to have interviewed powerful, uneducated persons; just as he has the quick, reportorial eye for random detail.

The stolid, coarse-grained thesis novels, the naïve cosmology, the bad writing, the uneasy political radicalism—these are not essential and fine; what is fine is those parts of his books which are, as it were, reportorial, it being understood that the reporter was a genius whose sympathy contradicted the deterministic philosophy he seemed to accept.

Dreiser saw, felt, tasted, smelled, handled, and loved the visible world, a world with many goodly creatures in it, many weak men, some fools, no devil, much chemistry, and no God. In both senses of the word the invisible world was beyond him. He can therefore move us to pity (as in *An American Tragedy*)

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but he cannot move us to terror. His laughter was both gentle and Gargantuan, but as a satirist he is feeble and opaque. What he might have become in any other epoch is an open question: for us, he is the incarnation of our anti-Victorian mood.

~ ~ ~

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Mary Jane Ward is a partial exception; she tells the truth with no embroidery. Her Virginia Cunningham is a lost soul in a mental institution. Virginia's mental conflicts, the inner complexities of her thoughts and feelings, are not brought out here. This apparent defect is actually the merit of *The Snake Pit*, for it is not the detailed description of Virginia's mental illness that makes the book, but the excellent rendition of the mechanical, almost automatic, shadowy quality of the institution. There is no individualization of the "cases"; there is no picture of what goes on in the minds of those who have lost their minds; there is just the constant "functioning" of the institution. The majority of the nurses and doctors are very busy, but they are busy with the problems of administration and organization of the hospital as a whole. People, the sick people, move about like shadows or are shoved about like so many neglected boxes in a well-established institutional routine.

Mary Jane Ward paints a horrible and unfortunately all too true picture. She also offers a few telling side lights on shock therapy — the treatment favored by those to whom man is just a machine, and the human mind a system of brain cells.

The psychiatrist is loath to go into details in discussing a book such as this, because the patient who wrote it, or the patient from whom the material came, is still living, and one is reluctant to discuss a patient, even if not one's own, in public. Mary Jane Ward has written a good, albeit uneven, book. It is too photographic in places, but it is touching and gripping in many others, despite its two-dimensional quality.

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All the incidents of this period of Sassoon's life are colored by his obsession with the horror and futility of war, the personal despair and the crusader's bitterness. Yet every emotion is, in expression, muted by the shy and withdrawn character of the man himself. In its objectivity and stylistic polish, its shrewd, somewhat impersonal humor, the book is closest in tone to Santayana's recent autobiography.

Sassoon's gallery of characters is varied and lively. There are unforgettable passages concerning Wilfred Owen, of whose powers Sassoon was generously and intimately aware. The sketches of Thomas Hardy at Max Gate are superb. Then there is his first meeting with the Laureate. Bridges at the moment was in his grumpiest mood. "What did you say his name was?" the Laureate said to the gentle and discomfited Masfield. "Siegfried

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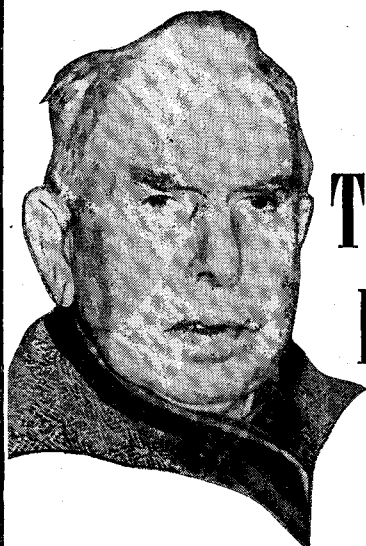
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Digweed?" Robert Ross appears frequently in these pages as the spiritual patron of literature and young poets. And as patroness appears the extraordinary Lady Ottoline Morrell, for whom the author maintains more affection than does the reader. John Drinkwater, who would read his poems aloud though he put his unwilling auditors to sleep, Walter de la Mare, the master of enchantment, H. G. Wells, and most of the personages we should like to see intimately are presented to us.

The roster of literary figures whom he knew in America is almost equally extensive, but during a brief visit he had time for little more than fleeting impressions, perceptive though they are. Robert Frost has "the inwardness of a man talking quite naturally to himself." In contrast, Vachel Lindsay "wrote as an evangelist . . . in an intoxication of color and elocutionary effect." Sassoon found Carl Sandburg congenial, and with Louis Untermeyer he was more at home than with anyone else in New York. On the occasion of his visit to Boston in 1920 he met Amy Lowell. I remember the occasion — in fact I presided at it — when Sassoon read his poems at Harvard with a shy winsomeness to which, according to his own confession, he gave full play in order to cover his fatigue. At the end of the reading Miss Lowell rose from her seat and announcing, "I love that man!" bore him off to her house in Brookline.

Mr. Sassoon is so immersed in his past that I am inclined to suspect that if life did not come to a halt after his youth, it at least slackened considerably. His memories of our present years will surely have little to offer except the fact that he was dwelling entirely in his past — a preoccupation, however, which has produced a modern autobiography unexcelled in interest and distinction.

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He kept his outfit ready for anything — "When are we going and when do we start?" His reward and vote of confidence came when the Unit was flown into Myitkyina and started immediately to care for casualties, under Japanese sniper and howitzer fire. The chapter "Surgery at the Airstrip" is the real thing. The Unit did prove to be a powerhouse.

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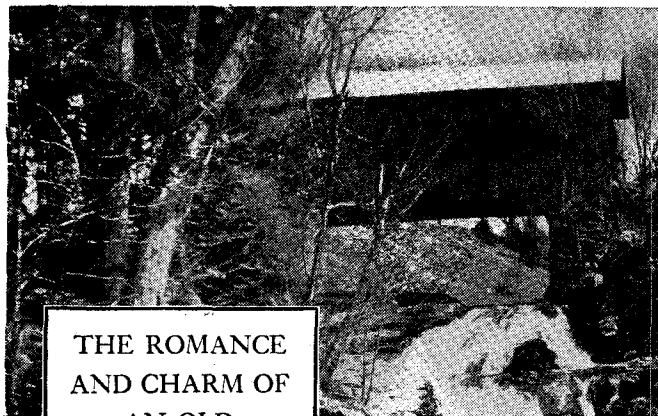
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1 1 1

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William Bradford Huie

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THIS is an angry, hard-hitting book. With no attempt at style other than good, rapid-fire journalese, the author comes out fighting in his first chapter. Some of his initial punches may seem to be just a little bit below the belt. He starts right in, referring to the controlling thinkers of the Naval staff as "the old Navy Cabal"—which is certainly creating prejudice in the minds of the jury before they have heard the evidence. He makes a passing reference to the possible support of the "Battleship Admirals" by the modern prototypes of the old "Steel Plate Ring." In so doing, he tends to weaken what most readers will admit to be a very strong case. His principal indictment is based primarily on the Army's and Navy's misconception of the role of the Air Forces, their obscurantism, their selfish struggle both to hinder the proper expansion of the Air arm and at the same time to exploit it for their own purposes as a supporting "weapon."

Mr. Huie is willing to admit that the Army, at long last, has seen the light, that land-based aviation received proper support and independence during World War II, and that the General Staff is now working sincerely in the interests of national defense by advocating unified command. The Army has made its act of contrition, but the Navy is still truculent and lacking in true religion and virtue.

The author tells one sordid story after another; he piles an Ossa of double-dealing on a Pelion of duplication; he quotes chapter and verse—and at the end you feel that the Admirals haven't a sea leg left to stand on. It is probable that his book contains many inaccuracies of detail and many overstatements. This is regrettable but relatively unimportant. The essential thing is to determine the validity of his general indictment.

The Navy, he says, enjoys great prestige; it has great pride in its traditions; it is a privileged order. As a result of the campaigns of World War II, it now finds itself in a shocking position: instead of being "The First Line of Defense," with corresponding command, it may now, unless a strong line is taken, develop into a mere "Supporting Force." The great "Naval" battles of the Coral Sea and Midway were fought by airplanes alone—the capital ships were two hundred miles from the action. If the fighting function of the Navy is to be limited to carriers and their train, nothing much remains except to act as supporting forces to transports and merchant vessels. This is a dreadful thought. A unified command might result in bringing it about. Therefore the Navy will fight—as one man—against unified command. Those independent Admirals like Nimitz and Halsey who indorsed unified command changed their minds after they returned to Washington and were told what to think and say by the whole lodge in executive session. They came out for "coöperation," such as existed so splendidly in the Pacific campaigns.

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Of course, says Mr. Huie, the answer is that the coöperation, if it existed at all, was terrible; that the true story is one of constant bickerings between the services, of "jurisdictional" squabbles, of competing public relations officers, of extravagance and duplication. The public is not yet informed about the MacArthur-Nimitz controversies, or the Panama Canal story, or the actual performances of our battle fleets.

These are the things Mr. Huie tells and they should be read and considered. Time, I believe, will substantiate most of his contentions. The burden of proof is now on the Admirals. They are fighting hard for their places and privileges. Have they right and the public interest on their side? Mr. Huie says no, and points to the record. Taxpayers should read his argument.

R. E. D.

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Winifred Welles

HOLT

The Lost Landscape is not, as the title might suggest, about nature, but about human nature, and specifically that of an imaginative little girl who grew up in Old Norwich (pronounced Norrich) half a century ago in the kindly bosom of one of the "first families," and who, from family legends, diaries, and attic relics, reconstructed in her busy little brain the lives of her ancestors back to the Revolution. Since she has altered surnames "except for historical figures," it is hard to tell where autobiography ends and fiction begins in this adult reconstruction. But it doesn't really matter.

What Winifred Welles was after, in this her only book in prose, was a picture of New England life — specifically, Connecticut life — at the turn of the century in a level of society assuredly not rustic or poor, but not sophisticatedly urban either, which also kept in its various family strains the racial purity and older traditions of its Colonial origins. The nearest thing to crossbreeding in this specific family saga occurred when an ancestor married a girl from England who dropped her *h*'s and when Winifred's mother married a Harvard man. To be sure, he came from Glastonbury, Connecticut, but he inexplicably didn't go to Yale.

This intermediate culture of the small-town first families — rich in solid virtues, appreciative of books and education, a bit on the proud side but kindly and liberal at heart, always producing in each generation some individualist or humorous cynic like Winifred's grandfather, and above all deeply attached to home and native town — has never been too well represented in literature, nor have its considerable extent and its comfortable normality been appreciated. It may be passing now. Certainly the physical comforts its representatives once enjoyed are passing for most of them, along with their political if not their social prestige.

In her odd but authentic book Winifred Welles has caught this culture as she knew it at the century's turn — caught it with the sensitiveness of a poet for whom little things mean much, and preserved it in a prose which is clean and even rather spare, but as well designed and as artfully effective as the façade of an old white house on Norwich Green. It is winter. Grandpa, he of the cynical and sometimes profane humor, lies in the "downstairs chamber." "Winter days the azure coals would hiss softly in the big stove, and out on the road he could hear the bells on the sleighs sweetly ringing as they passed, or the slow wheels of carts wincing over the packed snow." She evokes a picture as easily and cleanly as that, or a character or episode. This is a book for real New Englanders to cherish, and outlanders to ponder.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

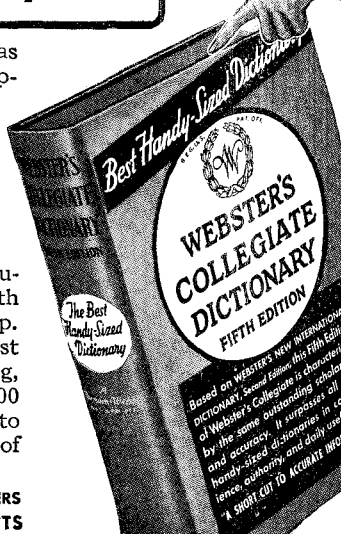
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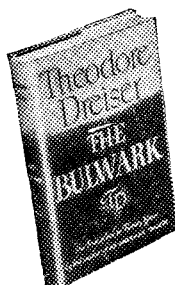
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My Boyhood IN A PARSONAGE

Some brief sketches of American Life

BY

Thomas W. Lamont

The son of a Methodist pastor, Thomas W. Lamont was born in the Hudson River valley and passed his boyhood always within sight of the river and the Catskills as his family moved from parsonage to parsonage in Claverack, Coxsackie, Saugerties, and Rondout. His father's salary was approximately \$1200 a year; yet the family devoted a tenth of this income to benevolences. The house was full of books and magazines; and by good management the parents were able to send all three of their children to preparatory school and college. Here was high finance of the heart.

In a year of contention and doubt, it is a blessed relief to follow Mr. Lamont's footsteps back to the Age of Innocence. "We had," he writes, "the plain living which Wordsworth recommended, and if the thoughts of my family and of the community failed to be high, they were at least kindly. As to the manners and customs of the Methodist people that my father served so faithfully for almost half a century, I should not be understood as speaking with the slightest disrespect. And, if I have been oversentimental about my family, it is because I feel as Sir James Barrie did about his tribute to his mother, in *Margaret Ogilvy*. 'Many,' he said, 'think it too intimate, but I could write of my mother in no other way.'"

A graduate of Phillips Exeter and of Harvard, class of 1892, Mr. Lamont entered the world of finance by way of the *New York Tribune*. He stands today internationally known, the Chairman of the Board of the J. P. Morgan & Co. Bank. The book from which these chapters are taken will be published this summer by Harper & Brothers.



COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

MY BOYHOOD IN A PARSONAGE

by THOMAS W. LAMONT

MY MOTHER used to tell me that in the months before I was born she would sit on the porch of the little parsonage, looking westward to the Catskill Mountains, and pray that she would have a serene and sturdy son. That was at Claverack, a short distance back from the east bank of the Hudson River and only a few miles below Albany. Claverack was a Dutch corruption of "Clover Reach," where for miles the meadows waved and nodded with lovely pink and white clover. This region was of the Van Rensselaer tradition. In fact, back in the seventeenth century and for two hundred years thereafter the lower Manor House of the Van Rensselaers was at Claverack.

At eighteen months I shook the dust of Claverack off my feet and left its 600 inhabitants for good, my father having been transferred to another "charge," the equivalent in the Methodist nomenclature for "parish." But years later I found that same little frame house where I was born. I too looked across the Hudson and saw the rampart of the Catskills growing blue under the westering sun — the same that my mother had gazed at through the long spring and summer afternoons. I came upon it when I was taking a motor trip up the Hudson to have another look at the several parsonages where I spent most of my boyhood — my father, in conformity with the itinerant system, having been pastor at the Methodist churches for successive periods of three years at Claverack, Coxsackie, Catskill, Saugerties, and Rondout.

I chanced to reach one of these communities on a Sunday; and just as the service was drawing to a close, I slipped into the little white Methodist church where my father had served. The preacher had finished his sermon and was taking up a special collection for the new organ. He explained pleadingly that they were \$49.31 short of the full amount, and he adjured the Almighty to send down manna from Heaven to make up the deficit. So when the box came to me, sitting in a rear pew and feeling like a rich Presbyterian instead of a poor Methodist minister's son, I dropped in a fifty-dollar bill that I sometimes carried with me for emergencies. When the deacon reached the altar, he flipped his hand towards the plate. I saw the preacher give it a quick look. Then as he glanced at me far down the aisle he

raised his hands fervently and said, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for this timely succor!" Nobody knew but the preacher and the deacon; nobody smiled but me.

Only those who have spent the impressionable years of their lives in the Hudson River valley, as I did, can imagine the sentiment that that region begets. Part of it comes from the beauty of the river and of its banks, with the Catskill Mountains and their ever changing hues always in the background. Then too, we were brought up on the historical traditions that cluster about the river — colonial days, early and late, traces of the French of the seventeenth century, of the Dutch, of Governor Peter Stuyvesant and his wooden leg, of the English pioneers, of American Revolutionary times, and then the quiet developments of the nineteenth century.

To a child the years always stretch out at immense length. The winters, filled with snow and frost, seem endless. Skating begins at Thanksgiving, and on that small pond in the hollow of the low hills back of the church the ice lingers almost to April. The long vacation days of July and August go by, one by one, peaceful and sleepy, with the humming of the bees. And when the dusk comes dropping down, a small boy, deliciously tired from the swimming and the running and the final household chores, is glad to stumble up the stairs and fall drowsily into bed.

Lacking the intimacy and ancient background that Gray gave us in his *Elegy*, the Hudson valley landscape had yet the splendor of harvest, field, and forest; always before us the kindly and welcome river shimmering in the glow of its upper reaches, and behind us, towering up less than a dozen miles away, the green and blue forested slopes and peaks of the Catskill Mountains. And with the lightning flashes from the mountain fastnesses as the sultry August day drew to its close, there came those sudden claps and thunderings, the same that Washington Irving told about in his *Sketch Book*, which Mother read to us children — the sound of Hendrik Hudson's men playing at bowls in the deep-hidden recesses of the mountains, whose rounded slopes turned now from blue to an inky black to match the clouds. How exciting it was for the small boy to cling to such thrilling fable! And were not those dim, delicious thoughts that came just before sleep closed in, like old Rip

Van Winkle's when that heavy drowsiness came stealing over him as he sank into his twenty years of slumber?

2. "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN —"

WHAT are my earliest recollections? As we look back on our early childhood, we realize that there is a misty between-times — something that is part of the daydreams of those lovely years and part of the dawn of actual recollection. They intermingle, and for the happily reared child they are all romance and wonder and delight.

From out of that bright mist there emerges for me one afternoon that stands out as the first memory I can cling to and declare my own. I was hardly over four years old at the time. We were living in old Katonah (long before the new aqueduct came, which changed the whole face of the landscape), and my father's congregation was so scattered that he kept a horse, Jennie, to make his pastoral calls every afternoon.

He always let my sister or me go with him, and we would take the ends of the reins and pretend that we were driving. On this particular afternoon he was called out hurriedly, harnessed the horse in a rush, and I just had time to clamber into the seat beside him. He urged Jennie to a much faster pace than usual, and after a couple of miles we drew up before a small farmhouse standing close to the roadside. Father hitched the mare and hurried inside.

The wait for me was never irksome. I could look over the woods and fields, breathe in the sweet air from the new-mown hay, and meantime hold the reins and drive off into far distant spaces, visit all the lands of my fairy tales and dreams, gaze upon new landscapes, forests, seas, and meet strange peoples.

But this time my small wandering mind was called back by the sound of my father's voice. He was praying — that I knew at once. And I seemed to realize that in his supplications there were unusual tenderness, comfort, and reassurance. I had no mind that could characterize these things, but the gentleness was there and my childish dreams gave way to a sense of awe and mystery.

Finally my father emerged and with him came the farmer with tears in his eyes. He wrung my father's hand and in broken voice murmured, "Dominie, you have opened the very gates of Paradise for my poor dear." And my father gave him his blessing and said, "Your good wife is at rest with the saints. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Years later as a grown boy one day I reverted with my father to this episode of my childhood days. "Yes," said he, "your memory has served you well. That poor woman had rescued a neighbor's daughter from death. The girl had spilled on the floor some red-hot coals from a rickety kitchen stove. She had set herself and the house afire. The woman saved the girl. But she herself, with her long skirts, had

been fatally burned. Yes, they summoned me and I prayed with her until she died."

"What were you and the farmer saying, Father?" I asked. And then he told me, just as I have set the words down from my memory of this later talk. At all events, that afternoon with my father marked the end of that shadow period when childhood dreams and misty memories intermingled. From then on my recollections clearly took the lead.

3. CONVERSION AT THE AGE OF NINE

HAVING at the age of seven signed the blue-ribbon Temperance Pledge and thus put behind me for life the Demon Rum, two years later, in the course of Father's Coxsackie pastorate, I joined the Church. Gladstone, I think it was, once said, "The sense of sin, the sense of sin — that is the want in modern life." The weakness in my "conversion" (the term always employed) was that I was not sufficiently convicted of sin. To be truly converted one had to be overwhelmed with the knowledge that one was filled with sin, and to confess that conviction in no uncertain terms. Then and then only would the powers from on high step in and effect a conversion so thorough that one was filled with exultation and joy. The most hardened offender was not beyond the pale. His soul, upon conversion, would in the words of the old hymn be "washed whiter than snow." All this was an intensely encouraging doctrine for sinner as well as saint.

We used to hear not infrequent instances of deathbed repentance. And we accepted without question (and still accept) the Christian precept that it is never too late to mend. The deathbed repentant, even though by ever so slight a margin, had secured a sure place for himself among the heavenly hosts. He could feel assured that after years of loose living, he had the same certainty of salvation as the prim old maid who joined the Church in her teens and ever after lived a godly, sober, righteous life. Did we not all recall the passage from St. Luke: "Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance"?

Now this tenet, held and worked out so circumstantially by the Methodists, was indeed founded on the soundest possible doctrine as enunciated in the New Testament. Nor would I for one moment question its validity or effectiveness. But the Methodist elders of my day made such an exact formula of it that it was at times difficult for a young and rather puzzled nine-year-old convert, such as I was, to feel that he had fully qualified on the original premise — namely, a sound conviction of having led a sinful life.

I had been stirred at the revival meetings by the singing and the praying, and by the exhortation for us to come to the altar and lay down our sins, and I had for several successive evenings seen scattered groups of men and women, young men and maidens,

rise and go forward to fall on their knees and confess their conviction of sin and desire for salvation. So, finally, like several others only a trifle older, I was swayed by the fervor of the gatherings — exalted, we should call it in these days — and was ready to go to the altar with some of my friends and ask for forgiveness.

Half a century later, I might say that I, like some of the others, all of us sincere, was moved by emotion more than by any intellectual process. As a matter of fact, Father, realistic as well as spiritual, while he encouraged my attendance at the revival meetings, never urged upon me privately the idea that I should confess my sins. Perhaps his restraint gave me at that time a tinge of surprise, but today it does not.

After being duly received into the Church, the formula was that you had to serve six months as a probationer, after the manner of a mild purgatory. Then if you had not backslidden you would be received as a full member. After that first induction, I say, I began to examine myself to determine whether I was as full of sin as my confession had indicated. I knew that I must be selfish, a trifle disobedient, perhaps impertinent at times. But was I just chock-full of sin as I thought I must be when I was converted? I was certainly not idle, for I was on the run all day long. But ah, yes — here it was! I hated to do chores, such as picking over the cinders and ashes from the sitting-room stove to salvage any unburned coals fallen through the grates; or drying the supper dishes; or, on a lovely spring Saturday morning, mucking over a pile of potatoes in the cellar to get the sprouts off. I did the chores. But I *hated* to do them. There undoubtedly was the sin. If I had not been sinful I should have loved to do chores.

This thought helped some, but even so the thought came back. Was I full of sin, a brand ready for the burning? Indeed I had always led a very happy life, never too hot or too cold (freezing my thumbs on my mile walk to school in zero weather did not really count as cold); I had always had plenty to eat and drink and wear and a good bed to sleep in; I had kind, gentle, and generous parents, who seldom either reprimanded or punished me. There was nothing that I could possibly ask for more than to continue just such a happy life. And if that meant that I had been full of sin, well, the fearful thought came to me, I could ask for nothing better than to live in sin forever! At this point I bade Satan to get behind me, for I knew that any such idea was base. Yet my early conversion, even though I was by no means satisfied with its quality, inevitably led to a more active part in the various phases of our church worship.

It is true, too, that even if at the time I was barely old enough to know my own mind, yet those early associations, even the occasionally overemotionalized meetings, all helped to give me a basic faith that I have been able to cling to ever since, no matter how

far I may have strayed from some of the simple beliefs of my childhood.

We always had family prayers twice a day — first in the morning, just before breakfast, when Father read a chapter or a passage from the Bible, and then all of us, including the hired girl, knelt down while he offered a brief prayer, winding up with the Lord's Prayer, in which everybody joined. If the morning chapter was from the New Testament, my father translated from a small, leather-bound Greek Testament, picked up by one of his brothers-in-law, a soldier in General Grant's army, from a Rebel rifle pit after one of the bloody battles of the Wilderness.

Then immediately after our early (5.30 P.M.) supper, again we gathered in the sitting room; and beginning with my father, each spoke a verse from the Scriptures. In my tender years this was a bit of an ordeal, but I was permitted to recite more often than was my right the two shortest verses of the Bible: "Jesus wept" and "God is love." My sister Lucy, three years older, sometimes felt that I was favored with an undue monopoly on these verses, but she was generous about it. Frequently when we had relatives or friends visiting us, which was often enough for our cramped quarters, my mother would play a hymn on the old square rosewood piano that had been given to her at the time of her wedding, and we would stand up and join in the singing before Father offered the brief final prayer. But normally we would rush out to get in as much play as we could before dark.

In wintertime our evenings were very domestic. In those days, in the country, people seldom went out for an evening meal. My family would gather in the small sitting room, my father reading, — history almost invariably, — my mother writing letters or perhaps with some of the family mending in her lap, my brother and sister at their lessons, and I, too young as yet for school, playing with my rude toys. Then, before I said good night and went up to that icy room that had no stove, and leaped into bed in no time, my mother would gather us around the piano and would play a hymn or two for us all to sing. It might be "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem!" which my brother loved to sing, or my father's favorite to the end of his days, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," or some other of the old familiar hymns that have come down to us through the generations.

There remains yet one childish picture that still comes back to me. It is of that gay and gifted mother of ours who used to play to us so simply and yet so movingly. She is at the piano, with me seated on her lap, held safe by her comforting arms on either side as her hands move over the keys and bring forth those magic strains. Now and then she would take my chubby forefinger in her firm clasp and with it pick out the air of "Home, Sweet Home." That, after all these years, remains today my sole accomplishment on the pianoforte: I can play "Home, Sweet Home" with one finger.

4. THE LORD'S DAY

Was it the Lord's Day or was it not? The question seemed as simple as that. The Methodists old and (perforce) young answered it sweepingly in the affirmative. They were so thorough about it that every waking minute on Sunday was devoted to their Maker, whether He wanted it or not. Take the services, for example. At 9.30 A.M. winter and summer, there were two or three class meetings, the members of the church having been divided into groups under class leaders, so that they could compare notes and benefit from one another's pious experiences.

Then came church at 10.30, a full-dress affair with two or three Prince Albert coats in the congregation plus my father's in the pulpit. My mother played the organ, a small one with no stops, and also trained the choir one evening a week. The Official Board of Church Trustees approved, and deemed this service to be so honorific as to call for no compensation. A few members of the Board thought the tunes she played during the Sunday morning collection — a bit of Handel and Beethoven now and then — sounded "too fancy," but they allowed on the whole that her performance would answer.

After church came more class meetings. The dread with which I attended the first one after becoming a member of the Church remains with me to this day. The class leader, Mr. Hiram Brown, ranged methodically back and forth across the three pews and asked each member to testify as to his religious experience of the week. Terror clutched my heart as he began on our pew. The fatal moment came: "What is your testimony, Brother Tommy?" he asked — everybody was supposed to call everybody else "brother" or "sister."

Now Brother Brown kept a lumberyard, not so big as the leading Presbyterian elder's lumberyard, yet filled with odds and ends of boards and what not half buried in the sawdust. Some friends and I that week had nipped in and taken some of these odd bits of board to play blocks with, so I was oppressed with guilt as well as terror.

"Speak up, Brother Tommy," said Class Leader Brown. That time when Aeneas, after the fall of Troy, landed in Thrace and, pulling up some myrtle by its roots, evoked the agonized cries of Polydorus buried there — Aeneas's hair, I say, was not in it with mine in standing on end, nor his voice in sticking in his throat. I tried to summon some spit into my parched mouth, but nothing came. My nice mother saved me from a fate that seemed worse than death to me.

"Tommy has been a very good boy this week, Brother Brown," she said sweetly. And then, clutching my cold hand, she whispered, "Tell him you are trying to be a Christian soldier, Tommy." I gulped twice, thought miserably of the Brown lumberyard, and managed to mumble "Christian soldier." I didn't have the nerve to say I was trying to be one. Brother Brown nodded and passed on to the other

victims. Some of them, to my astonishment, seemed to relish the chance to talk about themselves.

Class meeting over, we went home and had our cold Sunday dinner. And at 2.30 P.M., nodding with sleep on hot summer days, we trooped to Sunday School, which, compared to the misery of class meeting, wasn't bad fun on the whole. Then at 3.45 P.M. home again to sit "in the yard" the rest of the afternoon and watch with envious eyes the Presbyterian children walking gayly off to the woods or the brook. That is where the difference came in. The Presbyterians simply shut their eyes to the fact that, from dawn till dark, it was the Lord's Day. During most of Sunday afternoon they simply forgot entirely Who was Who. We Methodists never forgot. We were not allowed to.

The slow afternoon dragged its weary way along. Cold supper at 5.30 gave us a break. Bread and butter, plenty of milk, applesauce and cookies. Nothing could be better. Then the Young People's service at 6.15, with some spirited singing of old hymns, all to the good, and church service at 7.30 and another sermon. But Monday was in sight and most of the congregation seemed in better spirits. Nine o'clock came and we all trooped home, relaxed, ate apples, and laughed. The end of a perfect day!

I asked my father what about the Presbyterians — did he suppose that the Lord was vexed at their taking walks on Sunday afternoon, pairing off and doing all that other weekday stuff? Father did not seem to deplore as much as he should the conduct of the Presbyterian boys and girls. "Oh, well," he said, "some Methodist communities are stricter than others. A young preacher like me mustn't break the rules." Then he added something about being in Rome and having to do as the Romans do. But there remained a question in my mind.

I must add a word on the subject of the Rich Presbyterians and the Poor Methodists. In the villages or small towns where we lived the rich Presbyterians were always the café society and we poor Methodists were the proletariat. The president of the Presbyterian Board of Trustees ran the biggest lumberyard and the largest coal pocket in the village; the clerk of the Presbyterian Board kept the number one butcher shop. The Methodists could boast for their Board president only that he had the second-best general store, and that the butcher shop of another member of the Board had fair cuts, but acknowledgedly not so tender as the Presbyterian steaks. Of course, as a matter of church politics, my father had to trade at the Methodist shops.

Then, too, the Presbyterians bespoke all the most honorific places in other activities. The Presbyterian Board president's wife was of course president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, a most enviable distinction. The Methodist Board president's wife never got beyond the recording secretaryship of the Union. If there were a dozen horse-and-buggies in the village, at least ten of them were driven by Presbyterians.

And so it went all along the line. Socially the difference did not count for much. The Presbyterian Dominie had gone to college with my father, having been graduated in 1856 from Union College under old President Eliphalet Nott, so they had friends in common. At day school we were all friends together, Presbyterians, Methodists, Catholics, and Jews. And I am sure not a touch of envy ever came to my father or mother, even when they knew about the Presbyterian Board's installing a bathroom in the Presbyterian parsonage. There were only two or three other bathrooms (all Presbyterian) in town, so why should we worry over a plumbingless parsonage — except that the outdoor privies were mighty cold and dark on zero weather nights. Perhaps now and then I had a slight inferiority complex about the Presbyterians, all seemingly suffused with wealth. But I had a forgiving nature and showed it eventually by going so far as to marry a Presbyterian girl.

5. DONATION PARTIES

OF ALL the trials that the country parson — and in this case especially his wife — had to cope with, the annual Donation party was about the worst. This gathering, ostensibly for the sole benefit of the preacher and his family, seemed to work out as an invention of the Evil One. What happened was this: those country charges — many of the church members being farmers who dealt only in kind — often found themselves hard up when it came to paying the preacher's salary, meager as it was. So toward the end of December, when the deficit was looming in sight, they notified the Dominie that on a certain evening they would arrive in full force to give him a Donation. We children thought it was great fun, but from sad experience it gave our parents a sinking of heart.

The night would arrive and scores of men, women, youths, and maidens would drive up or tramp in, covered with snow, to get the hallway soaking wet and begin their tumultuous greetings. At a given moment the multifarious Donation would be bestowed. There would be lugged into the house and dumped down almost anywhere the various contributions. There were enough jelly layer cakes, heavy and light, to feed a regiment for a month, dozens of doughnuts, sinkers and what not, scores of loaves of bread, soda biscuit so manifold that, since childhood, I have never been able to look one in the face, a barrel or two of apples and of potatoes, occasional packages of butter, now and then a whole unwieldy quarter of beef, lots of pork (which our whole family, with perhaps less vigorous digestion than others, detested), and what was a white elephant, a couple of huge twenty-gallon cans of milk.

Then at the proper moment the Dominie was asked to say grace and the party fell to to test the worthiness of their own viands. Angel cake and dill pickle recipes were bandied about as on a modern radio

program. The company ate up most of the butter and scattered crumbs of biscuit and pie all over the ground floor. Then, the Donation having been thus duly delivered, the women members would wander at will through the rooms upstairs and down, fingering all my mother's bedspreads and keepsakes, while the young people in a rollicking, uproarious mood would foregather upstairs, usually in the spare room, blow out the kerosene lamps, and proceed to frolic.

On one occasion, I recall, in a mood of pure joy they emptied a large water pitcher on the spare mattress and ruined it; and then in an ecstasy of humor they threw all my mother's best pillowcases out of the window into the storm, where they were so quickly covered with snow that they were not recovered till the following spring. All in a spirit of good fun, you know. But it was that particular night, after all the company had gone, that Mother broke down and wept over the ruin of much of her simple but precious wedding outfit. When the assets and liabilities were set forth, it was clear who had given the party. Long before it could be consumed, most of the bread and cake would be moldy and the milk gone sour.

My father always had a serene philosophy and a comforting degree of confidence in the goodheartedness of human beings. But this was too much even for him and he declared aloud that there would never be another Donation party so long as he occupied the parsonage. He said he much preferred to lose a part of his salary, and he lived up to that precept, for the accounts that he kept in the diary that he carefully wrote up from early manhood to old age show that from more than one charge he moved away with his salary still in part unpaid.

My father should have been a financier instead of a clergyman. How he and my mother ever managed we never knew, but somehow or other, even with growing expenses, he managed to keep in the black. Without any profession or ado he always made a practice of giving the first tenth of his income, a tithe, "to the Lord." Then, in the order named, came living, educating his children, and books. The daily *New York Tribune* was our stand-by, and for periodical literature, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Monthly*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and one or two religious weeklies that we children by-passed. As to the annual budget, here are two typical years that I have lifted bodily from my father's diary: —

1879	Receipts.....	\$1,162.38
	Expenses.....	1,134.05
		\$ 28.33

(Benevolences, part of expense.. \$ 125.00)

1880	Receipts.....	\$1,184.40
	Expenses.....	1,110.19
		\$ 74.21

(Benevolences, part of expense.. \$ 129.23)

I note that in each year the tithe for the Lord — the “benevolences” — exceeded the scheduled 10 per cent; yet there was a bit of margin to the good. It was by such management, I suppose, that my parents were able to send all three of their children away to preparatory school and college. Under those conditions it is little wonder that as a boy I was eminently satisfied with my spending allowance of five cents a week. According to my brother, I remarked one day rather plaintively that when I had once broken the precious nickel it was astonishing how fast the pennies went!

I must add a postscript to the sad tale of the Donation parties, to say that that particular occasion which I described was not in any of the delightful Hudson River charges that I have named, but in a rather obscure one back in the country. I ought to add too how welcome at least the Donation apples all were. They were a nightly before-going-to-bed fixture in our household, although my father would have shaken his head if anyone had recited to him the latter-day couplets: —

When I was young and full of life
I loved the local doctor's wife
And ate an apple every day
To keep the doctor far away.

It was in this same “Donation” village that my father, at the close of one Sunday morning service, was inducting into his future duties a new young preacher whose education was not altogether complete. My father had allotted to him the gracious task of calling forward and welcoming into the fold thirteen new church members. The young preacher, visibly embarrassed by this honor, announced in loud rasping tones: “Will the new members kindly come forward? We shall receive into Holy Communion with us today six adults and seven adulteresses.” My father's face became a bright pink glow. He spoke in a low murmur in the young preacher's ear: “Just call them men and women. That will be better.”

Even I had read enough of the Bible to know that not all women are adulteresses. I looked at my mother. She had had a sudden fit of coughing and held her handkerchief over her face. At home after church my father said, although not severely, “Caddie” — his diminutive for Caroline — “Caddie, you should not have smiled.” At which my sweet but lively mother threw her head back and this time burst into peals of laughter.

6. THE BOARD VOTES SOME BOOKSHELVES

THE clerk of the Official Board of Father's church was a carpenter and so had the job of putting in the additional bookshelves that, in response to my father's plea, the Board had reluctantly voted. The members were of the impression that the Dominie had far too many books anyway — no parsonage should be cluttered up with books was their idea.

The clerk-carpenter confirmed that belief emphatically. When he arrived to measure the space required in the pastor's study, he screwed his head down and studied some of the titles reposing on the floor.

“Here's a funny thing, Dominie,” he said. “What you doin' with histories of England by three different men? Ain't one enough, for heck's sake?”

“Well,” my father said in extenuation, “when I was trying to work my way through college, I had to teach school for several months each year. So I had to know more than just the dates about English history.”

The carpenter straightened up from his measuring: “Great waste of money, Dominie, I call it, and now more good money thrown away on shelves. Can't paint them, you know. That wa'n't voted.”

“I didn't waste money on them,” replied my father a little tartly, yet having to remember that this was the clerk of the Board. “I bought all those as a young man, picked up every one secondhand. Don't paint the shelves. My wife will cover them with some scalloped paper, she says.”

The carpenter departed unconverted. Later, after he had come in to put up the paintless shelves, he told the Official Board, one of our friends said, that “there of a Monday mornin', when you'd think the Dominie would want to be startin' on his next Sunday's sermons, I found him sittin' in his study readin' a book and chucklin'! ‘What's all the fun about, Dominie?’ I says. ‘Why, I was reading *The Pickwick Papers* by Charles Dickens,’ says the Dominie. ‘Ever read it?’ ‘No, I ain't,’ I said, ‘nor likely to either.’

“I told the Dominie I'd heard of Dickens,” the carpenter went on, “and I'd heard he was coarse, wrote a lot about liquor shops, low-down folks, and such.

“But the Dominie stood up for him — ‘much more good than harm in him,’ he said. And there he was, lettin' his little boy read one of them — the ten-year kid [being myself] let me see the title, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.”

But the colloquy proved a modest triumph for my father, because, buying some additional books for the Sunday School library, he had been having a hard time in urging the superintendent for once to by-pass the *Elsie Dinsmore* and *Dotty Dimple* types and take on some books like *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and *Westward Ho!* with its dauntless hero, Amyas Leigh. These volumes had not been in the Official Board's world at all, but the clerk-carpenter stood by my father, and in due course Thomas Hughes and Charles Kingsley came into great demand at the Coxsackie Sunday School Library.

When the shelves were finally in and covered with Mother's carefully scalloped paper, my sister and I were given the task of dusting and arranging the books, history in one place, biography in another, sermons in another, and so on. It is over sixty years since I did that chore; yet when I close my eyes a lot of the titles and the colors of the old cloth or sheep

bindings still come back to me. There stood George Bancroft, William H. Prescott, and others to cover the American scene. Here was John Lothrop Motley with his *Dutch Republic*, and so on. Was there, I wondered as I turned to a frontispiece, a real flesh and blood John of Barneveldt? My father seemed to know them all by heart. He had an extraordinary memory. And his mother was a great reader before him.

Among the histories I should have mentioned the half-dozen dark-brown volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. For general reference we had Chambers's *Encyclopaedia, A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People*, published in London in 1877. Long out of print, no doubt. I inherited our set, and while it was long ago outmoded by the *Britannica*, you would be surprised at its usefulness even now.

Then there were the writings of a series of English divines. First, the only set that the Official Board would have been strong for: John Wesley's *Sermons* in shabby black cloth. Then came three of the liberal English churchmen whose names were outstanding in the middle and closing years of the nineteenth century. As a small boy I knew them only by the titles and the color of the bindings. There was Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, in faded scarlet. And next to him, in purple that clashed with the scarlet, was Canon Farrar of Westminster. There was another set whose author comes back to me slowly because I have seen none of those volumes for half a century. In old blue cloth, I remember that. Liddon! That was the name. But there was another name as well in the same title. I close my eyes and cudgel my brain. Bampton! That was it. I remember now — Liddon's *Bampton Lectures*.

At the time, as I say, the contents of these varicolored volumes held no interest for me, but later I came to understand why my father frequently read them with such close attention. Dean Stanley, noted for his ecclesiastical tolerance, a quality that certainly appealed to my father, created a terrific furor among the High Church authorities by inviting to the Holy Communion all the group of scholars that had been working on the new Revised Version of the Bible, including, among other nonconformists, a Unitarian. (My father, I recall, was immensely interested in the new Revised Version and preserved for years the issues of the old *New York Herald* containing the entire text of the Revised Four Gospels that, as a newspaper beat, James Gordon Bennett had had cabled over in 1881.)

Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ* was and still is a classic in its field. The margins of its pages were filled with my father's markings and notes. Finally, who was Dr. Liddon? Henry Parry Liddon, an eloquent preacher whose Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord gave him his first great repute. As Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral in London immense crowds used to flock to hear him in that stately domed edifice.

And whence came the *Bampton* of Liddon's *Lectures*? John Bampton was an eighteenth-century English divine who established a fund so that Oxford and Cambridge Universities could choose some eminent person annually to deliver lectures on religious topics. It is worth noting that every now and then in the course of the generations there would be chosen for these lectures some heterodox churchman whose pronouncements would create tremendous controversy in church circles. Perhaps no one feature of English life through the centuries has been more striking than the growth and the influence of the Church of England — an influence almost as strong upon the secular and political life of the community as upon its religious side.

These wandering observations about these Victorian writers on religious topics may interest no one but myself. But in my boyhood the parsonage was filled with the goings and comings of minor church dignitaries. Visiting clergymen could always be sure of a good supper and a comfortable bed because "Sister Lamont was a prime provider." Naturally, in the early evenings from my corner behind the sitting-room stove my ears would take in a lot of the talk. So that the names and doings of divines like the Wesleys and later Dean Stanley and Canon Farrar would sink into my consciousness and become a minor but vivid part of my background.

Years afterwards I visited Greece and stood on Mars Hill, where St. Paul preached to the Athenians; and later, as a Trustee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, I was conducted through the excavations at Old Corinth. Then there came back to me the memory of my father with Dean Stanley's *Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians* before him. Perhaps more than any other one text for his sermons, Father used that lovely passage from the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

How remote seems that world of beauty and delight, as it has lived through the centuries, when we think today with pity of that region and of the blow that has befallen the cradle of civilization!

7. MY EARLY YEARS IN READING

THIS chapter of my boyhood reading may sound a bit like a catalogue; yet it may perhaps be of interest to the new generation as giving a glimpse of the only way in which the children of my day, deprived of the uplifting education provided by the modern movie house, were driven to books for entertainment, and to the perusal of fairy tale, romance, and history for the stimulus of that imagination that broadens the mind and widens its horizons. At any rate that boyhood reading of mine was the open door for me to a life far beyond the bounds of day-by-day existence.

The first real book — outside of children's stories — which I mastered, at the age of seven, was *In the*

Wilds of Africa, by W. H. G. Kingston, an English writer whose elephants, lions, and gorillas still live in my imagination. To this day any story of African life draws me as with a magnet. In the late seventies and early eighties Paul Du Chaillu, a real explorer in African jungles, also had a lure for young people of my age. And I devoured David Livingstone, and a decade later the Henry M. Stanley volumes of African exploration.

St. Nicholas Magazine was a household stand-by, then edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, author of *Hans Brinker; or the Silver Skates*, a mighty good story. Everybody read that in my boyhood, but for these spicier days I suppose it's far too flat. J. T. Trowbridge in *St. Nicholas* was a corking good writer for boys. So was Noah Brooks, the author of *The Boy Emigrants* — six fine young Americans (Brooks must have been one of them!) who in the gold rush of '49 trekked out to California in a covered wagon. To this day, I can almost recite whole pages from that vivid tale.

Then there was a thrilling series of stories of life in Casco Bay in Maine, written by the Reverend Elijah Kellogg. The Casco Bay series and the Lion Ben series told of life in a primitive setting in the generations just following the American Revolution. Lion Ben was a young man of gigantic stature and prowess who was good as gold, had the disposition of a saint, and performed marvelous feats of strength and endurance.

What about *Robinson Crusoe* and also the *Swiss Family Robinson*? Do our young people still devour them as we children did? Then there was Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*, which later was such a success in the movies and on the stage. Both *Little Women* and *Little Men* seemed to me more for the girls, but of course I read them. "Oliver Optic" I always had a sneaking fondness for, but was told he was a waste of time, and so with rather a sigh I gave up Tommie Toppleton and Waddie Wimpleton, and turned like a good little boy to improve my mind with *The Boy's King Arthur*, Froissart, and their ilk. But they left me rather cold. It takes an artist to make over Sir Thomas Malory and keep the flavor of the original.

When it comes to the history of the American Revolution, give me every time C. C. Coffin's *Boys of '76*. I had it by heart before I was ten, and I'll wager no one can stump me on either the battles or generals of the Revolutionary War. *Boys of '76* (there were four particular favorites and two of them died a hero's death, much to my anguish) got me so thoroughly interested in the American Revolution that as a matter of course I later read maturer works on that period — a jolly good thing for me. Coffin also wrote *Old Times in the Colonies*, the period of the French and Indian Wars, and *Boys of '61*. But neither had the zest of *Boys of '76*. I considered General Gage, the British commander at Boston, no less than a scoundrel. Howe and Clinton weren't much better in my eyes, but I was always a little sorry for Corn-

wallis — he was such a perfect dub. And yet George III or his successor, almost equally obstinate, sent Cornwallis, after his inglorious surrender at Yorktown, out to India to put a crimp in the brilliant campaigns that Wellington, then only Colonel Arthur Wellesley, was waging there.

Two other stand-bys of the youth of my time were *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*. The days of that great headmaster of Rugby, Thomas Arnold, are worth anybody's reading, and Tom Brown at Rugby was a real fellow. But when he reached Oxford he seemed to go dead on his feet — at least the Oxford phase lacked most of the savor that the Rugby days gave.

In this same period we took up Captain Mayne Reid. Certainly I was on friendly terms with *Children of the New Forest*, *The War Trail*, *The Scalp Hunters* and others. Mayne Reid was a Briton, but lived much in America and served with great gallantry with the American Army in our war with Mexico a century ago. Reid gives a vivid sense of our Wild West as it was in those early days. Rattling good stories of adventure as they are, yet their old-style, elaborate phrasing would fail to make appeal to boys of the present day.

I had almost forgotten Jules Verne, who put a great kick into my young life. He was the man whose dreams came true. The first of Jules Verne's that came my way was *The Survivors of the Chancellor*, a title one almost never hears mentioned nowadays. This was a moving tale of fire and shipwreck at sea, the survivors on one great raft enduring hideous agonies of famine and thirst — all this in the South Atlantic, somewhere off the coast of South America. Just as all of them are finally perishing from thirst, one falls overboard — and the water is fresh! They are off the mouth of the mighty Amazon, still out of sight of land, but with the flow of the great river eddying miles out into the ocean. Then after the *Chancellor* came *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* — Captain Nemo and the first submarine; *The Mysterious Island* — a grand tale; *The English at the North Pole*; *Around the World in Eighty Days*; *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (My! how that boiling lava seethed up around their frail copper-sheathed raft a thousand miles under the earth's crust!); *From the Earth to the Moon*; *Michael Strogoff* (years later I saw this superb Russian hero on the stage and got a thrill all over again); and so on through the whole lot.

Now as to Charles Dickens, my friends in England declare that of all the early Victorian novelists, Dickens is the only one that still commands a strong following among British youth of the present day. I am not surprised: my generation took Dickens seriously and continuously. I had reached the mature age of ten when I was introduced to him through the pages of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. It was a cheap paper edition, poor type with folio pages. But to an eager boy little Nell was a living creature. Then followed

in order *Oliver Twist*, *Great Expectations*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Dombey and Son*, and so on, winding up with the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Half a century is the deuce of a long time to look back, and why I should have cluttered up my memory with the order in which I read my first six volumes of Dickens is a mystery.

After Dickens, in my scheme of things, came James Fenimore Cooper and Scott, all mixed up together, rather badly assorted, to tell the truth. *The Spy* was my first essay in Cooper and I still think it his best. Living on the Hudson River and knowing something of its western hinterland from summer visits to ancestral haunts in Delaware and Schoharie counties, the scene of many of the Cooper tales came close home to me, and gave me thrills which far more than offset the moralizing of many of the characters.

I think I took Sir Walter Scott with a considerable sense of duty as well as pleasure. *Ivanhoe*, of course, came first and *Quentin Durward* second. Neither the dark-eyed beauty Rebecca nor the fair Rowena ever ravished me, and Front-de-Boeuf was hardly my idea of a heavy villain, even in the age of chivalry. Nevertheless, I must confess myself upholding the Scott tradition and when the time came, not long after college, to go abroad I chose a little old, uncomfortable (3000 tons) Anchor Line vessel, the *Anchoria* (\$65 first cabin, one way), to take me direct to Glasgow. Then Edinburgh the next day and Abbotsford the day after that — a good long day there, too. Thirty years later I went there for an hour and could hardly stand it. But on that memorable first trip, every stone was a memory, the rustling of every curtain a whisper from the Middle Ages.

Now, with a pernicious conscience I had a wretched habit of reading every word in a book. So when I came to the Bible, I read that through twice before I was fourteen, only omitting portions of the Kings and Chronicles on the second trip. What a wicked waste! How much better had I let the ancient Hebrew sovereigns go soak and learned great passages of Isaiah and Jeremiah and the Psalms and the New Testament!

Uncle Tom's Cabin my mother started reading aloud to me as a sort of bedtime story. But the tale was bloodcurdling and the reading out loud far too slow, so I finished it in a hurry by myself. Then on the theory of "thorough," I got hold of Harriet Beecher Stowe's other books. But as we all know, none could hold a candle to *Uncle Tom*. Even *Dred*, *A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, whose title was most alluring, failed to terrify.

Bret Harte was a favorite of ours among short-story writers. Who could ever ask for two better ones than *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*? And his *Plain Language from Truthful James*, read to me by my mother, is one of my earliest recollections.

The life of school and college boys and girls fifty years ago was far less rushed than today. One did not have to be going every minute. In summer we

used to think half the day was enough for exercise — tennis or boating or scrambling up the foothills of the Catskills. And as the afternoons had more hours for exercise, my brother and sister and I used to put in the mornings reading. Well, obviously in the course of long summer vacations, if one puts in the mornings reading, one can cover considerable ground.

For me that ground was all of Thackeray, all of Eliot and Defoe, Bulwer-Lytton (does anyone live who has not read *The Last Days of Pompeii*?), with a lot of other things thrown in, like Fielding with his *Tom Jones* (terribly improper in those days), and Victor Hugo, mostly in translation, I am sorry to say. But his *Ninety-Three* and his five full volumes of *Les Misérables* made thrilling reading for any youth in his teens. Of course, too, those were the days of General Lew Wallace and his *Ben Hur*; *A Tale of the Christ*, and then *The Fair God*. In the late eighties *Ben Hur* was almost as much in vogue as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the fifties. For millions of churchgoing people who had always looked askance at novel-reading, *Ben Hur* was the book that showed them that romance in which Biblical characters figured could be improving as well as delightful.

The name of Victor Hugo calls up fresh youthful memories, for it was a passage from his description of the battle of Waterloo that served me in my first school declamation contest. (Declamation contests had a great vogue when I was a boy.) I can still recall those rolling, sonorous lines of Hugo — a bad translation very likely, but good enough for me: "A few squares of the Old Guard, immovable amid the flow of the rout as rocks in running water, held out till night. Night coming on, and death also, they awaited the double terror which was surrounding them. Ulm, Wagram, Jena, Friedland were dying with them," and so on. And then at the end, when Hugo pictures the defeated Bonaparte returning alone late that night to the scene of his disaster: "It was Napoleon — endeavoring to advance again — mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream!"

It was during those same long summer holidays that we covered the other books "thrown in," to which I have just alluded. First came Charles Kingsley (*Water Babies*, of course, long years before) with his grand *Westward Ho!* which was followed by *Hereward the Wake*, that tale of outlawry in early England. After him Wilkie Collins — *The Moonstone*, *The Woman in White*, and other real thrillers; and all of our own Edgar Allan Poe, still unsurpassable. In these present days I hear little mention of Charles Reade, but I am sure young people must still devour *The Cloister and the Hearth*, just as we did; closely followed by *Hard Cash*, *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, and others. And then of course Nathaniel Hawthorne. There was a quality, an atmosphere about his books that even as a youth I had detected in no others I had ever read. *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Marble Faun* — all of them appealing and unforgettable.

Of the books which I read again and again another was Blackmore's romantic *Lorna Doone*. I must say that the Doone country, when one visits it now on a placid July day, looks neither so formidable nor perhaps so romantic as Blackmore pictured it. But why spoil that first, fine, careless rapture of youth, fired by the matchless Lorna?

It is obvious that even for a boy my reading was pretty much one-sided — novels and romances having a heavily preponderating place. In those days there wasn't much science that was available for growing youth to read, and modern biography had not been invented. But certainly I ought to have plodded through more history. Perhaps, however, for that age romance was not so bad — certainly if one's later life was to be filled with the pressure of daily affairs. At any rate, one gathered, as the poet says, a sense of life, lovely and intense.

Since those early years I have never had such prolonged periods for reading. For even good summer holidays or long Pacific voyages have been punctuated with affairs that interrupt and distract. Thus while I have all my life kept pegging away at books ancient and modern, I can never be glad enough that I was brought up from my earliest years to a habit of reading that, luckily enough, took me over a lot of ground in the first two decades of my life. But who can ever recapture those first raptures of an eager boy, so keen to get through his first reading of *The Spy* or of *Oliver Twist* that he would carry the book all over the house with him, snatching sentences at odd moments, the last thing to lay down beside his bed at night, the first to take up with the morning sun?

8. THE RIVER AND THE MOUNTAINS

LONG before I read of the Hudson in Revolutionary days, as narrated in Charles C. Coffin's *Boys of '76*, Father had told me as a small boy much about the campaigns that had been fought from Manhattan Island all the way up through the Highlands, beyond the Mohawk, and finally to Saratoga. It was there in 1777 that the British general, "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, who was a much greater success as a playwright than as a soldier, with all his hated Hessian levies, had been surrounded and forced to surrender his army to the Yankees, the first great triumph of the Americans in the War for Independence. In fact, some historians have included the struggle and surrender at Saratoga among the ten most important battles in world history.

My father, as a boy, had sat by the side of his great-grandfather, William Lamont, and listened to the tale the old gentleman, then almost ninety, told him of that selfsame campaign. For in 1776, a sturdy young man of twenty, he had trudged away from his father's farm at North Hillsdale in Columbia County and enlisted as a private in the Continental Army, and had marched and fought and finally seen with his own eyes the surrender of the scarlet-clad

British forces under Burgoyne. We lived for three years at Rondout, the river portion of old Kingston that had been burned by the British; and not so very far down the west bank of the river was West Point, the scene of Benedict Arnold's treachery.

All these Revolutionary tales as related by my father stirred my child's imagination so much that, with my mother's scores of used-up spools, which were the only toy soldiers I ever had, I fought over and over again all those old-time battles, from Concord and Lexington right down to Yorktown. I never had to study our Colonial or Revolutionary history from books — I knew it by heart by the time I was ten years old.

And then, delight of delights: my parents took me down to Newburgh to witness the One Hundredth Anniversary of Washington's farewell to his army. There was a parade with soldiers in the blue and buff of the Continental Army, fife and drum corps Yankee Doodling with great spirit, and as a climax a pageant and reproduction of Washington grouped among his officers, delivering his Farewell Address — that text used and also misused by so many of our modern-day orators. But in my youthful days the question of close collaboration with peaceful, friendly nations overseas was quiescent. We on our side of the Atlantic had no fear of attack from aggressive tyrants whose efforts to crush and dominate less warlike nations have made a sorry world for us since 1914.

But coming back from world wars to the Hudson River, and to my present home on the northerly escarpment of the Palisades, I may explain that that whole region is filled with local Revolutionary history. Only a half mile west, at Tappan, still stands in excellent state of preservation the headquarters that Washington occupied. Not far away is the small gray stone building where Major André was confined until his execution as a British spy, after being caught at Tarrytown across the river. Lord Cornwallis's headquarters are only a few miles down on the west bank.

Right below us at the foot of the steep descent from the summit of the Palisades lies the little hamlet of Sneden's Landing. It gained its name from the sturdy Molly Sneden who, according to the story, rowed General Washington across the Hudson after the unhappy battle that, with few and ill-trained troops, he fought at White Plains. The transfer of Washington's forces across the river marked the start of his New Jersey campaign, which, winding up with his Christmas night (1776) surprise attack at Trenton, achieved real success.

To me this area, so near Manhattan Island in point of time, so far removed in atmosphere, has a peculiar attraction. The spring and autumn days alternating in brilliant sunshine and haze, the vast stretches of the river to the north, and the magnificent rampart of the Palisades are surrounded with happy memories, many of them vivid and some dim and misty as are the legends of Sleepy Hollow across the river.

But my parsonage days on the Hudson were many miles to the north. In fact, all my father's upriver pastorates had Albany for their metropolis. That was where the huge sprawling pile of a Capitol, built through decades notorious for their scandal and graft, dominated the slope west from the river. Washington was far away, but Albany with its legislators and governors was close at hand. It was the northern terminus of the great Hudson River day and night boats. I can see them now — the night boats as in the late twilight they moved down the river with all their lights aglow, in clear sight from the parsonage porch.

The names of these floating palaces, as they were called then, stick in my memory — the *Dean Richmond* and the *Daniel Drew*. The late Mr. Drew's repute in business affairs was hardly savory, but in his day he did much for transportation on river and land. The day boats were the *C. Vibbard*, the *Albany*, and the *New York*, all long since gone to the junk heap. But they were fast and comfortable and each year bore thousands of New Yorkers north to Albany, whence they would scatter to their holiday abodes.

Albany was the gathering place for all upriver folk. It was there that my elder brother and sister went to school preparatory for college. There we were taken to buy our modest wardrobes. Every morning from spring till late autumn the *City of Hudson*, a small one-stack steamer, would leave its wharf at Catskill at 7.00 A.M., stop at the little river towns of Coxsackie and Coeymans, and at the more populous Hudson, and arrive at Albany at 10.00. It would gather its passengers again at 4.00 in the afternoon for the return trip. For me that was always an adventurous and delightful journey. One of my father's five brothers lived in Albany, and his family of six bright children was always another attraction.

When we finally moved farther down the river to Rondout, only 88 miles from New York, the center of gravity swung south and New York City became the magnet. It was from Rondout that the queen of all the river steamers plied to New York and back each weekday till winter came. The *Mary Powell*, built in 1861, had kept her supremacy for speed from that time until thirty years later, in the days when we became passengers on an occasional round trip to the great city.

The river was always there but always changing. In the summer we swam in it, in winter skated on it. Small-boat sailing was not much in vogue — there were too many sudden squalls swooping down from the mountains. But we did a lot of rowing both on the Hudson and on some of its lovely tributaries. The creek that found its way into the river at Saugerties was the most charming of these, coursing its way through rocky gorges, filled with caves that we explored, and then finally reaching the Hudson over a waterfall. In the spring the running of the shad up the river was always a sight, and if we happened to meet the fishermen rowing in to the wharf with their crowded nets, we could always buy a big shad for

twenty-five cents. But when the ice broke up, perhaps not till March, the river was another story. Great floes and cakes of ice went grinding up and down the waters with the ebb and flow of the tides, and crossing the stream to get to the Hudson River Railroad was an adventure.

Just at the breakup of the river ice late one winter day at Saugerties, that charming, Dutch-named town, my mother, despite our pleas, determined to cross in order to take a train (the West Shore Railroad was not yet in operation) to New York for the funeral of a greatly beloved old aunt of hers. Four men put a heavy rowboat on light runners, packed my mother in the bottom of the boat, and shoved out from the lighthouse point on our side of the river. So long as the ice held they poled the boat on runners. When it plunged into the water they rowed it. From the parsonage porch, a half mile away as the crow flies, we gazed with anxious eyes as the big cakes of ice lunged against the sides of the frail craft. Finally we heaved a sigh of relief as we saw the crew thread its way through what seemed to us small icebergs, and land Mother on the eastern shore near the railway station.

The wintertime Hudson had many attractions, but it was the river in its spring and autumn moods that was most celebrated by both painters and writers. The Hudson River School of Artists, led by Thomas Cole, later by George Inness, Frederick E. Church, and a halfscore others, had immense vogue in the middle years of the nineteenth century. Americans, especially citizens of New York State, were proud of their mountain-river, as they called it. They loved to see it and all its background depicted on canvas — in the lower reaches of the stream the Palisades and then the Highlands, in the upper reaches the rugged slopes of the Catskill Mountains.

While in my boyhood the demand for the paintings of the Hudson River artists had begun to fade out, earlier, for twoscore years or more, the best productions of these painters were eagerly sought by patrons of native American art. One still sees these pictures now and then, but only as examples of a bygone age when America was bursting into bloom and when her people were eager to see reproductions of her natural beauties. This was only a little later than the time when Washington Irving was ruling over the Hudson as its leading man of letters, and was gathering about his hospitable hearth at his Irvington "Sunnyside" many of the mighty figures in the American world of letters of that same Victorian age of the nineteenth century.

9. METHODISM AND MY FAMILY

I WOULD not for a moment give the impression that the life of the preacher and of his family was beset with afflictions. On the contrary, in general we lived a serene and happy, yes, a joyous life. That is clear to me now, gazing back over more than fifty crowded years, and such phases of Methodist parsonage life as

I relate fall into their place as amusing rather than annoying.

But the ways of the communities where we dwelt were exceedingly simple and restricted; the views of most of the people were necessarily limited and overlaid by a stern Fundamentalism that might have suited the Puritan Fathers but certainly, I believe, was never the intent of the wise and kindly brothers who founded Methodism, John and Charles Wesley. (Even now I could almost sketch the features of the two brothers as during my boyhood years they looked benignly down upon us from steel engravings on the walls of my father's study.) They were both priests of the Church of England and John Wesley especially clung to its forms. But both brothers and their followers were determined, in their worship, to find a way to bring the poorer people in the community to realize a sense of closer contact with God, "loving God with an undivided heart," as John Wesley put it.

Even so, the Wesleys in their new denomination retained much of the old established structure. It was the "Methodist Episcopal" Church that they founded. It had a creed and a catechism modeled largely on that of the Church of England, and its affairs were administered by a board of bishops. But when Methodism developed in America it seemed to take on a stricter cast. It bristled with "Don'ts."

Cards and dancing were prohibited as the invention of the Evil One. My enterprising and somewhat rebellious elder brother, on his first vacation home from preparatory school at Albany, brought with him fifty-two white pasteboard cards, duly inscribed in his own hand with the nomenclature of playing cards. It was with those cards that I was given my first lesson in whist. As for dancing, if a young Methodist swain had ever suggested that the way to hold a woman was by her waist, he would have been thought fit only for outer darkness.

Methodism was first brought to America about the middle of the eighteenth century. It drew to its embrace, among others, many zealots. And zealots are likely to be narrow and extreme. The stay of the Wesley brothers in America had been brief, and perhaps their converts here did not realize what a robust individual, free from dogmatism, the leader, John Wesley, was.

What an extraordinarily powerful character he was! That is a pleasing picture of him beginning his revival with a small but eager group of Oxford students. For sixty years he gladly endured hardship and traveled up and down the length of the land in Great Britain and even in Ireland, interpreting the words and life of Christ to thousands of eager listeners. So strong and determined was he that up to a fortnight of his death at the advanced age of eighty, he was still active, preaching and writing and translating hymns from medieval European sources. All the evangelical denominations have for generations past all over the world been singing Charles Wesley's:—

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

My father's people had for two or three generations been of the Methodist persuasion, my mother's not quite so long. On her mother's side her grandparents, born in County Armagh in the North of Ireland, had been Scotch Presbyterians. They seem to have missed all the scores of visits that John Wesley paid to that island, making nothing of the rigors and tempests of the Irish Sea. Both of them—James Ferguson, born in 1767, and Jane Dunshee, born seven years later—embarked with 430 others for the New World in 1794 in the good ship *Alexander*, 400 tons burden, Captain Coffin of Hudson, New York, commanding. They first met on the ship, and, youthful and eager and lonely, they fell in love. Promptly on their arrival they were married. After a few years in New York City they moved to the glades and uplands of Delaware County, settled down, and reared twelve children in the way of the Lord. Soon they became enthusiastic members of the Methodist Church. The two eldest sons enlisted in the War of 1812. Of the other brothers, three became preachers in the Methodist Church, two of them attaining distinction in their calling.

Both these two great-uncles were ardent Methodists of the circuit-riding era. But they were saved from asceticism by their delightful, frequently jovial, sense of humor. They were both mighty in the word of God, both powerful singers and very popular. My Great-uncle Samuel, whom I never saw, but an excellent portrait of whom I treasure, was indefatigable in the important posts to which he was assigned. About 1850, his health failing, he and his brother Sanford founded a little village that was named after them, Fergusonville, in one of the lovely valleys of Delaware County, and established there a large seminary for boys and girls, which flourished through the time of my boyhood.

But Great-uncle Samuel, broken down from overwork, did not long survive, and Sanford returned to active service in the Methodist ministry. He, whom I remember well, believed, like his brother, that life was made to be a thing not of gloom but of joy. That was the doctrine that he lived and preached. My mother was his favorite niece, and I used to love his frequent visits. He was mad about the game of croquet and would play up to nine or ten o'clock at night, hanging little lanterns on the wickets to guide the players. Uncle Sanford was also a great smoker (cigarettes had not been invented in those days) and altogether a very human person. He and my mother used to have many a quiet laugh over his younger sister Nancy, an independent-minded person who decided that she fancied tobacco, too, and would in the seclusion of her room fill a little clay pipe and smoke it.

My mother had always been entranced with her Aunt Nancy, who, well-educated herself, set up a se-

lect school for girls in West 9th Street in New York City, where my mother — whose own mother, Nancy's younger sister, had died when Mother was only nine — lived and went to school. My mother used to talk about the picnic excursions that the students would take with their teachers to the old Croton Reservoir at 42nd Street, now the site of the Public Library and Bryant Park.

In those days it was so far uptown that there were few if any dwellings there — the rest field and meadow. Later, many of Aunt Nancy's pupils went as students to the Academy at Fergusonville, which my mother attended when she was in her teens. In my early boyhood we used to spend a part of our summers there, the nights always cool, and then drive ten miles up the valley for a visit to my father's people at Charlotteville, where he and his forebears for three generations had been born and flourished.

10. EARLY PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

HELD in my father's arms, I remember watching with delight my first political torchlight procession. This was at Catskill in 1876 and I was about six years old. It was the campaign between Tilden, Governor of New York State, and Hendricks, who were Democrats, and Hayes and Wheeler, who were Republicans. Samuel J. Tilden, Democrat though he was, had waged relentless war on Tammany Hall and especially against Bill Tweed, its disreputable leader, who, with his gang in control of the municipal administration for years, had been guilty of looting New York City's Treasury of at least \$50,000,000.

Thomas Nast, the most redoubtable political cartoonist that this country has ever seen, contributed enormously to Tilden's reform effort and to Tweed's downfall by merciless pictures in *Harper's Weekly*. That publication was an important part of my family's education in public affairs, and Nast's weekly diatribes in drawing were awaited with breathless interest. Never in my later years, having passed through several municipal reform campaigns in New York City, have I seen anything like the public excitement aroused by the Tweed scandals.

Far up the Hudson, in the small town where we dwelt, it penetrated into our quiet and became a part of the parsonage's daily discussions. Thus I gained an early impression of the seamier side of Tammany Hall. Long before the crooked "Boss" Tweed had been brought to book, Nast had constantly depicted him, as he declared that he should be, clad in broad convict-stripes with large signs of Sing Sing set up in the background.

To return to that Presidential campaign of 1876, at first Tilden seemed to be elected, but two sets of returns had been received from four of the states and the Electoral Commission reached a decision whereby the balance was swung the other way. I recall the great excitement over this episode, but Governor Tilden, a patriotic citizen, accepted the verdict promptly, and serious trouble was avoided. Those

years were still close enough to the Civil War to make the soldier-vote, as now, a big factor.

Hayes, while he had been a good governor of Ohio, had never been a national figure, but he had been a brigadier general in the Civil War. He made an excellent executive but, astonishingly, refused to run for a second term. So in 1880, still only fifteen years after the War, we had as candidates military veterans from both sides: General Garfield, Republican, from Ohio, and General Winfield Scott Hancock, Democrat, from Pennsylvania. Hancock was a superb-looking military figure, but he was a weak candidate and was readily defeated.

I was too busy at play to remember that campaign, but I recall the hush and anguish that fell upon the country when, in the following summer, President Garfield was fatally shot by a crazy assassin. I can hear the prayers that my father offered from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday for the President's recovery. And there comes back as if it were yesterday the September morning in 1881 when my father walked up the front path to the parsonage, bearing the *New York Tribune*, with heavy black mourning borders, telling us of the death of "our martyred President."

Garfield had been a gallant figure. He had fought a heroic fight for life all during the heat of a Washington summer that had no air-conditioning processes or electric fans to help. With our modern surgery and antiseptics, an operation would have extracted the bullet from his abdomen. But in those days the risk was too great. President Garfield had been a student at Williams College and it was he who had sagely remarked: "Give me a log hut, with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins on one end and I on the other, and you may have all the buildings, apparatus, and libraries without him."

In those times we were far removed from foreign threat. We were living in the Age of Innocence. Frontiers were expanding, trade was increasing, industry — though we had not yet reached mass production — was moving steadily ahead, and the simple, homely life of our population that was so largely farming and rural pursued the even tenor of its way. Our greatest excitements were the Fourth of July and the four-year procession of the presidential equinoxes.

Immigrants from all over the continent of Europe were pouring in upon us, helping build our railways and penetrating to the confines of every state. I had my first glimpse of Italians when the contractors building the West Shore Railroad brought over thousands of them, and we boys used to go up to watch them at work. As a people we were almost wholly taken up with absorbing new citizens like these, with welding ourselves into a single, undivided nation of many races, with developing our agriculture and industry so that they could readily absorb all this new manpower and at the same time furnish us a higher standard of daily living.

With this gigantic task on our hands of building up a great nation-state, is it any wonder that we

gave little thought to America's place in the world? We had not begun to philosophize on international relations, and at least a quarter of a century had to elapse before World War I woke us up and began to give us a glimmering of the fact that no one nation of the world can fall in danger of losing its liberty without our own becoming imperiled almost overnight. World War I failed to teach us that lesson, that truth, completely. Has World War II, which has dissipated distance and geographically made us neighbors of peoples all over the world — has that desperate struggle led us Americans at last to give unequivocal answer to the insistent and inescapable question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

11. MY BROTHER AND SISTER

My sister Lucy was named after my father's eldest sister, who, he often remarked, looked after him as tenderly as my own sister, three and one-half years my senior, looked after me as a small boy. Lucy, like me, was always immensely stimulated by our elder brother, Hammond, whose lead we followed. She played a quieter and more modest role in the affairs of the family, but an effective one. She came by a studious and serious mind from my father, and had the power of close application. Thus she was always near the head of her classes, but gained that well-deserved place more from constant and well-ordered diligence than from brilliant essay.

Lucy had the same traits of steadiness and sound judgment that my father had. Added to that in full measure was the capacity of prudent and effective management that my mother showed. She was always, as long as she stayed under the parsonage roof, an immense aid to the dominie and his wife, not merely in the ordering of our simple household, but in all the social and sometimes complex relations, running to occasional jealousies, that naturally marked some of those congregations that my father served. She was even-tempered and tactful, but when the times needed it she would plainly show the sense of righteous indignation that any instance of unkindness or injustice aroused in her. The most amiable of beings in the even affairs of daily existence, she had a good touch of the Scotch-Irish in her that came down straight from our mother's side.

Our early lives, my sister's life, in a country parsonage were greatly restricted by various denominational taboos, and in fact by the limited existence everyone must live in a community so far removed and sheltered as ours was from the great currents of the world. Yet my sister, who aside from absences at preparatory school and college lived at home until her marriage at twenty-three years of age, never for a moment allowed the limitations upon her daily life to crib or confine her own activities in mind or action. Like my brother before her, she was always striving to attain the best that offered in books and in the realm of scientific and sociological achievement, in which latter field she was active for years

subsequent to her happy marriage. Through all her girlhood and later days in and out of the parsonage she was never bothered by "what the neighbors would think." Thus the fear that stifles souls never came to oppress her.

My brother Hammond, almost seven years older than I, was from my earliest memory a source of the greatest joy and even inspiration to his younger sister and brother. In all our youthful years, in the long summer vacations and the Christmas holidays, his gay spirits, his incomparable enthusiasms, his abounding energy — which he maintained almost to the day of his death in his middle forties — made us quick and alive to the world around us. He was a born leader and he led us youngsters into the jolliest sort of pastimes. It was he who introduced to us all the latest games. And perhaps more than all else it was his interest in education and his insistence upon the reading of first-class books, qualities inherited largely from my father, that gave us our greatest ultimate satisfactions and furnished us with the background and incentive for such advance as we may have gained in the art of living. It was he who insisted that I must go to a good preparatory school, and so got me started at Phillips Exeter.

My brother was also a natural teacher, perhaps even more than a journalist, though he followed both callings with equal success. In the course of my life, in which I have had the good fortune to come in contact with many outstanding individuals, I can say without reserve that I have never met anyone whose intellectual processes and tolerant judgments were more outstanding than my brother's. After all these years, many of them so crowded with events that at times they have seemed to become almost a blur on the horizon, my memory of my brother, my pride in his character and accomplishment, are as fresh, as eager, as grateful as they were through all the days of my life up to his untimely death thirty-seven years ago.

12. UNCLE HENRY

AFTER my grandmother's early death, my mother had been cared for by her Aunt Jane. When Jane Ferguson married, rather late in life, her choice was a Methodist minister of the very old-fashioned type, William Henry — "Uncle Henry" all the family called him. Born at Sligo, Ireland, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, Uncle Henry had come to America a poor boy in an emigrant ship. With an indifferent education, he yet felt himself drawn to the service of the Lord and as a young man had entered the ministry in the circuit-riding era of the Methodist Church. He had a sparkling blue eye, a ready Irish wit, but never attained any particular distinction in the ministry.

In middle life, having fortunately secured as a wife one of the bright, energetic women of the Ferguson family, whose ministerial brothers were outstanding figures in the church, he gave up preaching.

Then he settled down in Fergusonville, where, as long as his wife lived, his little home that I visited as a child was a gathering place for many of the students at Fergusonville Academy. His merry twinkle, a delightful brogue, and his stories of North Ireland and of an immigrant's life forty or fifty years before were always alluring to young people.

But the years sped by, his brilliant and capable wife died, and Uncle Henry was left to live his life alone. It was when I was about nine years old that my mother had word that he had suddenly grown feeble and ailing with his eighty years plus. She promptly took the arduous winter journey to Fergusonville — by train with three changes to Schenectady and then by stage over the hill and down into the Charlotte valley to Fergusonville. In a trice she had Uncle Henry packed up and off, bringing him straight to the crowded, small-roomed parsonage where he lived with us for the few remaining years of his life, contributing little to the household economy beyond a welcome amiability and a kindly wit.

To the astonishment of us children when my mother and he drove up to the parsonage from the station in freezing weather, Uncle Henry was clad in his ancient shiny black suit that he had worn in the pulpit fifty years before, and on his head was clapped an enormous stovepipe hat of antique vintage and shape, with hardly a vestige of silk remaining upon it. But Uncle Henry hung it up with tender care upon the hat-rack in the front hall.

Later in the evening I lifted it carefully off its hook and peeped inside. On the old yellow sweatband, still in strong legible characters, was written "William Henry's Golgotha." I turned and twisted the hat and puzzled over that inscription. Then suddenly it came to me — "Golgotha," place of the skulls. What could be fairer than that? Uncle Henry continued to cherish that hat and wore it to every church service until he died.

Infirm as Uncle Henry was, he was yet always anxious to take some share in the household duties. "I can peel the praties better than that hired girl of yours, Caddie," I heard him say one day to my mother. And from that time on, almost every morning he set himself down before the fire with a big dishpan of potatoes and a fierce-looking kitchen knife. He was no wasteful peeler. "You know, Tommy boy," he said to me, "spuds were all I had to eat for days at a time when I was a lad in ould Ireland. Indeed, and we had famine times there more than once!"

Now and then Uncle Henry was a bit of a trial to my father because he still longed to preach, and Father felt he must grant his wish. At other times he joined actively in the weekly prayer meetings at the church. Uncle Henry always spoke as if he had personal acquaintance with the Almighty and he reviled Satan in like familiar terms. I remember one winter's evening at Coxsackie when my sister and I dutifully went to prayer meeting while most of the young people were out skating on the Hudson

River. They had set flares upon the ice and were playing an impromptu game of hockey. Uncle Henry was politely invited by my father to lead in prayer. He promptly fell down on the knees of his old and worn black trousers and raised his voice.

"O Lord," he announced, "there are a lot of sinful folk out there, a-cavorting on the lake [meaning the river], and O Lord, I want Thee to cast Thy eye down upon them and call them back to their rightful duties to Thy worship. I do not suggest that the ice be broken in twain and these sinners submerged in the waters, as Pharaoh's Egyptian hosts were overwhelmed by the Red Sea in their pursuit of Moses and the Israelites. No, God, I believe that justice be tempered with mercy. But I do say, O Lord, if necessary, smite each one a mighty blow and turn his face to the shore. Otherwise, dear Lord, they will surely get committed to the ways of the Devil. Save them, unworthy as they may be — save them from the clutches of the Evil One. Thou knowest as well as I what strength the minions of Hell can wield over weak human creatures. Only Thou canst overcome that dread Adversary. Do Thou show those misguided children the error of their ways. We rely upon Thee, O Lord, to do as I have asked. Amen!"

I noticed that my father's echoing amen was not quite so hearty as it might have been, and at home that night after prayer meeting and after Uncle Henry had gone to bed I heard my father remark mildly to my mother: "Uncle Henry believes in an anthropomorphic God and a personal Devil."

Uncle Henry apparently took the utmost relish in his delineations of the Evil One. I have before me his old manuscript sermon that starts thus: —

Satan's Message or Address to His
Loyal Subjects on Earth
From the Executive Mansion in the
Infernal Regions of Perdition called Hell.

From there he begins by saying: —

My dear followers and Loyal Subjects. I have thought meet and right, to give you a brief account of the prosperity of my Kingdom for your present encouragement and future exertions and action. Many of you are young and destitute of a knowledge of my origin. I am not of low and mean descendants, but of high, holy and Heavenly birth. Who my forefathers were I cannot tell, but from the first knowledge of my existence, I have been of a high order of angelic beings in Heaven. And I have always been aspiring after higher.

I must say that this sermon of Uncle Henry's, written and labeled by him with his own hand at most not later than 1844, sounds strikingly like *The Screwtape Letters*, which has recently had such vogue in England and here as showing the clever approach of our modern Satan to his subjects on earth. According to Uncle Henry, the Devil winds up his exhortation, which must have taken at least an hour to deliver, with these words: —

It is not my policy . . . to give you any information respecting the state of departed Souls. I would just refer you to Christ's parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in the Sixteenth chapter of St. Luke, commencing at the 23rd verse, in the New Testament. "And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." You will remember that this is not my Parable but Christ's. And you may decide on the truth of it as you think best.

Finally, in Uncle Henry's version Satan winds up his farewell with a flourish by signing himself: "I am your faithful and indulgent Prince — Diabolus."

Winter was bursting its fetters. The bonds of the ice-chained river were being shattered with loud reports that sounded through the night. I was preparing my tiny wooden troughs to tap the fine hard maple trees that lined the road in front of the parsonage.

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Uncle Henry had been feebler than usual. The night before, my father supported, indeed half carried, him up the stairs to his room, for he had insisted upon coming down to the first floor. But that next day he stayed in bed and had little relish for eating. Suddenly as we sat at supper that evening my mother said, "I have a feeling that Uncle Henry wants me," and she hurried up the staircase and then at once called my father.

"Finish your supper, children," he said to my sister and me as he started up the stairs, and we could hear his footsteps moving across to Uncle Henry's bed. So when supper was finished my sister and I, feeling alone, crept up the stairs and stood upon the landing. Uncle Henry's breathing, which had been labored, was easier, and Mother was sitting by his bed with his hand in hers. "Hold me tight, Caddie girl," he murmured in his cracked and feeble voice, "for I am slipping fast."

Then a few moments more and we could hear Father easing the old gentleman back on the pillows. Suddenly Uncle Henry's thin voice rang out, quavering but clear and with a note of triumph in it: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

A long breath, a whisper, a sigh, and Uncle Henry had gone to his eternal reward.

13. MY FIRST TERM AT EXETER

ON a bright morning in early September my father and I set out on the day-and-a-half journey to New Hampshire. My brother Hammond had testified that the best-prepared boys in his class at Harvard had come from the Phillips Exeter Academy, and so to Exeter I went. My father was troubled over the expense, and my mother filled with tenderness and concern to have me go so far away when I was not

yet fourteen. But I was duly entered and assigned to a tiny dormer-windowed room on the fourth floor of Gorham Hall, a village inn, a few floors of which the Academy had rented as a dormitory for some of the students. I took my meals at Abbot Hall, the only dormitory that the Academy then owned outright.

My father was much pleased with the personalities of Professor George A. Wentworth, a really distinguished mathematician and author of many textbooks, and of Professor Bradbury Longfellow Cilley, head of the Greek Department, in whom my father found a congenial spirit. Both these teachers had been graduated from Harvard in the Class of '56, the same year that my father took his degree from Union College.

Phillips Exeter was a new and far wider world, with boys there from all over the country, a truly national school as it always has been. It was, fortunately for me, thoroughly democratic. The fact that I had no money to spend was never a handicap, socially or in any other way. Just as many of the school leaders were scholarship boys as not. So I readily settled down in a congenial atmosphere. The whole idea of the school was and had been, for the one hundred years of its existence, hard and vigorous work. If there were any slackers they did not last long and were "fired." This arduous but stimulating policy accounted for the excellent preparation that my brother at Harvard found in his classmates from Exeter.

I had a lot to learn, not merely academically but in human relations. Emerging suddenly from the poorly taught and rather scatterbrained schools of my father's pastorates, I had to adapt myself to a new and lively community, and try to make a way among two hundred fifty lads, almost every one older and more sophisticated than myself, to learn new games, new manners in some respects, and fit myself into an old-fashioned and thoroughly New England atmosphere.

Every day was a fresh education for me. Sometimes I was puzzled and perplexed, but there was never anything for discouragement in a community singularly tolerant, good-natured, and free from hazing. Greatly also to my relief, I found before long that if I had sense enough to organize my work properly, I could keep up with the rest of the class and beat out the lazy ones. My father's former coaching of me in elementary Latin proved a help. We had nine hour-recitations a week in Latin, so it is easy to see what a backbone the training in that language gave us. And as our chief guide we had the best teacher that I have ever sat under anywhere, George Lyman Kittredge, who later at Harvard became the erudite, brilliant, and distinguished teacher of Shakespeare and early English.

My mother had always been a great person at saving letters and various family memorabilia. And only a few years ago my sister, shortly before she died, turned over to me a batch of my early letters

home from Exeter that my mother had kept. They are homely and intimate, and probably to me after a lapse of over sixty years they seem more humorous than they will to my children. My mother had apparently been much concerned as to what sort of boarding-school fare I should have, my father as to my religious surroundings. So in my letters I seemed to go out of my way to cover thoroughly both these points. At any rate I think I will insert a few of the letters in part or in whole, beginning with the first one, written about ten days after my father had left a rather homesick boy, absent for the first time from the parental roof.

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Sept. 24, '84

DEAR PAPA,

I received yours and Mamma's letter yesterday morning and it being a half holiday and rainy I thought I would answer it.

We have bath-rooms here but as you have to pay .50 every time you take a bath in them I do not patronize them. I went to church and S. S. Sunday. I did not like the teacher very much. Base-ball is not played here in the fall. They play foot-ball. A fellow got his leg broke last year here playing foot-ball. I went to prayer-meeting last night. They sung a song to the tune of "All ye fellers that have peanuts and give your neighbor none etc." The minister said that just ten minutes before his eldest son (15 years of age) was run over and killed by the cars he (his son) climbed up a tree and got a little Irish girl her hat which some mean boys threw up there. It was his last act before he was killed. They have a prayer-meeting Sunday night instead of preaching. The minister called on me. He said you wrote to him too.

The catalogue says they begin Latin but unless a fellow has studied it before he would have to study all the time and take no exercise to keep from being dropped unless he was an unusually smart fellow. A good many of the boys have been through 1 or 2 books of Caesar so they can stand at the head of the class with ease. Not having learned to pronounce Latin to Miss Cooper like they do here it bothers me a good deal to get it straight. All the teachers are very pleasant. In our Latin book we have taken 60 pages in two weeks. They rush a fellow right through. There is a student here way from Minn. who is very sick. I will close now as it is getting dark. Give my love to Mamma and take some for yourself.

Your aff. son.

P.S. Our class has elected a president by the name of Hamm and they want to adopt a class motto in Greek or Latin. Will you please send me one and the English of it.

All my life I had been used to nothing more spacious than a tin bathtub, so the overexpensive bath facilities did not bother me at all. I might add

that, while we had regular chapel exercises in the Academy each morning at 7.45, for Sunday morning service each student went to the town church that he or his parents chose.

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Sept. 28

DEAR MAMMA,

I received Papa's letter and the papers yesterday. I am well now, but I had three or four severe stomach-aches a while ago, caused by eating a few beans at Abbot two or three times. I have given up eating beans. Their beans are not baked, they are boiled. We have not had roast-beef nor eggs once since I have been here at Abbot. My lamp only works half-way well. I think it needs a wider wick. They have not put a ward-robe in my room, but the clerk put up a lot of hooks for me to hang my clothes on. I like Rev. Mr. Adams very well except that his preaching is not as edifying as I have been used to hearing. I meant that he called on me at Gorham Hall. Instead of coming up to my room he sent word up just as I was in the midst of a lesson for me to come down stairs to see somebody so I traped down stairs and found him in the office where he did all his talking. He seemed awfully cracked on a Conference Seminary for both sexes a few miles from here. Do you want me to send the Y. C. and St. Nich. home after I read them. We have the Metric system of weights and measures which I have never studied but I can keep up with the class. I thank Papa very much for the motto's. I like them both. I feel the need of a clock very much. I wish Hammond would hurry up and send me one.

I subscribed for the "Exonian" the other day, you do not have to pay till the end of the year and you can hardly do without it. Shall I send it home after I have read it? Some fellow is around with a subscription all the time. I have not subscribed but for two things .25 for a reading room in Gorham Hall and .25 for a "prep" football. I use both. The Exeter-Andover game of football is to be played the 15th of Nov. at Andover. Most of the fellows are going down as it is only a few miles from here. I have had to get a Higginson's Hist. U. S. and "American Prose" to study out of at School. Love to all.

Your loving son

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Oct. 5

DEAR PAPA,

I received your two letters in the past week. A few days ago it was very cool but for the past few days it has been very sultry again. It is cooler to-day. The boy who was so sick is better; he had a fever.

They have but very few Sunday school books and they are not interesting so I did not get any. I do not have my stomach-ache any more. I think it is

because I have stopped eating beans. We have very poor meals on Sunday.

There is a very nice fellow from Dover in my class who has a court and he said he would like to have me play tennis with him and I could take the court when he was away. I like my racquet very much indeed and I am ever so much obliged for it and the clock too. Hammond sent me a picture of Samson like the one we have in the sitting room and I tacked it up in my room. It improves the appearance of the room very much.

Fifteen students attend the Methodist Church. No, I never study my lessons on Sunday. A great many of the boys do. The clerk here has not sent in my bill for the room and washing yet. I can think of nothing more to say now.

You must be very lonely now every-body is away. I am lonely now and then myself but there is lots of ways to have fun here that you dont have. Give my love to Mamma in your next letter to her.

Your loving son.

My mother was apparently away on a brief visit. As to studying on Sunday, I had always been reared in the idea that it was not a sin, but was a secular duty that should be performed on a weekday. In my case my non-Sunday practice worked well, for I got my Monday lessons behind my back on Saturday night and was left free to read some novel or whatever on Sunday. The "very nice fellow from Dover" was none other than Jeremiah Smith, Jr., one of the greatest characters that Exeter ever produced, distinguished at the bar and in public service, long a trustee of Phillips Exeter, the man who chose Lewis Perry as Principal in 1914 and was always his loyal backer and friend. Jerry was my counsel at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 and thereafter accompanied me in the twenties on various financial missions, twice to the Far East, once to Mexico, several times to Europe. No man, woman, or child could know Jerry without admiring and loving him.

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Oct. 12

DEAR PAPA,

I received your two letters last week. I am not out of postage stamps yet. I have not got a wider wick for my lamp yet. The one I have will do well enough till I use it up. They have singing by a choir in the morning exercises in the Academy. They have to practice quite a good deal. I do not think I will join till next year.

Mr. Adams' text this morning was in Genesis 2nd chap. 2nd verse. I attended a meeting of the "Christian Fraternity" of the students tonight in one of the rooms of the Academy. They meet every Sunday night from 6½ to 7 P.M. They sing and pray and speak. I will not need any more money for a good while now except my bill for my room and washing

falls due on the 20th of this month. I have kept a strict account of my washing.

My old shoes are getting awfully short for me at the toes I cant wear them much longer. The three older classes here have issued a mandate that after snow falls we "Preps" must take off our hats when we meet them. If we do not they will roll us in the snow. They have organized a Blaine and Logan Club here, among the students. They have military drill and uniforms and torches. They are going to go to Portsmouth and Dover to parade. The professors are very much interested in it. The oleomargarine they have at Abbot Hall is strong. I have given up eating it. We have gone through all the conjugations and declensions in Latin. I cannot think of anything more to say now. Love to all if Mamma is home.

Your aff. son.

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Oct. 19

DEAR MAMMA, —

I suppose you are home again by this time. It has been very cold here lately. I had to get out my overcoat a day or two ago but I have not worn it but once. My every-day gray pants have worn a little hole through on the seat. Shall I try to mend them? We are to have an examination in Arithmetic tomorrow morning. I have to study a great deal harder on my Arithmetic lesson than you would suppose. Two hours every day. A football eleven selected from the Boston Latin School and the English High School from Boston played our team yesterday afternoon and was beaten 52 to 0 which was a splendid victory for us. I saw the game. They cheered a good deal. The school cheer is "E-x-e-t-e-r P-E-A. Ra-ra-ra" three times repeated. It sounds splendidly when all the students shout it with all their might.

The "Prep" class have adopted a class motto and class colors. The president appointed himself and two others as the committee on class motto and then ignored every motto but his own which he made the class motto. It is "Laborando perficies" which means "work tells." The class do not like the motto much. The class colors are to be a red ribbon with a black border and the cheer is "P-E-A ra-ra-ra '88."

The text this morning was in 2 Timothy 2 chapter and I could not hear the verse. It was about the "snares" anyway.

I am very much obliged to Papa for the St. Nicholas for the next year.

Dr. Scott the principal of the Academy is the most unpopular teacher in Latin with the "Preps" they have. He gives very long lessons. He does not seem to realize the fact that most of them are beginners in Latin.

There is but one scholarship given in the "Prep" class the first year. It is sixty dollars. Of course it is very improbable that I could get it but I shall try for it.

There are more given the second year. There is nothing specially going on now so good bye.

Your loving son.

Luckily I did get a scholarship, but the question of my expenses continued to bother me, for my brother Hammond was at Harvard, my sister was at Albany High School preparing for Smith, and my father's yearly salary was only \$1200 — really only \$1080 after he had deducted his tithe for the Lord.

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Oct. 26

DEAR PAPA,

I gave the check to the clerk and saw him put it down to my credit in his book. I worked out all of the examples in Arithmetic but did not get but eight of nine right. They were not so very hard. He has not given us the per cent which we passed yet. I know that I passed anyway. Just a few flakes of snow fell last week. I would not have noticed it if I had not been out doors at the time.

We recite to Dr. Scott three times a week. We recite mostly translations to him while to Profs. Cilley and Kittredge we recite the forms of the verbs and nouns. The minister's text this morning was Phillippians 3 c. 13 v. He was a different one. Just sixty days from now to Christmas Day.

The food at Abbot is just about the same as ever. I will send Mamma a bill of fare in a few days. We have enough cake such as it is. My room is plenty warm. I have it cool at night.

Please explain the Metric System to Mamma. It would take up too much room here and she wants to know. I took two of my napkins over to Abbot Hall when I went there and I use those two. I saw a football game here yesterday between Tufts College and our team. We beat them 52 to 0.

Give my love to Mamma.

Your loving son.

Schoolboys naturally and invariably grouse a bit about the food, but certainly my time at Exeter was long before the days of modern cooking plants, housekeepers, and hygienic food experts.

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Nov. 2

DEAR FATHER, —

Your letter came early in the week and the paper yesterday.

Have you a Classical Dictionary that you are not using? Please send it if you have as I need to refer to one very often and it is a good deal of trouble to go to the reference library every time.

The minister's text this morning was "Solomon's Dedictory Prayer" 1 Kings 8th Chap. The minister reads all of his sermons and has them divided off into 1stlys and 2ndlys etc.

It rained Thursday morning and I took a bad cold which settled on my bowels and I had a terrible pain there all the afternoon and night. I was a little better the next morning and I am all right now. I did not miss a single recitation except that I got excused from reciting at one recitation.

There has been one fellow dropped from the "Prep" class already. There will be more dropped in a few days. I got ninety per cent in the Arithmetic examination. The teacher said that in the next examination those who again got below fifty per cent would be dropped. Some got zero. We are to have a holiday Tuesday, election day.

There is going to be a harvest supper in the Methodist church Wednesday night.

There was a splendid game of football here yesterday between a picked eleven from Boston and our team in which our team beat, 22 to 0.

The great game of the season will be with Andover Academy two weeks from yesterday at Andover. About two hundred of the scholars are going. They have a special train. The school go in a body. It costs \$1 round trip. I do not expect to go. Three of the best men on the football team go to the Methodist Church.

I was very sorry to hear of Uncle Ed's sickness. I do hope he will get well. Give my love to all.

Your loving son.

P.S. Inclosed find list of things we had to eat for the past week.

As a matter of fact my father sent me the extra dollar and I did go to the Andover game. Perhaps it was my stroke of good fortune that there were three Methodists on the football eleven! As I read these two or three allusions of mine to the Exeter-Andover game which bulked large in my mind, I have an uncomfortable feeling that I was not wholly without guile in the way I put the matter. Anyway, I determined to get a job to make up that dollar, which was so hard come by in the parsonage income. So I spoke to one of the teachers in whose classes I had done creditable enough work. He knew all about his neighbors in town and the next week he turned up a job for me to split kindling wood for two aging spinsters at fifteen cents an hour.

This was a chore I was familiar with, so before long I had recouped the family exchequer a bit, and the vigorous exercise was good for me. It is true that since those days I have sometimes earned more than fifteen cents an hour, but never anything that gave me as great dividends in satisfaction as that kindling-wood stipend.

30 Gorham Hall
Exeter, N.H.
Nov. 6

DEAR FATHER, —

I received your check a few days ago and paid it to-day. I received a letter and box with the mittens in Tuesday from Mamma. Tell Mamma that my

gray everyday trousers have such a hole in the seat that they cannot be mended with darning. They will have to have a patch and I do not feel capable of that.

Our afternoon recitation is changed so as to begin at 5 P.M. so that we do not get out till 6 P.M. Everybody is greatly excited here about the election. We cannot get any definite returns about N.Y. State. Love to Mamma and all the friends in New York and vicinity.

Your loving son.

This letter, indicating the rapidly growing crisis as to the seat of my trousers, seems to close the series for the autumn term. Perhaps my mother never saved my melancholy letter about the great Exeter-Andover game played at Andover. Our eleven had been winning all the season. We had given the Harvard Freshmen a sound trouncing and were clearly the favorite for the Andover game. Perhaps our boys were a bit overconfident, but in the gathering dusk the score stood 11 to 8 for Andover and only one minute left to play. Exeter had the ball and we were lined up about thirty yards in front of Andover's goal. The only possible chance of a win was a field goal, which counted five points. Our hearts were in our throats and we were hoarse from cheering. Center rush snapped the ball, the quarter passed it to Vic Harding, one of our halves. He paused for a moment, seemed to drop the ball to the ground, and gave it a mighty boot. It sailed off squarely between the Andover goal posts. All Exeter gave a great shout and bedlam broke loose as the referee waved his hand to signify a goal had been kicked. And the game was over.

But what was this? We saw Harding walk over to the referee and shake his head "no." What else could he mean? Of course it was a goal. The referee said so. "No," said Harding gloomily, "the ball never touched the ground. It was only a low kicked punt." The referee had apparently not been quite used to such chivalry from a schoolboy. But he of course accepted Harding's word and the game was Andover's. We had lost, but Vic Harding's action has resounded down the generations of Exeter boys far more loudly than any victory could have done. The story is still told with pride at many an Exeter alumni dinner today.

The long Christmas holidays were coming on apace and we were all eager with the excitement of returning home. The day before we were dismissed, several solemn members of the Board of Trustees visited the school and conducted what were known as the Trustees' oral examinations. A trustee would wander into the Latin class and at random would pick out some question in parsing or translation and plunge it on the hapless youth on whom his eye happened to alight. But fresh from our studies we seemed to know about as much Latin as the trustee and so after the first examination the rest did not seem formidable. But as a whole the trustees were

an impressive lot of men. Edward Everett Hale was one of them and he conducted the final chapel exercises.

When I got back to the parsonage shortly before Christmas my welcome was a great heart-warming for me. The family was also surprised, for despite my mother's fear for my adequate nourishment, I had grown almost two inches, my shoes had to be discarded, and all my coat sleeves and trousers were outgrown. The bracing New England atmosphere had had its excellent results on a boy thrown on his own resources. In fact the Exeter policy of making no attempt to keep close tab on the individual life of each student has frequently been criticized. We were free to ask the teachers questions, but we had no "advisers" and every student was on his own. If he failed to qualify in study or conduct, out he went. Exeter was not a school for a mamma's boy. He had to take the bitter with the sweet and largely work out his own salvation.

Exeter has almost three times as many students now as in my day and almost fifteen times as many teachers; so that, with classes much smaller, each student receives more individual attention. But the spirit of self-reliance and self-help is as strong as ever and the number of all-around leaders in the community turned out under the principalship of Dr. Lewis Perry in the last thirty years is probably as great as in the days a century ago when scores of Americans of later distinction got their training there.

14. ENCOUNTER WITH A RAT

THE Christmas holidays, with coasting, skating on the Hudson and, even better, on Saugerties Creek, and some mild parties, were gone in a moment, and there I was saying good-bye again and starting out on my own rather lonely way back to Exeter. My first winter term was to prove a rather adventurous period for a young boy. The letters home began: —

Exeter, N.H.
Jan. 11, '85

DEAR MOTHER, —

I got here all right Wednesday night about 6 o'clock. It was awfully long and tedious, stopping at every little way station and the scenery was uninteresting as I had seen it all before.

Two fellows from Exeter whom I knew quite well got on the train at Worcester. One of them sat with me on the train and we both took the same hack across to the Boston & Maine depot. I met Hammond in the Boston & Albany depot.

He looked well. He gave me a gay banner to hang in my room. He also gave me two colored collars to correspond with those colored shirts which I have not yet worn. I staid to supper at Lucy's in Albany and saw the two Alexander young ladies. I thought that they were kind of silly.

I suppose you got my postal saying about the board being due next Wednesday, \$10. I am nearly

an inch taller than Cousin David. I went skating yesterday afternoon on the Fresh River. There was a large crowd there. It was very good skating. Dr. Scott advised a fellow who came a little late last term to study all he could on Sunday to catch up.

The minister's text this morning was Isa. 54 c. 13 v. He was as dull as usual. He reads all his sermons off word for word you know. I think I am as homesick if not a little homesicker than I was last term. *Don't tell anybody.* It is awfully dull here. I did not know what a good time I was having till I came away from home. My cough is about the same. I don't cough quite as often. Give much love to Papa from me.

Your loving son.

Exeter, N.H.

Jan. 14

DEAR PAPA —

I got Mamma's letter and the draft this (Wednesday) morning and paid it to Child's just now. Tell Mamma not to worry about my cough. It is a great deal better. A very strange thing happened to me last night while I was in bed. Some kind of an animal bit my lip as I was sleeping. I think it was a rat or a weasel. Of course it hurt because the thing bit hard and woke me up. It bled a good deal last night and this morning my lip was considerably swollen. I went to the doctor with it this morning and he said that he guessed it would be all right in a day or two. He put some court plaster on and charged .50. I think Gorham Hall ought to pay the bill for allowing such a thing to be in the house. Don't let Mamma worry about it because it is such a little thing. George Haynes [the manager of Gorham Hall] is going to stop the hole where the thing got in. Much love to Mamma and yourself.

Your son.

Exeter, N.H.

Jan. 16

DEAR PAPA,

My lip is a great deal better today, the swelling has gone down a good deal. It was a rat. There is no danger of being hurt by any more as they have stopped the hole with a piece of tin, where he got in and have caught all the rats in the house. There is no danger of my being poisoned the Doctor says. It is snowing quite hard to-day.

Love to Mamma and yourself. I am all right. Don't worry.

Your son.

Exeter, N.H.

Jan. 18

DEAR MAMMA, —

Your letter and telegraph came yesterday. I will tell you about the rat story now. Ahem! Tuesday night I went to bed about 9:30, and went right to sleep and did not wake up till 12 o'clock when I woke up suddenly with the feeling that somebody was trying a pair of pincers on my lips. I got right up

and lit the lamp after quite a little bother to find some matches. When I looked at myself in the glass I was kind of scared, I looked so. My lip had been bleeding all this time and my face and hands and nightshirt were covered with gore, besides my lip being swelled to about twice its ordinary size. It began to pain me then and I did not get much more sleep that night. I did not wake anybody that night. I told George Haynes about it the next morning. He advised me to go to a doctor because rat's bites are sometimes poison. So I went. You could see the marks of the teeth of the animal on both my upper and under lip. The doctor said he thought it would be all right in a few days and it is all right now nearly. The swelling has gone down entirely. Everybody thought it was the strangest thing they had ever heard of and I think so myself. Somebody sent it right off to the *Boston Daily Journal*. I sent you the paper. Of course it is exaggerated some and the name spelt wrong, as usual. Haynes has stopped the hole up with a piece of tin. He set a trap up here and caught one big rat besides killing seven more with "Rough on Rats." It was not a pleasant experience, to wake up in the middle of the night, find yourself covered with blood.

We commenced "Viri Romae" yesterday. In the middle of a recitation the other day, Dr. Scott got up and said if any of us got tired of sitting still he would just as leave we would get up and walk around the room. He himself set the example by walking around. The minister's text this morning was 2 Thes. 1c. 10v. He was a different man today. I gave a couple of your cookies to a fellow who was in my room the other day. He desired me to send his compliments to you for them. I left my overcoat hanging in the hall at Abbot while I was getting supper the other night and when I came back I found quite a tear in the velvet collar. Shall I mend it myself, or get the tailor to? I have written quite a long letter and I am tired. I wish I was home with you and Papa to-night. Give very much love to Papa from me and I send very much to you.

Your loving son.

Exeter, N.H.

Jan. 25

DEAR PAPA, —

I received both yours and Mamma's letters during the week. My lip is all right now, no swelling or anything. A few nights ago when a fellow named Pattee awoke in the morning he found his shoes gnawed considerably by rats or mice and this morning another fellow named Trafford woke up and found top of one of his shoes completely eaten off. The shoe was spoiled. He was very thankful they did not take him instead of the shoe. They cannot get in my room any more though. The minister's text this morning was John 3 chap. 14 & 15 verses. We have a funny Sunday School teacher, as soon as he comes to the class he will ask them some question they don't care anything about and has no reference

to the lesson. "What was the name of David's great great grandfather?" or "What was Paul's last name?" Of course nobody knows and he always winds up with: "Of course I don't know myself, but I thought maybe some of you did." We had an examination in Arithmetic Thursday. It was very hard, a great deal harder than we have had yet. They say one-half of the class will not pass over 40%. We have not yet learned how much we have passed yet. I am going to keep this letter open till after the arithmetic session to-morrow morning, to see if they tell us then. I went skating Wednesday afternoon, I skated over 10 miles. Up to the rapids and back five miles each way. It was a splendid day for skating. I had a Bill of Fare of the past week to send to you but I lost it. I will send one next week. Mrs. Haynes mended my overcoat very neatly herself, and did not charge anything either. There is not much going on here now so there is not much to write. With the utmost love to Mamma and yourself.

Your boy.

I can see from this distance in point of time that my mother regarded my version of the rat affair as in the nature of an understatement. That boy Trafford, by the way, whose shoes the rats found so palatable, later became president and chief marshal of his class at Harvard, one of the greatest football guards that Harvard ever had, and afterwards an eminent member of the New York bar.

Exeter, N.H.
Jan. 30

DEAR MAMMA, —

I got your letter and postal and suspenders and neckties. The suspenders work very well but I am sorry to say that the neckties do not fit. They are too wide. I liked the color of the red one very much. If you could make one for me the size of the Sunday one I would like it very much. My cough seemed to be getting better without the medicine so I did not take it as I do not like to swig down medicine when I don't need it, but I took more cold in the recitation room Wednesday morning which was very cold. It seemed to aggravate my cough and make it worse besides giving me a cold in the head so I fixed the medicine and am taking it now. I also bought some cough drops which did my throat some good. I don't think it is on my lungs because once in a while I have a rumbling noise about there when I breathe. The board bill for February is due next Wednesday, \$13 instead of \$10. My mark in Arithmetic was 90%. Only one got higher, 96%. Many got very low. With the best love to you and Papa,

Your son.

15. THE WIDENING CIRCLE

LESS than three weeks after my encounter with the rat, I became very hot and uncomfortable and lost

my appetite completely. Half a dozen boys piled into my little room to express sympathy and ask what they could do. So I finally suggested that one of them call in the Exeter doctor — Perry, his name was, by no means a young man and with plenty of experience. He came in a half hour and began looking me over. I said to him rather apologetically, "Doctor, my chest seems awful red and itchy."

He opened my nightshirt, gave me one look, and said surprisedly, "Why, boy, you've got scarlet fever." There was a quick scattering of the boys, for to them as to me, in those days scarlet fever was a thing not to be sneezed at. "I'll be back soon," said the good old doctor. "We'll have you out of here in no time."

I vaguely wondered how and where. There was no hospital at Exeter and it was thirty-five years before the days when the Academy had its own modern infirmary, a contagious pavilion, and a resident doctor and nurse. But within the hour the doctor came back and, wonder of wonders! there came with him Professor Wentworth — the great Professor Wentworth. Then he showed he had a heart as tender as his mind was keen.

"We are taking you up to Mrs. Graves's on Grove Street. She's a natural-born nurse and she and the doctor will get you well before you know it," said he.

Then before you could say knife he wrapped me snugly in the blankets, gathered me up in his strong arms, and carried me down the three long flights to the street. An old hack on runners (the February snow was heavy and crisp) was waiting, heated with an oil stove, and we were off. I leaned back languidly and tried to tell my thanks and add some word about not letting my father and mother worry.

"I'll take care of that," said Mr. Wentworth, and then he gave me infinite comfort by adding: "Your father and I are good friends. We got well acquainted when he came with you last September. He knows we'll look after you."

The rest is more or less of a haze. The weeks sped by and hardly more than a fortnight of the winter term was left when the doctor pronounced me well enough to go home. I wanted to go back to my classes, but they said no, I must take that time to get my strength back. No, I shouldn't be dropped. They would give me for the winter term the same marks that I had gained for the autumn term.

Spring term at Exeter is the brightest period of the whole year — perhaps of life itself. My troubles had all sloughed off with my old skin. The lovely elms in the Yard and along the streets of beautiful old Exeter and the countryside were bursting into bloom. My classmates, many of whom I had hardly known, warmed my heart, the way they flocked around to give me welcome. I did not seem to have missed anything irreparable in my classes. We were further along in Caesar's *Commentaries* and in Al-

gebra. That was about all and I fell readily enough into line.

But more than all else in that first spring term at Exeter, with its outdoor activities in the warming sunshine, there was an exhilaration in the air, a knowledge that the hard grind of the year was behind us. There were dawning hopes of athletic victories over Andover, and after all that, the long summer holiday stretching out until September and a happy return to school.

The end of the term came only too quickly. With all the strangeness worn off, with my early friendships consolidated, I could look forward to the three last years of school with eagerness and confidence. Even in lesser matters I seemed to get a break. My father had said to me just before leaving home, "Tommy, if you really don't care for that Methodist minister's preaching you may go to some other church." So, as the Baptist Church, close by the Yard, was looking for a fourth to sing in its Sunday morning quartet, I happened to qualify and was taken in. There was a bit of poetic justice in that. If I had failed to make second base on my class baseball nine, at least I could make second bass on the Baptist Church choir.

Then, too, there was that debate in the Golden Branch Literary Society on Women's Suffrage. I was cast to oppose. Even after all these years I recall my initial, ringing declaration: "It is a well-known fact that women cannot think nor feel as deeply or as strongly as men." This was greeted with rounds of applause. From the vantage point of a man of the world I looked back over my fourteen years of youth, and as a result of my rich experiences, I declared that woman had been tried and had been found wanting. Needless to say, our side won the debate.

Over all these sixty years I look back with gladness and gratitude to my first year at Exeter. It was that first year, with its vigorous, thoroughgoing teachers, and with the intense application which they inspired, that taught me how to use my mind, such as it was, and how to work. That year laid the foundation for all my subsequent course at preparatory school and at college. It had taught me not to be a grind, but to order my tasks with economy and dispatch. I have often said that if it had been permitted me to attend only Exeter or Harvard, I should have chosen Exeter every time. And that is said in no derogation of college, which so broadened my outlook, gave me such an unconscious training in tolerance, such an introduction to life, to letters, and to loyal friendship.

Three more crowded years at Exeter were ahead of

me. As to them, I shall mention only an episode of the closing days in my senior year. I had been chosen an editor of the *Pean*. That was the school annual, containing all the athletic and debating statistics, with grinds on ourselves, on our fellow students, and on the other school periodicals.

The *Pean* usually contained also some student sketches attempting to depict various drolleries of school life. I heard of a chap hailing from Indianapolis in a class below me, who had not been long in school but who, his friends said, could sketch a bit. I looked him up and invited him to contribute some sketches for the *Pean*. I said we might suggest some subjects to him, but preferably he could choose his own. With due modesty he accepted the invitation from the mighty senior board of the *Pean*. Then he proceeded to turn in some jolly sketches, with rather striking captions and amusing whimsies. We accepted them very kindly. They took well with all the editors, and as we went to press one of us remarked sagely: "We took on that Booth Tarkington chap for his drawings. But there's no knowing — if he were to apply himself, some day he might also learn how to write."

If youth has its troubles, the chief of them is that youth cannot last. There was stretching before me a vividly exciting prospect — four wonderful years at Harvard College. Should I be able to make my way? And then all the long span of life still ahead. What was I to become? What sort of work should I do? Could I tip the scales towards success rather than failure? Looking ahead was like embarking on new seas of adventure. Wherever they bore me, I knew well enough, with the end of Exeter, the care-free days of school life were over and I must buckle down to real responsibilities and prepare to make my own way in the world.

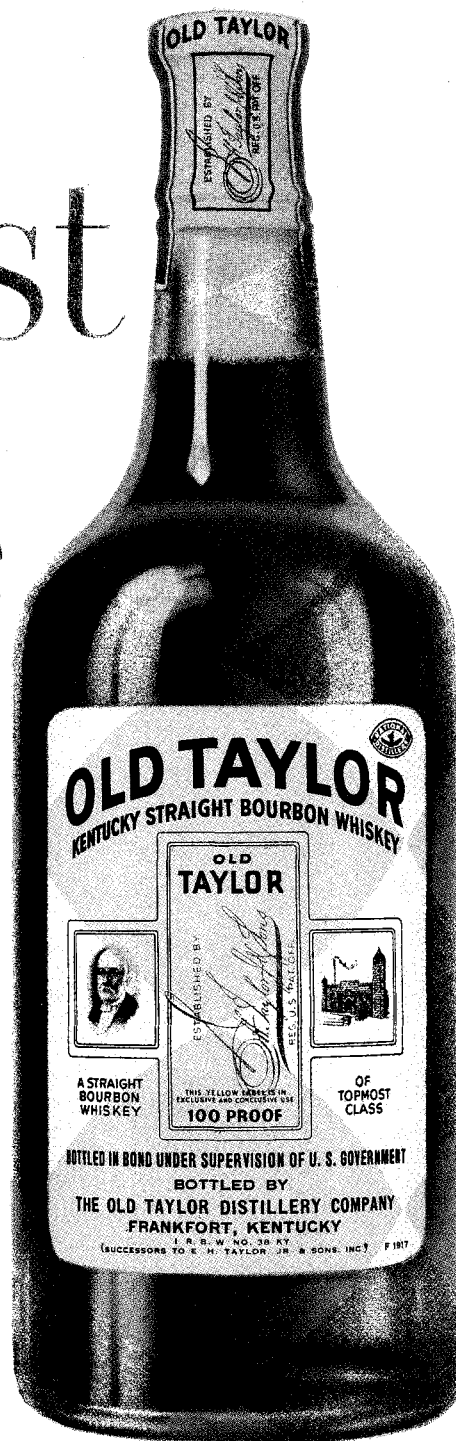
My parsonage days still continued in holiday times during my remaining years at school and college. But now vacations were crowded with more mature pastimes in a widening circle of friends. I had shot up, even in that first year at Exeter, from boyhood to youth. At the time nothing seemed to have changed. But now we three children were facing a larger world. The early years of constant and intimate family companionship were yielding a little to the expanding times. The sacrifices borne cheerfully together were more in the past than in the present. In the words of St. Paul, we had spoken, we had understood, we had thought as children. Now we had put away childish things. The old days were becoming a lovely memory, something to cling to and laugh over all our lives. But my Boyhood in a Parsonage was over.

(The End)

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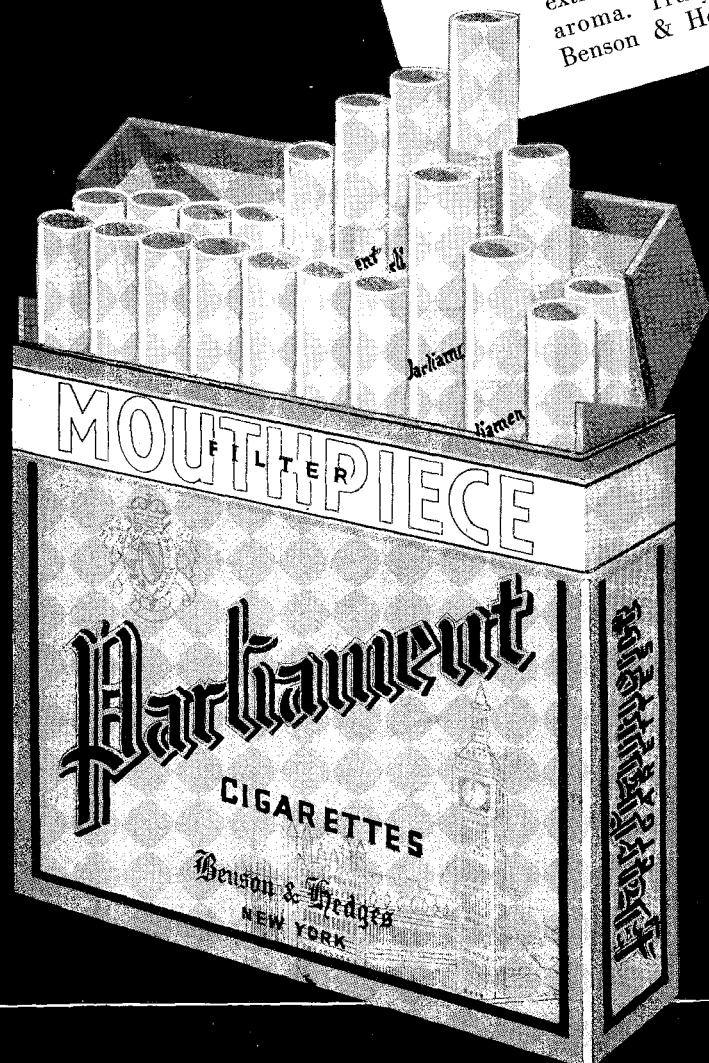


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